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The ACTRESS at the "DUKES".

THE

BROWNRIGG PAPERS.

BY

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

EDITED BY

BLANCHARD JERROLD,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND REMAINS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD," ETC.

With a Coloured Illustration by George Cruikshank.

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JOHN CAMDEN HOTTEN, PICCADILLY.
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PREFACE.

THE papers here collected were written by my father between 1830 and 1840. Some of the sketches are from now extinct annuals. I collected these remains while I was engaged in selecting materials for my "Life of Douglas Jerrold." I thought that they should be put into an enduring form, as illustrative of my father's treatment of subjects, in the mid-period of his literary career. Many of them appeared under the *nom-de-plume* of Henry Brownrigg. It has been said that this pen-name was adopted in a moment of bitterness; that the author for a moment regarded apprentices to literature as unfortunates no whit less brutally treated than were the apprentices of Flower-de-Luce Court. But this explanation is one without foundation in fact;—so far as I know.

BLANCHARD JERROLD.

Reform Club, May 22, 1860.

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The Brownrigg Papers.

PAPERS OF A "GENTLEMAN-AT-ARMS."

No. I.

"Arma virumque cano!"

From the Reverend Doctor Undercrust, *of Mousehole, Cornwall, to* Gustavus Nibs, *Gent.-at-Arms, Pimlico.*

MY DEAR GUSTAVUS,—I have waited with painful impatience for a letter from the great city. Has Gustavus Nibs already forgotten, in the blandishments of London, the remoter beauties of Cornwall? Is Mousehole to be lost in Pall Mall? Am I to give up my scholar in the full-grown gentleman-at-arms? No; I will rather think that the multitude of duties inseparable from the dangerous, yet exalted profession that fate has called you to, has made you unwillingly postpone a gratification to yourself and friend; that the yearnings of the man have been sacrificed to the hard discipline of the soldier. Yet, when I reflect that the whole of your patrimony—eleven hundred pounds, an enormous sum!—was placed in the hands of Mr. Snipe,

a respectable attorney, to buy you into that magnanimous brotherhood, of which may Heaven render you the bravest and brightest ornament!—I say, my dear Gustavus, when I reflect upon the money, and upon Mr. Snipe, your silence alarms me. I am terrified, should any mischance have fallen, at the share I have taken in this business; for I cannot disguise to myself the otherwise pleasing fact, that it was I who fanned within your youthful breast, the warlike spark with which the indomitable Mars has endowed you. Yes—and, whatever may befal, I will not shrink from the confession—it was I who, marking your baby passion for scarlet morocco shoes, predicted your martial propensities; it was I who, anxiously watching the growing development of that preference, prophesied that there was something in it more than leather. The issue has delightfully illustrated the truth of that prophecy, for you are, Gustavus, —yes, I cannot, I will not doubt it—you are, Gustavus Nibs, a gentleman-at-arms!

Gustavus, you will, I am sure, bear with the counsel of your pastor, your master, and your friend. Hear me. You are now in a most enviable, yet withal in a most trying position. You have emerged from the modesty of private life, and now stand with the eyes of all the world—in which are, of course, included the eyes of all Cornwall—fixed upon you. Remember this; you are no longer an obscure citizen; no, your country claims the whole of you. Henceforth you are the public property of all the British Isles, and the whole of their dependencies. Ennobling idea! You are now a part and

parcel of the greatest Court on earth, a piece of the State, absolutely a modicum of the Monarchy!

As your duties will be honourable in proportion to their number—as in their execution you will doubtless be assailed by hunger, thirst, mental perplexity, bodily suffering—as you will have to endure long watching painful marching, and all the numberless vicissitudes, which make at once the peril and the glory of heroic life,—so, my dear Gustavus, always place before you as a model, that great soldier whose name you bear, and, as I fervently hope and believe, will further illustrate by achievements of congenial greatness. Hence, whether in the court or the camp, you will be a full-blown flower of chivalry—alike honouring and honoured at St. James's or at Finchley.

Yet, my dear Gustavus, in your admiration of the heroic character, let me implore you not to confound its blemishes with its virtues. Choose and preserve your models of glory as your late excellent father pickled his pilchards—select the best and not the greatest. Remember that Charles of Sweden would not have fought less valorously, had it been his custom to face his enemy in a clean shirt—and that Frederick the Great had been as large a hero, shorn of his pig-tail and lightened of his jackboots. Any such eccentricity on your part might, as a young soldier, and in a populous place like London, excite an attention uncomfortable to its object; therefore, Gustavus, pray avoid it.

There is one infirmity, my dear boy, which from your childhood upwards I have marked in you, and which I

now implore you to correct. Otherwise, who shall answer for the shame, the tragic end that may await you! I allude, Gustavus, to your somnolency—to the constant craving I have remarked in you for sleep. How often has my heart been very nearly ready to bleed when I have birched you for it! But times are changed; you have now other things than Phædrus to keep you wide awake—you have now other men to judge your weakness, and you cannot depend upon the indulgence of a too-forgiving schoolmaster. Consider the danger of sleep to the heroic character! Had it pleased fortune to call you to the bar, and thence to the bench of your country—nay, had you been enthusiastically chosen as a member of parliament for your native borough—I had not touched upon your drowsiness, deeming it constitutional, and scarcely thinking it a defect. But sleep to a soldier is fatal as slumber to a turtle. Therefore be wide awake; consider, when at your midnight post, that the whole safety of the empire rests upon your eyelids, and so thinking, do not wink. I cannot, without trembling, picture to my horrified imagination the military execution of a gentleman-at-arms caught napping at his post! Awful scene! St. James' Park thronged with a curious populace! The mortal rolling of the muffled drum! the blindfolded criminal, the weeping clergyman, and the muskets at full cock! But let me draw a veil over the agonizing spectacle—let me hope that no such shame is destined to descend upon the hitherto respectable name of Nibs!

Having found you tolerably docile as a child, I have

little fear of your obedience to discipline, no matter how severe. Yet as I have sometimes marked in you a great contempt of the grand principles enshrined in *meum et tuum*, applying to the marbles of your schoolfellows or the apple-trees of your neighbours, let me earnestly entreat of you moderation, if even employed on foreign service. To pillage may be a very necessary part of the mysterious goodness to be worked out by war; still, Gustavus, be just to yourself and your fellow-creatures, and, if it be your duty to pillage, pillage like a gentleman. A soldier may show his breeding even at the sacking of a city.

And touching foreign service, you are to remember that no sense of previous benefits received from the enemy in time of peace, is to lessen your fury against the foe. Should we have a war with Spain—which fate forefend!—you are not to fight less valorously because you fight against your late father's customers; no, you are to repress the reflection, should it intrude, that you have purchased your gentility-at-arms with the profits of pilchards vended by your dead sire to the Spanish merchants, and called in the Castilian tongue *fumados*. To give quarter to the Spaniards, and to show mercy to any other foe, would, in your case, Gustavus, if I may use a homely proverb, be "to make fish of one, and flesh of another."

And next, for your conduct to your inferiors. It is not the greatest part of that man's life, that Napoleon, in his hours of leonine playfulness, was wont to twitch the nose of his chamberlain, to pull the ears of his

secretary, and slap the face of his valet. Beware of unlimited indulgence in these recreations. Effeminate habits detract from the heroic character; and, as I would always *tendere arcum*—if, following the example of a great soldier, you choose to give a slap to a valet—let me entreat of you always to show the most studied and the most profound respect towards the chamberlain.

Above all things, be modest, simple, and vigilant. When you rise in the morning, your devotions done, repeat to yourself the words "Gentlemen-at-arms," twenty times or more: this habit will inoculate you for the day with a new sense of your dignity, with a new conviction of the chivalrous character you have to enact before the world—hence, for the next four-and-twenty hours, nothing petty, nothing sordid, will pass through the sally-port of your fortified soul. Be courteous to your fellow-citizens; and remember, if called to quell a civil broil, that the flat of the sword is better than the edge.

And now, Gustavus, I have a solemn thing to say to you. You are, at an early age, and under the most auspicious circumstances, placed in the greatest Court in the world. Beware, Gustavus, of its blandishments. Wear armour under your regimentals; if not permitted by the service to exhibit it above, wear armour, like Oliver Cromwell, beneath your coat; not out of cowardly fear of sword or bullet, but as a protection to your heart, besieged as it will be by the most beautiful, and therefore by the fiercest and most cruel eyes of England. If Countesses stare at you, remember Scipio, and look

another way. If maids-of-honour smile, call up all the iron-hearted Charles into your face, and appal them from their purpose. Beware of falling an early victim to anything under a duchess—who knows what may be in store for you!

In bestowing upon you this counsel, I can have no care, Gustavus, save that for your good fortune; for I earnestly protest to you, that were you to wed the heiress of a prime minister, and, alive to the few benefits your poor schoolmaster has wished to afford you, insisted upon getting him a mitre—I do assure you that nothing save obedience to the authority of my governors should tear me from Mousehole, where, with the blessing of fortune, I hope to enrich the antiquities of my land, and contribute to a walk of poetry—namely, the epic—I fear me is too much neglected in this commercial age. I have added half a book to *The Saucepan*,* landing the Phœnician safely at Mousehole.

We all look for letters from you. I am sure you will not slight my parting injunction, but transmit me a full and particular account of the rise and progress of the distinguished band of warriors which, as I must believe, will one day be more distinguished through the name of

* *The Saucepan*, an epic poem in twelve books. By the Rev. Doctor Undercrust, of Mousehole, Cornwall, in which poem the history of tin, from the earliest trading of the Phœnicians to Cornwall to the application of the material at the present day, to domestic purposes, will be minutely chronicled and largely illustrated. Price to subscribers (with engravings of all known utensils hitherto manufactured from the metal), ten guineas.—*The Saucepan Prospectus.*

Nibs. I remain, my dear Gustavus (I must repeat it), your pastor, master, and friend,

MELANCTHON UNDERCRUST.

GUSTAVUS NIBS, Esq., Gent.-at-Arms.

P.S. We are, happily, at peace with all the world; yet "forewarned is forearmed." I have a tourniquet that belonged to my uncle, who lost his arm fighting gloriously for his own property in a privateer—it may be of use to you; you shall have it at the first opportunity. You will doubtless fall in with many antiquarians about the Court. Will you ask them—for I am not quite satisfied with my own thoughts upon the matter—their opinion upon the origin of the nutmeg-grater? I have in my poem made it a very important article in the convivial feasts of the Phœnicians. Mind, the origin of the nutmeg-grater. Should you make acquaintance with any learned brethren of my cloth, fail not to put the question to them. I want to dish up a handsome note upon the subject.

GUSTAVUS NIBS, *Gent.-at-Arms, Pimlico, to* DOCTOR UNDERCRUST, *Mousehole, Cornwall.*

VALUED AND EXCELLENT SIR,—Your fears of Snipe are, I am happy to say, groundless. That respectable attorney had fulfilled his duty with a punctuality worthy of his high calling. I found everything ready for me but my uniform, not having taken the precaution of forwarding my measure. It is now made, nay, yesterday morning, though not on duty, I put it

on, and, as I think, to the delight of the passengers,' walked in it, with spurs, and all, through every street in Pimlico.

I am sure, sir, there is a sympathy between the coat and the heart. I never knew before what the martial feeling in its intensity was. I felt at once all the ardour of a hero; I must own that the feeling came so strong upon me, that in more than one instance I was betrayed into a paroxysm of valour. I swore to give no quarter to a baker's boy who whitened my regimentals, and half drew my sword upon a sneering mutton-pie man. However, I trust in a short time to settle down from the delightful delirium consequent upon my high promotion. By the way, there has recently been an order against the wearing of side-arms when not on duty; that order, I am happy to say, does not apply to the members of our illustrious corps.

Mindful of your request, which, next to that of my Queen, will ever be the highest command, I lost no time in applying myself to that source whence I might gather a full and particular account of our admirable body. Sir, we are a most ancient and a most distinguished body. My heart beat as I read over the noble names of my dead brethren-in-arms. All these I gathered from a volume enshrined in the British Museum, where, seated in a moderately dark reading-room, I began to study the history of my order. It is subjoined, most excellent sir, and is, I hope, not altogether unworthy of reception among the greater treasures of Mousehole.

That most excellent, yet I fear me much slandered

monarch, Henry the Eighth, was the great originator of our warlike band, in 1509. There were then fifty of us, all men of note and sinew, with the valorous Earl of Essex for our captain, and we were known as *gentlemen spears*. And then, sir, each of us had an archer, a demi-lance, and a constill, besides three great horses to be attendant on our person. In those happy days we wore cloth of gold, worth more than five pounds per yard, the daily pay of each spear being three shillings and fourpence. We were, however, disbanded in a fit of economy by Harry, and again summoned in 1539 to receive Anne of Cleves, before whom we made a very pretty show on Blackheath, at the foot of Shooter's Hill. Each of us had then two horses, one for himself and one for his attendant. "Behind the gentlemen," says a person named Holinshed, "stood the serving-men (*i.e.* constills) in good order, well horsed and apparelled, that whosoever had viewed them might have said that they, for tall and comely personages, and clean of limb and body, were able to give the greatest prince in Christendom a mortal breakfast, if he had been the king's enemy."

It must be owned, my dear sir, that we have a little fallen off from the chivalric figure of those times two or three of the "gentlemen" are not as tall and clean of limb as John of Gaunt, and more than two have the bellies of aldermen. However, abuses will creep into even the best of corporations; and it is something to boast, that there is not a hump back or wooden leg in the whole corps.

We received Henry's new Queen in the Hall at Greenwich, standing in due order with our glittering battle-axes. We were then, but wherefore I know not, dubbed Pensioners, and did duty on horseback and in the chamber.

Our next important campaign was in 1544, when we escorted the King to Boulogne; we, and our men, all mounted on "barded horses, in a suit of red and yellow damask, the bards of our horses and plumes of feathers being of the same colour."

Our next serious business was to shed tears in the grave of the father of our band—the ill-used Henry the Eighth; and then to walk to Westminster, "with our pole-axes, on either side the way on foot," at the coronation of the sixth Edward. On that happy day we "wore red damask." In 1551, his Majesty mustered us in Hyde Park, a circumstance, as I conceive, well worthy of imitation, as keeping alive that martial fire, which is even now I am proud to say it, not extinct in the bosoms of the corps. Peter Foolscap, an illustrious private of the band, is of my opinion on this point, and expresses himself ready to take the field any day except Saturdays, being compelled to be early on that day with Mrs. F., at Twickenham. We appeared before Edward "in complete harness and great array of white and black, five and five in a rank." After us came our servants, "in number an hundred, with great horse and harness, in white and black, with spears." His gracious Majesty, in his own "Journal," calls us "well-armed men; some with feathers, staves, and pensils of thin

colours, some with sleeves and half-coats, some with bards and staves.". Then goes the King on to say, that our "horses were all fair and great, the worse would not have been given for less than twenty pounds." In another place the King speaks of our mock-fight and sieges, and of a fortress at Greenwich which thirty "gentlemen" defended against a hundred assailants. It is no doubt in memory of this gallant act that many of us dine at the Crown and Sceptre, Greenwich, yearly.

In the reign of Gridiron Queen Mary we had, indeed, a very busy time of it. I pass the solemnity of her coronation, and come at once to the civil broil of Wyat, at which awful period we were "commanded to watch in armour that night for the preservation of the Queen's person." It is due to the honour of the corps to state that, on that eventful night, no man winked. Well, sir, the order was no sooner given than we marched up into the chamber of presence, with our pole-axes in our hands. Whereupon—and who can doubt it?—"the ladies were very fearful!" And the dusty records from which I gather this, state that the pretty dears began "to lament, cry, wring their hands, and say, Alas! there is some mischief towards us! we shall all be destroyed this night! What a night is this, to see the Queen's chamber filled with armed men! The like was never seen or heard of!" And, hereupon, a sagacious historian, named Pegge, profoundly observes: "The band, in their usual *habits de la cour*, with their battle-axes, was an object familiar to the ladies; but the panic arose from seeing them in the same place *in armour*, and on such an

occasion."—Now, sir, what think you was our conduct? Like roaring lions, we shook our pole-axes, and cried to be let out upon the foe, swearing an oath that we are all ready to repeat—namely, "that the Queen should see us fell down her enemies that day before her face." Whether happily or not, Wyat was taken without our help, when the Queen, with great condescension, gave us mighty thanks for our good intentions.

There was a very material honour conferred upon the corps on the accession of Queen Elizabeth, that royal and considerate virgin graciously allowing us "diet at a royal table." Lord Hunsdon, the Queen's maternal cousin, was appointed our captain; and all of us attended the Queen at Hunsdon House in 1580; our dress being black cloaks, with ruffs about our necks, and gold chains over our necks, all other parts being of colours at the "sweet will" of the wearer.

Queen Elizabeth, who, as it is well known, died unmarried and a virgin, made out some very pretty rules of good behaviour for our corps, commanding us to use "honest communication with soberness—that is, to wit—without oaths or any rage in talk," to which admirable command is to be attributed all the present, and, doubtless, all the future virtues of our illustrious band. Jack Lot, the auctioneer, does swear a little, to be sure; but, for all he's a tradesman, very like a gentleman. The glory of the band—I bleed to write it—declined with the death of the great Elizabeth. We were, sir, to use her cousin Hunsdon's words, "a nursery to breed up deputies of Ireland, ambassadors into foreign parts, coun-

cillors of state, captains of the guard, governors of places, and commanders in the wars, both by land and sea!" Perhaps it is reserved for the reign of another queen to choose a deputy, an ambassador, or a councillor from her loyal gentlemen! The virgin Elizabeth knew what was due to her own dignity, what was necessary to the perfection of a gentleman-at-arms; for we have it recorded of that magnanimous princess, that she refused to have an incomplete candidate enrolled, "because he wanted a tooth." And now—but no, I will not pry into the jaws of my brethren-in-arms.

I trust, however, that I shall not be misunderstood when I give it as my disinterested opinion that even at this present moment, some two or three might be picked from our body with shoulders equal to any burthen of state. Look at Sir Christopher Hatton: he was first Gentleman-Pensioner, next, Gentleman of the Privy-Chamber, Captain of the Yeomen of the Guard, Vice-Chamberlain, a Knight of the Garter, and, at last, High-Chancellor. I say nothing; but I must ask, may there not be another Sir Christopher?

In the time of James the First, the band fell upon evil days: we had a conspirator among us—one Percy, cousin to the Duke of Northumberland, captain of our body, who smelt hugely of the Gunpowder Plot! The pensioner escaped hanging, by the sword; and the unfortunate Duke was fined 30,000*l.* for "admitting his kinsman, whom he knew to be a popish recusant, into the band, without tendering to him the oath!" In this reign another evil befel us—we were put upon board-wages.

We were not very busy during the reign of Charles the First, merely riding at certain seasons "near His Majesty's person, suffering none of mean condition," or any one unknown to us, "to come near His Majesty." We made a tolerable show at the King's return from Scotland; but were no part of the state of that arch-rebel and regicide, Oliver Cromwell.

When Charles the Second, of glorious memory, returned to staunch the wounds of his bleeding country, such of us as were living rushed from our hiding-places to receive him, having "deemed ourselves suspended rather than disbanded." In the following July, when the King dined at Guildhall, we went on foot each side of His Majesty's coach, under the command of the captain, the valorous Henry Wentworth, Earl of Cleveland, with pistols in our hands. We also officiated at the coronation.

About the year 1672, we were reduced from fifty to forty, at which golden number we have since stood. In the reign of James the Second, no opportunity presented itself for the display of either the martial courage or the state wisdom of the band. From this time the place and authority of a gentleman-at-arms were generously thrown open to those aspiring and fortunate men who could command sufficient money to pay handsomely down for the dignity. Hence we are now a little mixed. Queen Anne, with unaccountable eccentricity, declared "her pleasure that no officer or servant whatsoever that is or shall be of her family or household, do presume to sell or buy, or suffer to be sold or bought, any office or place

therein, under pain of incurring Her Majesty's displeasure." Queen Anne continued to "declare," and the "gentlemen" continued to buy and sell.

In 1782, a meddling man, named Edmund Burke, brought an insolent Bill into Parliament, proposing that no post under the command of the captain of the band should be sold, but be supplied thereafter by officers of the army or navy upon half-pay, of a certain standing from the date of their first commission. This flagitious attempt was met by our valorous band, who, armed with the subjoined petition, assaulted the House of Commons. They state:—

"That in confidence of being permitted to sell such office or place, your petitioners have been induced to give, on an average, one thousand guineas for the same.

"That the salary of such office or place, after payment of the land-tax and other outgoings, seldom producing more than the net annual sum of one hundred and seventy-nine pounds, and the expense of the necessary regimental or uniform dress of your petitioners being deducted thereout reduced the income to about seventy-nine pounds per annum.

"That many of your petitioners being gentlemen of small fortunes, and having little else to depend on than their income; and some of your petitioners being married and having children, will be very much distressed, if they should not be permitted to *sell* their offices or places."

This pathetic appeal to British bosoms was of course successful, to the confusion of the author of a pamphlet called, as I have heard, *The Sublime and Beautiful*, and

the band still enjoys the proud prerogative of buying and selling. Thus, for an average sum of "one thousand guineas," a cheesemonger may go into red, wear a sword and feather, and by the superficial vulgar be mistaken for a captain; for I am happy to say our uniform fortunately goes very far to favour the delusion.

I had almost omitted to state that there is another eminent, most honourable, and not less pleasant duty, in addition to those I have already named, devolving upon us; we have the prescriptive right of carrying up the royal dinner on coronations; it is for us to set "a dainty dish" before the new-crowned king.

I have now, as I trust, most excellent sir, given you a succinct account of the rise and progress of our band. There may have been times when it numbered richer soldiers, but never men more loyal: it was only yesterday that Private Redtape—he's a very distinguished attorney in Lyon's Inn—declared, in allusion to any invasion of these realms, that might take place by France or America, that he was ready to fight to the last drop of his blood, provided that the action did not take place in term time.

Depend upon it, my dear sir, I shall lose none of the thousand opportunities which my high station offers to me, of sending you the most faithful account of men and manners in this gorgeous city. In accordance with your wish, I have "begun with the beginning," that is, with the history of our corps. Though my next letters may not savour so much of the antiquary, they will, I trust, be no less welcome to the distinguished circle whom you delight to honour at Mousehole. I hope by the next to

send you a picture of my uniform, with a cast of our button; these things, trifling to meaner minds, are, I know, welcome to the student of military antiquity.

I remain, my dear sir,

Your affectionate pupil and friend,

GUSTAVUS NIBS.

P.S. Depend upon it, I will not forget "the nutmeg-grater." I promise nothing; but have great hopes that I shall be enabled to get a brilliant name or two for your subscribers to *The Saucepan*. A brother private told me a day or two ago that in London "there was nothing like tin."

GUSTAVUS NIBS *to* DOROTHY NIBS, *Mousehole, Cornwall.*

MY DEAR DOLLY,—I have scarcely time to write a line, having to prepare for to-morrow's levee. My head is in such a whirl with the wonders about me, that I cannot as yet redeem my promise of telling you all about the thousand fine things to be seen and heard in London—the Court, the Opera, &c. &c., must remain for future letters.

I hope, for the sake of a certain person, that I shall be able to remain constant; but really, my dear sister, there ought to be great allowances for a gentleman suddenly removed from your village to St. James's.

However, to my immediate object in writing to you. Mr. Honeybrush, a very admirable, and consequently very fashionable artist, has done our band the honour of publishing the prospectus of a work of portraits, to be called

"The Beauties of the Gentlemen-at-Arms." I need not, Dolly, tell you *who* will be in the first number. You who live in the country, and have only seen engravings from those prigs, the old masters, can have no idea of the "Beauties" of Mr. Honeybrush; he makes a Countess look as sweet as a piece of confectionary; and, if all his ladies are of sugar, what do you think his "Gentlemen" will be? He has, however, only two or three sets of eyes, chins, and noses; but has very kindly sent me all the patterns to c' ose from.

The work will be published with brief biographies to accompany the portraits. There is in London a great encouragement to the arts after this laudable fashion—every class has now its "Beauties," and "Biographies." It was but yesterday that I saw proposed to publish "Beauties of Lord's Cricket Ground." the best batters to be in line, and the best bowlers to be in stipple. The "White-Bait Club," at Blackwall—a delicious place through a seven-mile ride of sugar-bakers—contemplate a similar publication.

Pray name our "Beauties" to a certain person; I ought to write to her, but really have no time—and carelessly ask if she would like a copy with my portrait—and, if so, whether coloured or plain?

And now, my dear Dolly, let me implore you to keep your heart; for who knows where I may be able to bestow it for you!

Your affectionate brother,

GUSTAVUS NIBS.

MISS NIBS, *Mousehole.*

P.S. Your fears, so prettily expressed, that the music of our corps will spoil my ears for your spinette, are, be assured, quite groundless; we have no band, albeit, on an introduction to one of our "gentlemen," a wax-chandler with a good bank-account, I certainly did mistake him for a half-caste drummer.

Your alarm about my daring horsemanship is also unnecessary: we are no longer a cavalry force, though I am happy to say, with a proper veneration for old institutions, all of us rigidly retain our spurs.

PAPERS OF A "GENTLEMAN-AT-ARMS."

No. II.

From GUSTAVUS NIBS, *Gent.-at-Arms, Pimlico, to the* REVEREND DOCTOR UNDERCRUST, *Mousehole, Cornwall.*

MY worthy Master and dear Friend,—Come, come, come, from Mousehole! Emerge from the darkness of Cornwall, and consent to illuminate London. Oh! my respected preceptor, little do you dream of the honours here awaiting you! Here, in this glorious city—in this magnificent abiding-place of mighty men—genius cannot be hidden. Though in its sensitive modesty it takes refuge in a garret, a thousand benevolent spirits compel it to appear in the light of common day, and rejoice in its deservings. Nay, such is the ardour of men in this incomparable London to acknowledge and reward merit, that even an imitation of talent shall often carry away the price of a true thing: hence, it now and thence happens to genius, as to spoons, the plated articles take the place of the real metal. However, as Lord Shaftesbury observes,—it is my intention to make speedy acquaintance with all royal and noble authors—"No man of genius starves unknown;" an observation of profound truth: for, if

in England the man of genius be really and truly starved, a coroner's inquest is of course held upon the body.

But to convince you, even to my own confusion, of the amiable haste with which the humblest talent is recognised and rewarded by the learned bodies of London, let the glad-tidings flash upon you in one golden line—

Gustavus Nibs, Gentleman-at-Arms, *is*—F.S.A.

'Fellow of the Antiquarian Society! Oh, my revered tutor! is not that a big bay-leaf to stick in the *shako* of a Gentleman-at-arms? The Admirable Crichton may once again appear in a Nibs!

Now you have taken breath, I will proceed to explain to your astounded faculties the fortunate cause of my elevation. You have read—I am proud to add, all the world have, in common with you—my brief history of that illustrious body, *quorum minima paro sum*; or, as I translated it to a brother private, "of which I am an undeserving member." Well, sir, the laborious research, the profound erudition, and, more than all, the felicitous guesses—for to guess well is, I am assured, the most valuable faculty of an historian—displayed in that history, was not lost upon the orbs of the Society of Antiquaries, always particularly wide awake to the merits of young beginners. I was, upon the strength of that history, vehemently invited to become a fellow antiquary, and—I pass much flattering matter—I now write F.S.A.

Shall I confess to you that, on the first offer of the honour, I was about to decline it, from a sense of unworthiness? For although the fact had escaped the recollection of the body, it was no less certain that the documents from which I culled my history were, in the year MDCCLXXXIV., thrown into a tract by Samuel Pegge, Esq., and addressed to the "President of the Society of Antiquaries, London." True it is, I endeavoured to rend away some of its husks, and to give an edge to a blunt paragraph or two—nevertheless, I should have shrunk from the proffered honour, had I not been privately assured by three or four Fellows, that to decline the proffered distinction would be to censure, by implication, the little doing of many very respectable members.

It will give you, reverend sir, a most grateful idea of the enlarged and embracing liberality in question—of its impartial endeavours to add to its numbers without demanding too high a qualification on the part of the elected—when I assure you that more than two Fellows are celebrated for nothing so much as the antiquity of their port wine. Whilst I rejoice at this circumstance —by the way, I dine with one of these antiquaries next week—I much lament it has come to the knowledge of Sam Dutch, a prosperous cheesemonger, and a brother gentleman-at-arms, who pesters me extremely to get him enrolled in the Society, on the age of his prime old Cheshire, a sample of which he declares himself ready to lay before the Association.

To return to my history of our distinguished force.

Although its publication has been productive of the honour of F.S.A. to its author, a malevolent scribbler in a low weekly print has questioned my authorship, and has made some imbecile allusions to the name of Pegge; it has caused some confusion, not unmingled, I must own, with self-congratulations, amongst my valorous co-mates, the brave band of "gentlemen." Many of them are utterly beside themselves at the news, for the first time made easy to their comprehension. They can scarcely believe the glory of their origin. They look upon the first "gentlemen" in the roseate light of ancestors, and verily consider themselves descended from the dukes, earls, barons, and knights composing the early force. "A little too bad, this," said Jack Chili, an Italian warehouseman and gentleman-at-arms. "A little too bad," said he to me, on Thursday last, as we sat in the Putney omnibus, being invited by one of our corps, to Parson's Green, to dinner; "that you and I, Gustavus, should be compelled to *'bus* it when, as you have shown, we once had *barded horses, and rode in red damask.*" Since the appearance of my history, Nehemiah Ticket, a pawnbroker, and one of our body, calls his errand-boy a "*coustrill,*" and his shopman a "*demi-lance.*" Nay, only yesterday, the gallant Roger Golightly, linen-draper and gentleman-at-arms, on receiving a lady in his shop—whither, with a crowd of females, she had been suddenly driven by the fear of some passing bullocks—entreated the pretty trembler not to fear, assuring her, as former "gentlemen" in the Wyat rebellion had assured Queen Mary, that "*she*

should see him 'fell' down her enemies that day before her face!" These gratifying incidents prove the popularity of my history, prove how provocative of high and chivalrous deeds is the ennobling scene of early greatness. "When I think of what we was," said Figginton, a grocer and gentleman-at-arms; "when I think of what our regiment was, and what we comes from, damned if I've the heart to serve a customer with half a pound o' soft. To be sure," Figgington added, with a wisdom for which he is celebrated in the corps, "glory, Mr. Nibs, is one thing, and business is another; laurels look pretty in a 'elmet, but sugar's profitable."

These ingenious evidences of the popularity of my maiden essay are, I repeat, gratifying, notwithstanding my pleasure sustained a drawback a few days ago, in the separation of Joe Mittens, glover and gent.-at-arms, from his wife. Joe and Mrs. Mittens, the four children mounted on asses, took their Sunday excursion in the direction of Blackheath. As Joseph approached the, to him, peculiarly historical ground, he grew particularly thoughtful. Arrived at the foot of Shooter's Hill, Joseph suddenly halted, and holding forth his right arm, exclaimed, "This was the spot, the very spot, where I met her!" "Met her—met her!" cried the agitated Mrs. Mittens. "And afterwards," continued the absorbed Joseph, "afterwards conducted her to Greenwich." Mittens had said enough; nothing could convince his wife that he had not unconsciously spoken of a wretch "whom she had long suspected," no per-

suasion could satisfy her that the "gentleman-at-arms" alluded to no living fair, but, looking through the mist of three centuries, talked abstractedly of Anne of Cleves, received by the band of gentlemen in 1539.

I have a thousand things to write to you, but must here break off, to save post and use up my "frank." In my next, I trust to be better enabled to discuss the grave and lofty subjects which, in this gorgeous city, continue to increase and press upon me.

Believe me, dear sir, your friend and grateful disciple,

GUSTAVUS NIBBS,
Gent.-at-Arms and F.S.A.

P.S. You will be perfectly safe in introducing the "nutmeg-grater" into your epic, *The Saucepan*. I laid the subject before the Rev. Doctor Tunnyfish, a fellow Antiquarian, who gives it as his fixed opinion, an opinion founded upon the discovery of marbles in the ruins of Carthage, that the Phœnicians were acquainted with a certain drink known to the moderns as "dog's-nose." That they knew "flip," is, says the Doctor, "as sure as eggs."

From GUSTAVUS NIBBS, *Gentleman-at-Arms, to* BENJAMIN SQAUBPIE, *Mousehole.*

DEAR BEN,—You ask me what they are doing at the playhouses? The question betrays your rusticity. True it is, there has of late been a spirit in things dramatic, but, as a general principle, understand me, my dear Ben, as a general principle, never think of the stage;

it isn't fashionable; to speaking knowingly and emphatically, it isn't *the thing*. That very admirable and most disinterested print, *The Wet Blanket*—I shall have to write further of that excellent periodical—has proved it to be impossible that the drama can flourish in a highly-civilized state; the best interests of the stage being, as the writer would imply, compatible only with an infant state of society. When the community can run alone, argues the critic, it inevitably runs from the theatre to the opera. This, becoming a fashionable opinion, and, no doubt, all through the influence of *The Wet Blanket*, it of course becomes mine.

To you, however, my dear Benjamin, the Cassius to my schoolboy Brutus, I will speak without disguise. I have been to the playhouse. I have sat in the pit; but, having taken the precaution of assuming false whiskers, it is my hope that nobody has detected me.

I have an earnest wish to visit Drury Lane; that wish, unhappily, remains ungratified. You know my constitutional abhorrence of a mob. Well, day by day, I was alarmed, disappointed, at the announcement in the bills; which, declaring the house to be every night crowded to the ceiling, prevented my risking my anatomy among the multitude. This I the more regret, as I was assured by three cigar-smoking critics at the Albion, the eldest was at least eighteen, that "'twas devilish fine—devilish—never—never anything like it."

I went to Covent Garden. There is a new play there

called *The Lady of Lyons*, a play in five acts. I would write you my opinion of it, but find it so briefly, yet withal so deliciously, reviewed in *The Wet Blanket*, that I prefer transcribing the wisdom and fine taste of the critic. Here it is:—

"*The Lady of Lyons*, a play in five acts, has been produced at Covent Garden. If not written *in* the city of Lyons, it is written *at* the city of Lyons."

In this easy, yet profound style, are five new acts discussed in *The Wet Blanket*." The critic would finish a new tragedy, comedy, and farce, in less time than a Cyclops would head and point a pin. When, however, he intends to be very severe, he never mercilessly uses a club, but endeavours quietly to punch a mortal hole in his subject, with a blunt epigram.

I have seen *Macbeth*; but you, who have been accustomed to behold the witches at ——, can have no idea of the terrible haggardness, the wild, demoniacal aspects of the persons at Covent Garden. All the witches I had ever seen in *Macbeth* were cosy, comfortable old women, with a somewhat jocular expression of face;—droll old beldames, who had realized decent incomes by the sale of matches. At Covent Garden this is all altered; and, "surely," as *The Wet Blanket* observes, "without sufficient authority." The same critic remarks that the meaning of the author would be more familiarized to the audience, if a dagger, suspended by a thin wire, were made to dangle before the eyes of Macbeth, as he exclaims—"Is this a dagger which I see before me?" to be adroitly whipped away at the words

"There's no such thing!" To me, I must own, the suggestion is quite worthy of the eminent critic, overflowing, as he always is, with a profound sense of the poetic. If I purchase a free ticket next season, an expense I am afraid to contemplate, I shall, as a point of duty, recommend the manager to try the wire. The ghost of Banquo is seen, why not the ghost of the dagger?

King Lear, with the restoration of the Fool, and the murder of Cordelia, who, you will recollect, in Mr. Nahum Tate's edition, is married to Edgar, and, with the old king, "lives happy ever after," has been put before the town; but, as *The Wet Blanket* observes, "the original version is very affecting."

However, *Coriolanus* for my money. That *is* a show! You, who have seen nothing beyond an election at Liskeard, can have no idea of the mob at Covent Garden. Such delicious ruffians! My father, it is true, made his money by smoked pilchards; nevertheless, sure I am, that I have a dash of the aristocracy in my veins. How I came by it, I know not, but there it is; otherwise, how could I have felt such mysterious loathing, such indescribable indignation, at the pack of vagabonds, bellowing, threatening, stamping, at the noble Roman. Strange, upon a sensitive mind, is the influence of the stage. As the mob roared, I felt within me a wondrous change; sympathizing with the noble Coriolanus, my plebeian clay seemed to refine into aristocratic porcelain, the red earth pipkin to become a bit of real china!

The whole show is a wonderful piece of reality. The mob, I am told, were engaged and instructed by Two-sides, a Westminster elector, and backbone patriot; and are, with a few exceptions, the very individuals who have often rehearsed in the front of Covent Garden hustings. Twenty among them, I am informed, can boast of having given black eyes to at least four candidates for Parliament. To the astonishment of its readers, *The Wet Blanket* has praised this; observing that, "there is truth and fine keeping in it."

The Olympic—the house that Corduroy, the traveller, used to rave about—is the prettiest place, I think, in the habitable world. The pieces, too, are so nice and light; they come on and go off like butterflies, and, fluttering pleasantly about one, they please the eye and don't stretch the mind. And then, the beauty! Oh, Benjamin —now I have touched upon beauty—what a place is London! How necessary is it for a man in my exalted station, to keep constantly before him the probability of a golden match, in order that he may not sell himself too cheap!

The Adelphi is a wonderful house. You have seen a whole service of plate shaken from a single cherry-stone. In like manner, you have at the Adelphi all the tenants of a Noah's Ark—the Pyramids, the entire of the Alps, two or three earthquakes, and every drop of the Bay of Biscay; each or all, as it may please the astounding manager, placed before you! There never was such a place for the *multum in parvo* of things. At this moment, a new front scene is advertised, in which will be ex-

hibited, a full length portrait of the Birmingham Railway!

The dramas are mostly of the galvanic order; though there has been of late a touch of natural history in the pieces. A dwarf acted a blue-bottle fly to perfection; buzzing round the boxes to the enthusiastic delight of a refined audience. The exhibition of the Industrious Fleas—they were shown in Regent-street, to the shame of biped idlers—has been much injured by the opposition. Another drama, called *The Mayor and the Monkey*, contains, I think, a piece of mischief that has escaped the unsuspecting licenser. A mayor is put in bodily fear by a conjuror, who declares that he can, "by his so potent art," transform a high civic authority into an ape! Mayors ought to look to this.

Promise me, my dear Ben, to keep my information on dramatic affairs a profound secret, and I will from time to time gratify your uncultivated taste with a letter on the subject. In the meantime, you must be content with the present. Several houses remain to be noticed. It was the intention of two or three of us to visit the Norton Folgate theatre, a playhouse on the Essex road, but we could not at the moment make up our minds where we should bait. Thine ever,

GUSTAVUS NIBS,
Gent.-at-Arms, and F.S.A.

P.S.—I have left the letter unsealed, as I could not beg a frank until the morrow. I have since seen my friend Dryandull. He tells me he is appointed dramatic

critic to *The Wet Blanket, vice* Tepid, discharged for his immeasurable praise of the mob in *Coriolanus;* the great pervading principle of *The Wet Blanket* being, as he ought to have known, to praise nothing. You will, perhaps, be amused by a description of the ordeal to which all candidates for the critical rod, in *The Wet Blanket,* are invariably subjected. The candidate is placed in an apartment in a temperature of 98, where he is suffered to remain at least an hour. He is then ordered to take a thermometer from over the fireplace, and desired to put the instrument under his waistcoat, in a word, at the place "nearest his heart." Having held the instrument there not more than two minutes, he is required to return the thermometer to the judge: if the mercury have fallen to 30, the candidate is deemed eligible. Dryandull passed the ordeal with distinguished success: holding forth his hand, he asked me to congratulate him. I clasped his hand—I have never been warm from that moment.

It is a positive fact, that, even at midsummer, the printer's devils, where *The Wet Banket* is "got up," save the copy, and, laying it upon the floor, skate over it. At the yearly dinner given to the various contributors, the hat—the simple hat of the editor—is invariably used as a wine-cooler.

From GUSTAVUS NIBS, *Gentleman-at-Arms, to* CIMABUE CARMINE, *Mousehole.*

DEAR CIMABUE,—I hasten to gratify your curiosity with a brief account of the present state of art in London. I

wish not to reflect upon your misfortunes, but really, buried as you are, with nothing but old prints about you, nothing but the sharp scratchings and sooty blots of the old masters, you can have no idea of the wonders of the picture-shops in this mighty metropolis. If you wish to be anything, you must give up your old bigotry to the historical, and address yourself, tooth and nail, to the beautiful. If you can paint white satin, and by degrees become an authority for milliners, your fortune's accomplished.

There cannot be a more gratifying evidence of the present passion for art, of the ingenuity of its professors and the liberality of its patrons, than the continued supply of female loveliness. No slave market could ever boast such a stock of "beauties"—such a string of attractive creatures, dressed, or half-dressed, at the "sweet will" and sweeter taste of the painter. And then they attack a simple man with such invincible names, and under such touching types, it is impossible to be safe from them! You see a book—*The Daisies of Delicacy*—you open the glossy volume, and behold, as you turn its silver leaves, female faces of the most lovely and unsophisticated aspect! There they are, for the heart of the admirer to pick and wear for its own: there they bud and there they blow, from the "wee modest crimson-tipped" beauty of the mountain to the expansive double-daisy of the West-end flower bed: there the bachelor may select his delicate daisy, though we grant he may be somewhat puzzled by the various claims of the double white, the red, the red and white striped, the variegated,

the proliferous, the hen-and-chicken, and other daisies too numerous to mention.

Say, however, that your taste be more refined, that you yearn for beauties of a more polished and courtly character, the book or printseller will straightway hand you *The Pink of Politeness*. What an array of beauty! and how—how to escape from the blandishments of the clove pink, the maiden pink; the Sops-in-Wine, the *Garofano orteuse?*

Or, you have passed the indiscriminating age of youth, and, with the ripened judgment of five-and-forty, have cultivated your admiration for more matured loveliness,—our artists, ever alive to the dignity of their profession and the call of the markets, have a gorgeous volume in store for you; there it is, under the inviting title of *The Dahlias of Dowagers!*

Nor do the painters of this glorious era confine themselves to the produce of the field and the garden for types of female loveliness: no, indeed; with a never-to-be-sufficiently-rewarded ambition, they go into the bowels of the earth and dive into the depths of the sea to "supply the trade." I am proud to inform you that, with a liberality only to be expected from such intelligence, the artists sedulously endeavour to represent every social interest on India paper. An East-end publisher has advertised *The Jewels of Judaism*, in which the hitherto-neglected charms of the daughters of Israel will be touchingly displayed as emeralds, pearls, agates, rubies, and carbuncles. Very many gentlemen of the

Stock Exchange—all great patrons of the art, in this way —are among the subscribers.

The Shells of Simplicity are advertised, and will be ready for publication by the annual spring meeting of the Quakers: I yesterday obtained a prospectus at Exeter Hall. The portraits of twenty fair "Friends" will appear embodied in the Nautilus, Oyster, Scallop, Periwinkle, &c.

Besides these illustrations, there is another class of beauties much dabbled in by modern artists; the heroines of authors, old and new, are produced, like buttons, by the hundred. With the assistance of modern art, you may know the precise length of Pamela's nose, and swear to the lips of Lady Montague's Roxalana. *The Beauties of Charles Dibdin* will appear in the course of a month, three distinguished artists of the "school" having visited the sea-ports for authentic portraits. I am happy to say that Meg of Wapping has fallen to the lot of my friend Honeybrush, who has so sweetened up his subject, that Meg looks the first-bred countess in a check apron. Honeybrush would turn tar itself into treacle.

Neither do the domestic escape the genius of working-day art. You may have portraits of the same young lady through all the stages of her eventful life from the "proposal" to the "christening;" the whole to conclude with the "widow."

To us, my dear friend, who can remember the times when green parrots with yellow bills, and pictures of the "Seasons" with sportsmen in rainbow-coloured jackets,

attended by dogs in skins of patchwork, ranging over gamboge stubble,—to us, who can recollect these things, it is delightful to reflect upon the advancement of modern art. Tens of thousands of British pounds are every year expended upon *Daisies of Delicacy*, *Shells of Simplicity*, and such wonderful achievements of English genius, and all society by such means is inoculated with a strong sense of the beautiful.

What drabs! What cold, vulgar draggled things do the women, the beauties—as a few self-willed people insist upon calling them—of the old school appear to be, to the soft, glossy, graceful, candid creatures of modern art! Every *Pink of Loveliness*, yea, every *Dahlia of the Dowagers*, seems made of sugar, and ready to melt in the mouth. The old school is all wiriness and severity—the new, "sugar and spice, and everything nice."

Leave Mousehole, my dear Cimabue; sell your old prints for waste paper, break your plaster Venuses, Apollos, Jupiters, Ledas, &c., divest yourself of every musty thought, every antiquated hankering after the old school, and come to London. Set resolutely to work in the millinery way of art, and the surest evidence of honour—money—will be showered upon you. I have heard you talk much of the massive drapery of Michael Angelo; of the simple grandeur of its folds, its flow, its sweep, its excellent beauty of outline: this may be all very well for an enthusiast, but there is the prudent and courtly Honeybrush—why, he will make more out of two morning caps for "Beauties," than an artist in these

days would get for the folds of a Jeremiah. I am credibly informed that he realizes a thousand per annum by selling the early proofs of his flounces to Madame Mousseline, the fashionable *modiste*. To Honeybrush, lace and satins are what the naked figure was to Correggio; certainly no artist, dead or alive, ever owed so much to the ribbon trade. He and their school have their reward; for, as I have said, there are in England tens of thousands of pounds laid out, not in copies of the antique, not on the simplicity of beauty, but on haberdashery art, yea, on painting "from flints." Come to London.

However, should you obstinately determine to follow your present unprofitable course, I will, from time to time, send you a report, drawn up to the best of my unprofessional judgment, on the progress of art as developed in the metropolis. In my next you shall have some account of the exhibition of the National Gallery. By the way, we are about to erect a statue to the memory of Nelson; the site of all sites for the memento is Trafalgar Square—but, unfortunately, the National Gallery for English art forming one side of the square, it is feared that the statue of the hero cannot be permitted to stand there, lest it should obscure some of the beauties of the classic edifice. A correspondence is, at this moment, proceeding upon the subject; and there are sanguine hopes that the committee for the erection of the statue will have the desired ground allowed them, if they will covenant that the Admiral shall hold his cocked-hat under his arm: did he wear it, serious fears would be

entertained lest the hat should entirely "carry off" the portico of the National Gallery.

Yours faithfully,

GUSTAVUS NIBS,
Gent.-at-Arms, and F.S.A.

P.S. I promised to forward the first number of our work, *Beauties of the Gentlemen-at-Arms*, to Mousehole. Unluckily, it is not yet published. Ebenezer Spurs, who was to have been one of the portraits, was attacked with a bilious fever, which prevented his sitting; and Hannibal Pop, another subject, about the same time sickened for the measles. Mr. Honeybrush, however, professed himself ready to paint them in rude health; but this liberal offer was, for obvious reasons, declined by the *Corps*. Mention this accident to Dolly.

GUSTAVUS NIBS, *Gent.-at-Arms, to* CLARISSA PEACHDOWN, *Mousehole.*

MY DEAREST CLARISSA,—You little know the heart of your soldier, if you can imagine that the witcheries of this enchanting place, were they ten times trebled, could wean it from a certain person at Mousehole. No, Clarissa; Achilles was not more invulnerable than your Nibs. When a prime minister shall change—nay, when even an under-secretary shall waver—then, but not till then, doubt your Gustavus.

Extraordinary things are in preparation—things unseen, unthought of, by the multitude, but forcing themselves upon the minds of men enjoying, as I do, a courtly

station. I am about to entrust you with a secret, as yet only known to a select few of the palace. Clarissa, my beloved, the coronation of our august Queen is absolutely fixed for the 26th of June! I and a few friends have seen a copy of the proclamation. However, keep the secret closely at your heart, for the Tower is an ugly place; and, by what I can gather from all historians, beheading a very disfiguring operation.

Our first drawing-room has been a perfect glory. Oh, Clarissa! that you could have seen the presentations! that you could have witnessed the flutterings of beauty —the grace, the sensitiveness of daughters—the pride of mothers—the ostrich feathers and the pearls and diamonds! I will say it, that, when I saw the sparkling eyes, the red, red lips, the carnation cheeks, the fair brows, of so many lovely women, I rejoiced, from the bottom of my heart, that they were (as *The Court Journal* said of many of their dresses) "all of British manufacture." I was quite rapt by the exhibition; myself and the Turkish Ambassador were completely confounded.

Your affectionate fears respecting my military ardour are, believe me, uncalled for. True it is, I had some yearnings towards regular service; for, they do say that, when the ice breaks, great things will open in Canada. You have doubtless heard that many of our troops have embarked for that region. Shall I confess to you my military weakness? I may; for, believe me, it is past. I was so excited by the passion for glory that, for three days at least, possessed our corps; that on the very morning on which the fourth division of the Coldstream Guards

quitted London, I was up and shaved by six o'clock; and, in my regimentals, accompanied the brave fellows from their barracks to Turnham Green; whence I returned with only twice halting, to my lodgings at Pimlico. I am convinced that, possessing the advantage of a good horse, I was born for the infantry.

I shall leave the Opera for my next, merely stating that the Queen and I have, of course, been there. Our weather is, for the season, tolerable. On the 12th of April I counted ten daisies in the greensward in St. James's Park. Ah! Clarissa, they may talk of Paris, and their Gardens of the Tuileries, and their Elysian Fields: but for a walk, give me a stroll in St. James's Park, then a serious fifteen minutes' contemplation of the ducks—many of them, as a brother antiquary assures me, ducks in a right line from the ducks which Charles the Second delighted to feed; then to stretch up Waterloo Place, to wind through the gorgeous wealth of Regent Street, with its pavement worth its width in diamonds, so through Portland Place; and then to the beautiful rusticity of the Regent's Park, with its background of Hampstead and Highgate, the spires of their churches suggesting a pretty topic of conversation; or, if that topic be passed, to turn a little to the left, to the Zoological Gardens, wondrously rich in *herbivora*, if only so-so in *carnivora*. That, that is a walk which fills us with a sense of the beauty, the comfort, and the wealth of London—that is a walk which, to speak figuratively, an Englishman may shake in the faces of all the world * * *

Duty compels me to quit thee thus abruptly—I am wanted at the Palace. Adieu, thine ever,

NIBS.

P.S. I find that I have time to add a few lines. You must know, my charming girl, that at the coronation it is the proud privilege of our corps to place various dishes before the sovereign. That I may put on my dish with a dazzling grace, I have for the past week been studying my part. By my order, my landlady made me a small beef-steak pie; and the adroitness, the ease, the touching manner with which I have brought myself to put the pie upon the table, is, though I say it, truly astonishing. Something, I think, *must* come of it. Men have gained knighthood from meaner things than beef-steak pies.

PAPERS OF A "GENTLEMAN-AT-ARMS."

No. III.

From the Reverend Doctor Undercrust, *Mousehole, Cornwall, to* Gustavus Nibs, *Gentleman-at-Arms, and F.S.A., Pimlico.*

MY DEAR PUPIL,—Albeit your fame rejoices, it does not surprise me. I had predicted to myself the antiquarian honours that must attend you, and, at this moment, could prophesy other honours that are in store for you, but I fear to dazzle you: hence, until you are called to enjoy them, I force myself to silence on the grateful theme; when the distinction comes, it will be my cue to speak of it.

We have formed ourselves into a club, that we may, at one sitting, all enjoy your letters. How they do transport us from the remote tranquillity of our beloved Mousehole, to the stir, the bustle, the throng, and splendour of mighty London! How often, by the magic of imagination, do we conjure you before us, in full regimentals! Tell me, Gustavus, have you an undress, or, like the sign of the Golden Eagle, do you always shine in full regimentals?

The martial impulse that, stirring in your heart, took

you, with the brave defenders of our colonies, to Turnham Green, awakened our admiration, but, trust me, not our astonishment. "Gustavus all over," remarked Squabpie, whilst Clarissa sighed, and uttered, "Just like my Nibs."

However, nothing in all your stirring and spirited epistles gives me so much surprise and delight as when you speak of the improved condition of authors and scholars. Can it be true that, since the days of Johnson and Savage, they have descended a storey, and live in third floors? Are they now (I will not say endured) but received, in what is called good society? Does the moralist no longer dine behind a bookseller's screen, that he may hide his dilapidated shoes? Is the author, in these days of light, no longer considered an equivocal somebody between a pickpocket and a magician? Is the poet only "a little lower" in the household of the great than the under butler? In a word, Gustavus—and I put the question to your strong and delicate sense of truth—is it possible, in the present state of the world, that a man can write an epic, a play, a novel, a lyric, and at the same time be considered a gentleman? Or, allowing that his previous condition may have been in the higher walk of life, can he touch pen and ink and not be defiled? May a physician dally with the Muses, and be thought at the same time trustworthy of your health? May a lawyer stroll his vacation on Parnassus, and yet hope to have a brief? Is he who can read the heart of man by the possession of the poetic faculty, no longer held a dunce in all the affairs of our sublunary

existence? It is so! History, biography, satire, cease to be cups and balls; poetry is no longer *hocus pocus!*

You will be delighted to learn that I am advanced to the tenth book of *The Saucepan!* Another month, and the poem will have received its finishing grace; the engravings are also in a forward state, though I cannot but wish that I had the assistance of two or three of the artists whose beautifying powers you touched on in your last packet. I have a Phœnician queen, and three princesses of the ancient Britons, that Mr. Honeybrush would, I am convinced, have made worth any money; our excellent friend Cimabue is, I apprehend, a little too severe in his style for popular taste. As far as the drawing of the figure goes, the things, I am informed, are unobjectionable; therefore, you may probably assist me by getting Honeybrush, or any of his school, to put caps and gowns to them according to the prevailing fashions. Considering their Druidical origin, the princesses might be touchingly grouped, and christened "Maids of the Mistletoe."

I am happy to hear of your acquaintance with Mr. Dullandry, the critic of *The Wet Blanket.* I will send you a few extracts for his private opinion: nothing so beneficial to a young author as the advice of a man whose judgment stands constitutionally at the freezing point.

I applaud your foresight in the matter of the beef-steak pie, and expect great things from your address at the coronation dinner. As, however, it is uncertain

what may be entrusted to your hands to lay before her Majesty, I would affectionately advise you to vary your private practice with, say, a soft rice-pudding. Hence, when the great day arrives, whether your dish be solids or liquids, you will be equally self-possessed in putting it upon the regal table. And, consider, you will act your part in the representative faces of whole nations: France will have an eye upon you—Russia will be present—Portugal, perhaps, at you elbow—besides Austria, and Heaven knows how many Hungry nobles, all with their looks upon the royal dish. As you acutely hint, knighthood *may* come out of a pie-crust.

Farewell, my dear boy; march onward in the path of glory that stretches itself before you, and believe me,

Your affectionate friend and master,

MELANCTHON UNDERCRUST.

P.S. I had almost forgotten to tell you that I want a publisher for *The Saucepan.*

MISS DOROTHY NIBS, *of Mousehole, to* GUSTAVUS NIBS, *Gent.-at-Arms, and F.S.A., Pimlico.*

DEAR GUS,—What are the spring fashions? Who has come out? Have you seen Mr. Kean? Is there not a statue of him at one of the playhouses, or is it a statue of another person of the same name? Have you seen *Hamlet,* and do London milkmaids still dance round the May-pole? Is Kean, the present actor, a Charles or Edmund? I say the latter, but Squabpie declares that it is anything but that. How have they treated dear

Mr. Carmine's "Venus" at the Academy, and didn't you at once detect the likeness? My aunt, on hearing that Venus was the wife of Vulcan, insisted upon her having a wedding-ring. Poor Mr. Carmine has been in agony lest the goddess should be refused in consequence of what he profanely calls a ridiculous superfluity—a wedding-ring, as he avows, taking the subject entirely out of keeping.

My aunt has been ten miles round Mousehole mustering ladies to sign a petition against, I think they call it, a Hippodrome. Three boarding-schools have already written their names, and Moggy, the cook, goes up to-morrow. For Heaven's sake, Gustavus, don't go near it! We hear the most dreadful account of its wicked propensities—three innocent young dukes reduced merely to gentlemen, and a noble marquis, only in his thirteenth year, cheated in the most coldblooded manner of his pocket-money. All of us in Mousehole pray for the poor souls in London exposed to such awful dangers. Ruin at Newmarket, at Doncaster, even at Epsom, says my aunt—you know she has been a great deal in high life—is what all reasonable people are prepared for; but, says she, to have ruin lie within the short stages, is an abominable evidence of the voluptuousness of the times. Happy ought we to think ourselves, who, in the country, have virtue made so easy for us; we couldn't, if we would, be wicked; and you can't think, dear Gustavus, how grateful we try to be for the impossibility.

To return to the Hippodrome. Who could believe in the depravity of human nature? That men, with a

design upon their fellow-creatures' pockets, should lure the unsuspecting British youth with arsenicated gingerbread and drugged spruce beer! We have heard the most appalling accounts of the depravity of these creatures, and from our hearts pity the poor shopmen poisoned into a ruinous bet, and feel no less for the unhappy lawyer's clerk who, in a moment of somnolency, was stripped of several valuable writs.

We understand that the effects in the immediate neighbourhood of the Hippodrome are of the most striking and disastrous kind—that the moral contamination has affected even the youngest mind. A letter to my aunt from Miss Buddingbirch—she keeps a preparatory school for young gentlemen not older than six, in the Bayswater Road—informs us, to her horror, she discovered that the children every night tossed with one another for the mode of getting into bed, deciding the operation by "heads or tails;" and that, at breakfast, on refusing two of the urchins another slice of bread-and-butter, one of the abandoned little boys, in the awful spirit of gaming, pulled out a halfpenny, and declared that he and Jack Simmons would "go her the odd man for it!" The odd man! And to Miss Buddingbirch!

Truly has it been said, my dear Gustavus, that gambling is the parent of all crime. Since the establishment of the Hippodrome, poor Miss Buddingbirch has been compelled to have a patent lock to her cupboard —the common one having been constantly picked—the boys stealing her ripe cheese, as one of them caught in the fact confessed, to breed therein "a maggot stud!"

Caterpillar races, it is much to be feared, have been very common with them. More than once has she been called upon to quell a fight arising from a hopping match—one side having given it against Peter Jones's flea, whilst the other party declared it to have been an "out-and-outer." These examples, as Miss Buddingbirch observes, may, to the scoffing and the superficial, appear trifling, perhaps ridiculous; but, as she remarks, they present to the observer of the infant mind, a hideous picture of moral depravity.

I will, however, give you another example—happily, not fatal, though threatening the most awful consequences—of the dreadful effects of the Hippodrome upon the early mind of Bayswater and adjacent villages. Miss Buddingbirch had been compelled to punish one of the ringleaders in a handicap race for snails of all weights, and, the chastisement over, she sat down in her usual good health and spirits to tea. In her second cup she was called out to a lady with a new little boy, and no difference was remarked in her. She returned to the tea-table, and in less than three-quarters of an hour was providentially discovered by the maid, lying senseless on the hearth-rug! Medical assistance was immediately sent for, but, before the surgeon could arrive, Jacob Solomons, an infant of little more than five years old, confidentially informed one of his schoolfellows—who immediately made known the horrid fact—that he "had *hocussed* governess!" Miss Buddingbirch was happily restored; and when the little assassin was rigorously examined on his motives for the dark deed, he replied,

he understood that "flats were to be served in that way at the Hippodrome." It appears that this hardened infant had taken the opportunity afforded by Miss Buddingbirch's absence, to empty into her teapot a whole pint of British brandy! But the most extraordinary part of the business, as Miss Buddingbirch truly observes, must for ever remain in mystery; for where—where, she asks, could the child possibly have got the drug?

Many, many more instances, Miss Buddingbirch assures us, might be advanced of the injurious effects of the Hippodrome upon the constitution of society. At a ladies' establishment—St. Helena House—a riding-habit, whip, and spurs have been found in the box of more than one young lady, whilst the cook has been discharged for supplying the pupils with peas from the store-room, the girls discarding tambour work and satin stitch for a new and ruinous game introduced by the Hippodrome people, and called—the thimble-rig!

The evil influence of this Hippodrome upon the neighbourhood—the bad example of horses upon infant schools—says Miss Buddingbirch, almost passes credibility. Her dear little boys, as she assures us, were accustomed to receive any chastisement in silence, and were afterwards taught to kiss her for it; and now, she laments, since the introduction of vicious racers near the school, not one of the children will receive even what she calls the most moderate physical remonstrance, without considerable kicking.

I have dwelt thus long upon the subject, that my dear

Gustavus may be assured I am not, with all my levity, insensible to any danger that, in fascinating London, may await him. And now, repeating the question with which I began my letter, and again praying my dear Gustavus to forswear the Hippodrome, and all its temptations,

I remain, his affectionate sister,

DOROTHY NIBS.

P.S. When do the *Beauties of the Gentlemen-at-Arms* come out? I won't tell you—or 'twould make you vain—*who* is dying for the first number.

If you should, by way of curiosity, see a horse-race at the Hippodrome, write me all the particulars. Above all things, whatever you do, don't bet, and beware of the ginger-bread.

Doctor Undercrust, as he has sealed his letter, begs me to ask you the derivative of *hocus?* He says it's his belief, that if the phrase be modern, the thing was evidently known to the ancients. He is convinced that some of the Roman Emperors knew it, and that one or two of the Popes—Alexander the Sixth, for instance—retained some glimpses of the science. The thimble-rig, he doubts not, is to be found in the very earliest stage of civilization.

From GUSTAVUS NIBS, *to the* REVEREND DOCTOR UNDERCRUST.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND MASTER,—I am rejoiced that I am enabled to give you the most encouraging account

of the advancement—if I may so speak—of the literary character in merry, yet thoughtful England. The goose-quill in a man's cap is now almost as great a distinction as the eagle's feather. Still, however great the rewards and honours heaped upon the English author, they are as nothing to the wealth and distinction promised him by the philosophic legislator. The calamity now to be feared is, that, in a very few years, authors will become too powerful and too rich—will be absolutely placed upon a level with tradesmen and merchants, and, like them, have the delightful privilege of disposing of their possessions at their death. As no man's house, park, or garden, has hitherto been thrown open to the uses of the public, simply because the first owner has possessed the said house, park, or garden, so many years —so, by the intelligence of these astounding times, will the dealer in history, biography, romance, or play, have something like an equality with the retired drysalter. As for the honours in store for literature, it may safely be predicted, that in no less than half a century or so, *attachés*, or even small consuls, may be selected from English writers. Already two distinguished men, whose names I purposely omit, have been promised the next vacancies as messengers. It is but natural that many excellent and patriotic persons, with a delicate sense of the public good, should raise their voices against what may appear to them a dangerous measure—for to them, literature, like a gipsy, to be picturesque, should be a little ragged.

Mr. Finsbury, a great orator, and a member of Par-

liament for Tegg, has been especially luminous on the subject; nothing can surpass his eloquence, unless it be his delicacy. He has long been distinguished for his opposition to what he called "taxes on knowledge;" an opposition in which he certainly displayed his disinterestedness, such taxes in no way bearing upon himself. He now takes authors in hand for the benefit of the public, and, reversing the policy of Robin Hood, would steal from the poor to give to the rich. "They who write for posterity," says the enlightened member for Tegg, "let posterity reward them!" It must have been a kindred genius that once exclaimed: "Posterity! why should I trouble myself about posterity? What has posterity done for me?"

If anything could enhance the worth of the member for Tegg's labours in the cause of literature, it is to be recognised in his philosophic indifference to the unmeaning courtesies of society. With a countenance from Brazennose, he, to their very faces, assured a host of gentlemen that they were every day to be bought dog-cheap—that he had made it his business to inquire into private transactions touching their interests, and that although they might consider themselves persons of a high published price, they were really and truly so many "gilt twopences." He had documents to prove the fact—and sensibility to state it.

The vigilance of the honourable member for Tegg is about to be displayed in another mode no less illustrative of his anxiety for a great body of the public. At a meeting of laundresses, recently held in Copenhagen

Fields, he was deputed to move for a return of washing bills of members of Parliament, from which return it is supposed he will, with his characteristic sagacity, exhibit the great injury done to the labouring classes by the unprincipled taxes on soap.

However, to quit Mr. Finsbury for a more important theme—*The Saucepan.* I regret that coronation matters have not allowed me sufficient time to seek for a publisher; but will, ere my next, endeavour to quit myself of the difficult task; for epics hang upon hand, even when praised by *The Wet Blanket.* But, at present, the coronation employs all the thoughts and all the talk of London: nothing is, I am positively assured, decided upon; and at this moment, it is uncertain whether the Ministers will go to Westminster Abbey in three hackney-coaches or one omnibus—whether our brave band will, according to usage, carry up the dishes for a gorgeous banquet, or be merely required to cut ham-and-beef sandwiches for a snack.

In haste, but ever yours,

GUSTAVUS NIBS.

P.S. You ask if our brave band have an undress uniform? Yes, and a very pretty thing it is—it has been much admired both at Blackwall and Eel-Pie Island.

From GUSTAVUS NIBS, *to* CIMABUE CARMINE.

MY DEAR CARMINE,—I am just come from Corner Cupboard Hall; a tenement known by courtesy as the

National Gallery! Whilst contemplating its interior conveniences, I felt gratified as a patriot and an economist, that all the money lavished on the structure was not utterly sacrificed, inasmuch as the building may, with very little expense, be converted to the use of learned men; for, as it is rumoured that Lyon's Inn, together with Holywell Street (you who have been in London know these interesting spots), are about to be pulled down and the attorneys ousted, that the neighbourhood may be better ventilated; a fair supply of tenants from that most useful and ill-requited body of individuals may be fairly counted upon for the "National" chambers. A fine, picturesque dimness reigns throughout the Gallery, which makes it, as the magniloquent Robins would say, "peculiarly eligible to those studious and enlightened persons, happily dignified by the amiable office of mediator between man and man, in those small yet acerbating differences of opinion which, *malheureusement*, will sometimes rise, even in Arcadia; or, to assume the more homely terms of commerce, at least fifty attorneys might be delightfully accommodated in delicious nooks of chambers—of chambers to which may be most emphatically applied the truly English term of snugness!" Yes, we said, glowing with satisfaction at the thought, all the money is not lost—though this be no temple for Signori Raphael, Correggio, Titian, and Da Vinci, it is the place of places for Doe, Roe, Isaacs, and Lazarus.

However, I promised you a letter on the exhibition of English paintings for 1838; on the display of English

art, which *The Wet Blanket* assures its readers has done nothing but go back from the first hour of its birth. What will ultimately become of it, nobody save the man in *The Wet Blanket* can tell. As this is my first year in London, it is impossible for me to make any comparison between the present and former exhibitions, or, like *The Wet Blanket*, I should have been but too happy, with a candour cold as a snow-ball, to assure you and the world in general, that English artists are gradually losing every grace and faculty required in a painter. See what a man sacrifices by not living constantly in the metropolis! Now for a *few* of the pictures.

"Cicero's Tomb, near Mola di Gaeta," by Callcott. A delicious thing: the air seems "dissolved in balm;" the sweet, deep tranquillity at the very heart of the scene, at once fixes the spectator, and makes him dream dreams even despite of the bonnets—and ladies certainly wear their largest for exhibitions—that now and then come between the fancy and the painter. The whole picture is steeped in a fine feeling of poetry. "Italian Composition, from materials in the neighbourhood of Rome," also by Callcott, is a pearl of the like exquisite beauty.

"Chasse Marée, off the Gull-stream light — the Downs in the distance," by Stanfield. The waves really tremble, and the wind freshens. Stanfield is assuredly the living spirit of air and water.

"Phryne going to the Public Baths as Venus," by Turner. Poor Phryne! Her sins were many, as most respectable scholars allow; nevertheless, her punishment must have been more than just, if she lived in such an

atmosphere, and trod such a soil as Mr. Turner, R.A., has prepared for her! Really, great allowances are to be made for the wicked thing; for, in such a place, virgin coldness, nay, coldness of any kind, we should think impossible. The sky, and much of the earth, are of the colour of the highest-coloured red-currant jam; whilst the trees, especially those in the foreground, are mustard trees—or, we should rather say, trees of mustard: and it would be unjust of us not to give Mr. Turner this praise—that, choosing mustard for the colour, he has made his foliage of the very best Durham. It is said that the rigid Quaker would have all nature dressed in drab; Mr. Turner evidently thinks a harlequin jacket her "only wear." If the "Joyce" stove has really failed, I should think Turner's "Phryne" admirably adapted to succeed it; nothing can give more heat, yet possess less real fire.

"Lisa Puccini," by Hollins. This is one of Boccaccio's love-begone heroines; and could the greatest of great story-tellers behold the sweet face of the damsel, sure am I, he would clap Mr. Hollins on the shoulder, and cry, "bravo." The whole picture is admirably conceived; and the tenderness, the melancholy, the poetic beauty of Lisa, all expressed with the highest grace and finish. The story of her love is in her face, the character of which marks the grade of the artist. Under a common eye we should have had a pair of those blackberry-eyes, one of the straight noses, and a button-hole mouth to be found at the beauty-mongers,—which features, sweetened up into something more like *blanc-mange* than

loving and lovable flesh and blood, would have been called Lisa Puccini, and would have served as well for Maggie Lauder. Mr. Hollins has given us a face of a most uncommon character, yet one which we are sure somewhere exists, and which we cannot readily cease to remember.

"Our Sovereign, the Queen Victoria, presiding at the Council, on her Accession," by Sir D. Wilkie. Sir David is better at hard Knox than at the feminine graces. And as for the portraits of many of the members of council, I must say that from the June of 1837 to the May of 1838 they seem wonderfully changed—not at all the same men.

"Portrait of the Queen on the Throne in the House of Lords," by G. Hayter. This picture is placed immediately above the last; it may be rated at something below it; the face has a square, wooden look, traitorously unlike the original. Nor does Mr. R. J. Lane, in the miniature-room, either in "Portrait" or "Profile of Her Majesty," prove himself a better painter or a more loyal subject.

"Modern Italy—the Pifferari," by Turner. Another drollery by the great wag of the Academy—though, perhaps, not quite so highly seasoned in its fun as the before-named Phryne. At first we took the picture for a framed and unclean palette; but, no, it was Modern Italy, as seen by Mr. Turner. With such an organ for colour, why does not the Academician paint us *his* notion of a black eye caught in a recent scuffle?

"Portraits of Her Majesty's favourite Dogs and

Parrots," by Edwin Landseer. This great painter would put sentiment even into a dead hedgehog. Here is a beautiful painting, here positive character in bird and beast. The hanging committee, with a touch of enviable humour, have placed this picture a little way on the left of Her Majesty. Looking at it, sure I am I saw and heard one of the dogs move his ears and nose, cast his eye towards his royal patroness, and observe in a low and melancholy growl—"What a shame that we should be treated so much better than *missus!*" And the gorgeous parrot on the floor gently raised her wings, and half-whistling, half-speaking, cocked her eye at the dog, and repeated, "What a shame!"

"All the World's a Stage," by Mulready. A household thing! conceived in a true Shaksperian spirit, and painted with the highest finish. This, as a dead philosopher has said of Hogarth's works, is a picture to be "read."

"Salvator Rosa painting his Friend," by Maclise. Boldness, strength, a quick and true perception of character, with a vivid sense of the poetical, and a yearning to seize and embody the fantastic, distinguished this painter to the extraordinary wonderment of the good people in *The Wet Blanket*, who call him a doer of "clever" things! "Clever" is a good word, though it has been almost succeeded by a new coinage—"talented." A week or two since, a Mayor of Stratford took it upon himself to state, that "Shakspeare was one of the most *talented* men that had ever lived." I shrewdly suspect that the mayor contributes to *The Wet Blanket*.

Maclise has all the vigour, all the invention, not without a few of the eccentricities, of youthful genius: the above picture is full of life, spirit, and character. But the painter's *opus magnum* is "Merry Christmas in the Baron's Hall;" nothing can be finer than the mad, wild, roystering revelry of the young, contrasted with the graver observance of the genial solemnities of the season, by the mature and old. There is in it a wonderful amount of invention; and with innumerable figures, there is no intruder there; everybody is doing something —every one, from the lord of the feast to the little red-breeched urchin, devouring with all his eyes, the tricks of a mountebank—every one plays his part to the general animation and true keeping of the scene. Twenty pictures might be taken from the composition; there is an old fiddle in it worth many Apollos. After so much praise, Mr. Maclise can afford to listen to a little piece of censure: his females are not sufficiently British; for instance, the revelling group in the foreground have, at least some of them, more of the Bohemian gipsy than the Englishwoman, in their happy countenances.

"Ancient Italy—Ovid banished from Rome," by Turner. And, if Ancient Rome were anything like what Mr. Turner has painted it, very glad indeed ought Ovid to have been when he was fairly out of it. Why—why will Mr. Turner so improve nature? Had he to paint a raven, to him it would evidently not be what a raven ought to be unless it had a crimson breast and a blue and yellow tail; in fact, a flaring macaw would be Mr. Turner's raven.

"Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," by E. Landseer. A magnificent Newfoundland dog, with a *humanity* in his canine face that would put to the blush many a sharp solicitor—many an inventive stockbroker. "Do you know," said Wigsby to me as he looked at the picture—an excellent critic, Wigsby—"do you know that they have also elected ——, the marine painter, to be a member of the Humane Society?" "No," was my reply; "Humane Society! what has he done?"—"Why," answered Wigsby, in his droll way, "the truth is, you never see one of his pictures that you don't find in it a man pulling up a *buoy*.

"A Consultation, previous to the Aërial Voyage to Germany, in 1836," by J. Hollins. No doubt great public opinion is to be attached to the portaits of "R. Hollond, Esq., M.P.; Monck Mason, Esq.; Mr. Green, the aëronaut; and three of Mr. Hollond's friends," as they looked on the important consultation. Hence, let posterity know that Mr. Hollond seemed full of smiling confidence; that Mr. Monck Mason appeared no whit dispirited; that Mr. Green, the aëronaut, wore a cap and looked thoughtful; and that in the faces and figures of "three of Mr. Hollond's friends" was a pleasant, cheerful indifference of the whole business. One, however, from his superior animation, may be supposed addressing to his friend, the M.P., some agreeable *badinage* as to the probability of his falling into the Pacific, or of making a descent in the middle of Pekin. The picture—for the subject—covers a great space.

I must now break off with this brief notice—unwil-

lingly, I own; but I have filled my paper, and am not able to beg another frank.

Yours truly,

GUSTAVUS NIBS.

P.S. I regret to inform you that I looked very earnestly for your *Venus*, but since discover that she has been refused. Perhaps—for such defects have been known—she was painted *too well.*

PAPERS OF A "GENTLEMAN-AT-ARMS."

No. IV.

From GUSTAVUS NIBS, *Gent.-at-Arms, and F.S.A., Pimlico, to* BENJAMIN SQUABPIE, *Mousehole, Cornwall.*

DEAR BEN,—You write to me about the British stage. As your friend Macbeth says, "There's no such thing." Were you only one week in the "circles"—were you for only seven days allowed to compose a fraction of "the world"—you would not persecute me for information only to be rendered at the imminent price of my character as a man of fashion and taste. However, as you conjure me by our early friendship to write you a letter upon the playhouses, I obey, with this understanding—that you keep the correspondence a profound secret. If you must read the epistle to any of your acquaintances, pray father the missive upon young Skinner, the tinman, who left Mousehole last autumn, and is now settled in the Minories. A taste for the drama may not very much hurt a tinman, but must be fatal to the reputation of a man who goes into "the world."

The season of the two large houses, as they are called, will, ere this arrive at Mousehole, be concluded. The

thousands of "enthusiasts" nightly mustered at Drury Lane to the roll of Balfe's kettle-drums will have given place to the spiders, and where thousands of intelligent Britons (see the playbills, the "short and simple annals of the season,") have roared their laughter, and "shouted" their applause, the little mice may take what seats they list. The ghost of Joan of Arc, in a short white petticoat, may sometimes stalk along the pit; young Wieland's Devil of the Danube (the finest hit of originality of the whole season) may haunt the boxes; and at times in the deep midnight a tall, spare, stern-looking man, in whose thin face are cares of £ *s. d.*, may glide in the moonshine to the treasury, and, taking forth the books, see nought but moonshine there. Sometimes the plaster heads of Garrick, Siddons, Kemble, and Edmund Kean, in the saloon, may chat away the darkness, sorrowing over the absurdities of the season past, and marvelling what new raree-show will grace or disgrace the season to come. Such things may be fancied "during the recess," but if you ask what new play has been added to the list? —what new sterling actor brought to town by the Drury management of 1837-8?—it may be answered that Signor Balfe has written ten or twelve new operas, and that it was not the fault of the manager if Mr. Murphy refused a very liberal offer to appear in the "Weathercock." This, Dullandry says, he has positively heard: Murphy might have had any terms, had the frost continued, for a series of lectures; the engagement, however, went off at the thaw.

I have heard that the proprietors of Covent Garden,

bareheaded and barefooted, will in a few days go in procession to Macready, and, laying the keys of the theatre at his feet, beg that he will condescend to take them at his own terms. The fact is, the style in which he produced Shakspeare has made it more than ever hopeless for chandler-shop managers to succeed him. "I'd have taken the house myself," said Bubbleton, a minor manager "only the devil of it is, *that* Macready has made the concern so infernally respectable."

We are now in the summer season; but the actors who, in in former years, monopolized nearly all public patronage, have now to contend with a hundred rivals. "You see, sir," said Mr. Archibald Squaretoes, a gentleman, who, in his youth, went to the Haymarket in a laced coat and three-corner hat—"you see, in my young days, we had nothing but the play for our money, now we have steamboats to Greenwich, wild beasts, and all sorts of balloons, with a real gentleman to break his neck once a-week. And then for the actors, sir! Why, I've seen one of Foote's farces—ha, sir! something like farces, though a little free—something like literature in them, sir. I've seen actors in one farce that, in these times, would set up a dozen companies. You have heard of Monsieur Valbreque, sir, Catalani's husband, sir. Well, sir, he used to say, '*Madame ma femme, et deux ou trois poupées, voilà tout.*' Thus it is with managers; now-a-days, sir, they stilt up one actor, and all the rest they make dwarfs; they get hold of second or third-rate players and they 'cut 'em into stars,' making the remainder of the company so many farthing candles. And what's

worse, sir," said Squaretoes, becoming animated, "what's worse, nothing is more easy than to make a star. I know a pork-butcher, sir, who gave it out that he fattened all his pigs upon pine-apples; well, sir, he sold them for what price he liked, and people having bought the pigs, swore they could taste the pine-apple flavour. It's much the same, sir, with many of the 'stars;' managers have only to declare that they give 'em ten, twenty, or fifty pounds a night, and the sagacious public proportion their admiration to the salary received. Why, sir," said Squaretoes, "I've known an actor, like a pipe of Madeira, supposed to increase his value by a sea-voyage. And then, sir, for plays, ha! we used to have dramas, sir, for companies of men and women; now, sir, we have monologues, sir, for Mr. Great A, and Mrs. Little B. And then, sir, to make the thing complete, sir, audiences are not what they were; there was a time when they seemed to have a keen relish of a delicate piece of wit; now, sir, gentle touches go for nothing; you must hit with a pole-axe."—"And do you really, Mr. Squaretoes," I asked with great deference, of the venerable gentleman, "do you really see no hope for the drama? can nothing be done to regenerate the stage?" "Humph! why, yes, sir, two or three trifling things might be attempted: in the first place, to give the literature of the stage fair play, I would declare war with France, and then cut off the supplies of translation."—"Very good, sir, and what then?"—"Then Government should allow a few thousands a year to a school for the drama. Mr. Hume might be induced to carry the affair through the House; and

next, Parliament should be humbly petitioned to pass a measure for the immediate supply of at least ten or a dozen first-rate actors in addition to the present body. Ha, sir!" said Mr. Squaretoes, in a tone of sadness, "Falstaff lies in St. John's Church, buried with Elliston—the last 'Benedick' is Deputy-Licenser—whilst Liston, as Lord of the Manor of Pen, holds court-leets, and inspects weights and measures!"—And so much for Squaretoes.

I now come to the dreadful part of your letter, to that alarming paragraph which informs me you have written a play, and have already in imagination appropriated the hundreds that must inevitably proceed from it. Foolish young man! Already you see yourself in print, your portrait painted by Honeybrush, revealing you to an admiring public, like to an angel, in a very light coat! Alas, be warned! What, pusillanimously turn dramatist, and in these days. Have some sense of self-respect; be a man, buy a broom, and go upon the highway.

Has the fate of the last victim to stage literature no terrors for you? But no, the tragic story cannot yet have made its way to Mousehole. You must yet be ignorant of the fate of Otway Squills, a successful and most squalid author, whose death occurred under the most painful and mysterious circumstances. A very long account of the inquest, illustrated by wood engravings of the deceased, is now before me. In the hope that the frightful details may be to you a salutary warning, I make some extracts:—

"Fate of Genius.—Yesterday, an inquest was made

at the Bag-of-Nails, New Cut, on the body of Otwdy Squills. As the deceased had long been favourably known to the public by the number and success of his dramatic writings, many members of the sock and buskin were in attendance, and the inquiry seemed to excite the greatest interest throughout the neighbourhood.

"Rebecca Motherly deposed that the deceased was her lodger. She had known him from a youth; he had been bred to the pin-making business, but, to the annoyance of his friends, had left a respectable trade for play-writing; when in full work could earn a guinea a week. [*By a Juror.* At pins or plays? *Witness.* At plays.] Recollected the deceased coming home on Tuesday night; shortly after Mr. Bubbleton called; Mr. Bubbleton is the manager of a playhouse. Heard high words between him and the deceased. When Mr. Bubbleton quitted the house, witness saw the deceased alive for the last time; he appeared very melancholy, and asked witness what she thought he could earn by carrying out small parcels and beating carpets. Found him dead next morning.

"Giles Swaggerley Bubbleton, *examined.*—Is proprietor of Bubbleton's Royal Death's Head and Cross Bones Theatre. Deceased was in employ of witness as stock author; had been very irregular in his habits of late, notwithstanding witness thought him a young man of considerable genius, and gave him a guinea a week to write as required; witness was never called upon to produce more than three pieces a week, and never under twelve hours' notice. [*By a Juror.* Were

the dramas of deceased played at any other place? Oh, yes; all over the country.—Was there not an act which made such performance profitable to the author? There was such an act: it was a most admirable statute, and was of great encouragement to authors; but in the case of deceased was not productive, as witness had by contract secured such revenue to himself.—What! for the guinea a week? For the guinea a week.—*By the Coroner.* State what passed between you and deceased at your last meeting. Witness here stated that he called upon deceased for a new play, *The Golden Potatoe*, which deceased had re-written three times to suit the peculiar wishes of Mr. Connaught, a 'star' at the 'Death's Head,' at 50*l.* a-night. Deceased had failed to please Mr. Connaught, and had to write the drama a fourth time; had had the MS. more than a day, and had made little progress in it. Witness was irritated, and threatened to discharge deceased; had, however, no such intention. On the contrary, witness would always patronize genius when he could see his way. Deceased had written two nautical dramas—*The Interminable Pigtails*, and *Benbow's Bacco Box*—for another 'star,' only a week ago. [*The Coroner.* You say you were irritated with deceased, state the exact words you used in quitting him. *Witness* (after some hesitation). I said I had brought him before the town, had made his fortune for him, but that he was an ungrateful, idle scoundrel; and if *The Golden Potatoe* was not finished by the morning, I had done with him

for ever. I said that, in consequence of his neglect, it was impossible for me to see my way.

"Mr. Cook, *surgeon, examined.*—He was called in to see deceased at eight in the morning; found him seated in a chair with paper before him, and a pen in his hand; the vital spark was quite extinct. He had not been long dead, for the last word, '*exit,*' was scarcely dry. All attempts at resuscitation proved fruitless; there was not the slightest mark of violence upon the body.

"The coroner then addressed the jury in a manly, sensible speech, in which he briefly touched upon the mischievous influence of the stage, at the same time giving due praise to the latent humanity of Mr. Bubbleton, who had merely used a threat of dismissal as a gentle spur to the negligence of the unfortunate yet unprincipled deceased.

"The jury, without retiring, returned a verdict of—'Died of a Manager.'

"We understand that Mr. Bubbleton—who was loudly cheered on leaving the jury-room—has, with characteristic benevolence, charged himself with the expenses of the funeral, which, in consonance with the unostentatious habits of the deceased, will be very plain and strictly private."

If this brief but mournful history, my dear Ben, do not arrest you in your mad career of dramatic authorship!—Come, come, do not be another Otway Squills.

Thine, ever,

GUSTAVUS NIBS.

P.S. I had scarcely subscribed my name, when I received your parcel, a thumping MS. in five long acts! *Love and Tenderness* strikes me as being somewhat tame for a title; but let me not prejudge. Since you insist upon it, I will read the play, and see if managers can be brought to entertain it.

From GUSTAVUS NIBS, *to* DOCTOR UNDERCRUST, *Mousehole.*

MY DEAR DOCTOR,—All, and more than you have heard, of the last miracle upon town, is true; new wonders, revealing the magic of animal magnetism, are developed every day. The change effected by its means in the social system, nobody, not even the acute Mr. Finsbury, member for Tegg, can as yet imagine. Already, even in the infancy of the system, extraordinary things have come to pass. Only three nights ago, in the House of Commons, Mr. Cockeyleekie, in a most luminous speech of figures, was observed to yawn, then drop upon a seat, and fall fast asleep. There was a great sensation in the House; members of Mr. Cockeyleekie's party, contending that he had been "magnetized" by his opponent or opponents, which conduct, as was justly insisted upon, was an unfair and an unconstitutional method of disposing of a question. I much regret, for the honour of the British Senate, to state, that no member had the manliness to meet the charge; and Mr. Cockeyleekie, profoundly snoring, was removed into the lobby. A political opponent maliciously

accounted for Cockeyleekie's somnolency by stating he had listened to his own speech. The member continued asleep, and all efforts to rouse him proved unavailing, until, fortunately, the Chancellor of the Exchequer drew the edge of a sixpence over the hon. gentleman's eyelids: at the touch of the sixpence, Cockeyleekie became wide awake.

I am not, my dear Doctor, a party man—at least, I will never inflict upon you my political prejudices—but I must say that this new discovery lodges a terrible power in the hands of any body of men sufficiently reckless to use it. What, I ask, is to become of the affairs of this great nation, if questions—perhaps of the most vital interest—are to be got rid of by sending honourable members to sleep ?*

In the Court of Common Pleas, on Wednesday last, a whole jury were magnetized by a learned serjeant, and, it is whispered, considered their verdict whilst so disposed of.

A most respectable and moderate tailor—for he lives at the West End—"having some money to make up," called a day or two ago at the lodgings of a surgical student at the London University, as it appears, for the amount of his little bill. Night came, and the tradesman returned not to his home; it was Saturday, and the absence of the worthy man occasioned the greatest anxiety among the workmen. Sunday passed, and no tailor made his appearance. It was at length remembered by a shopman, that his master had expressed his

* *Vide* a sketch of the admirable H. B.—Ed.

intention of visiting the said student. The assistance of the police was immediately obtained, and the lodgings of the young gentleman—he was absent from home—entered. After a most minute search, the tailor was found shut up in a clock-case on the stairs, in the profoundest sleep. It appears that the worthy man, on asking the student for his bill, was immediately magnetized by the young philosopher, who, it is presumed, afterwards conveyed him into the clock-case. The strangest part of the story remains to be told. The tailor was always accounted a sharp, shrewd man, but since the affair in the clock-case, to every customer that come he does nothing but cry, *Tick, tick.*

The worthy magistrate at Marlborough-street has bound over at least a dozen husbands in heavy securities not to repeat the offence, charged upon them by their wives, all magnetized, when, in their own words, "they only attempted to open their mouths."

I am, however, happy to inform you that the Royal Society has taken the affair in hand, and will shortly send a deputation to confound or be confounded by the magnetic philosophers. I shall forward you the earliest intelligence of the proceedings; in the mean time Dr. Tunnyfish, F.S.A., has pointed me out a passage in a rare and curious book, by Sir Kenelm Digby, called, *A late Discourse, touching the Cure of Wounds by the Powder of Sympathy,* and has permitted me to extract it, observing, that he believes as much in the "powder" as in the "magnetism." Sir Kenelm says:—

"Mr. James Howel (well known in France by his

writings, and particularly by his *Drendologia*) coming bye chance as two of his best friends were fighting in a duel, he did then endeavour to part them, and, putting himself between them, seized with his left hand upon the hilt of his sword of one of the combatants, while with his right hand he laid hold of the blade of the other; one of them roughly drawing the blade of his sword, cuts to the very bone the nerves, and muscles, and tendons of Mr. Howel's hand; and then the other, disengaging his hilt, gave a cross-blow on his adversary's head, which glanced towards his friend, who heaving up his sore hand to save the blow, he was wounded in the back of his hand as he had been before within. . . . They both ran to embrace him, and, having searched his hurts, they bound up his hand with one of his garters to close the veins, which were cut and bled abundantly. They brought him home, and sent for a surgeon. . . . Four or five days after he came to my house, and prayed me to view his wounds, 'For I understand,' said he, 'that you have extraordinary remedies on such occasions.'" Sir Kenelm Digby undertakes the cure, and "asks for anything that had the blood upon it," so he sent for his garter, wherewith his hand was first bound; and, having called for a basin of water, "as if I would wash my hands, I took a handful of powder of vitrol which I had in my study, and presently dissolved it. As soon as the bloody garter was brought me, I put it within the basin, but Mr. Howel started suddenly, as if he had found some strange alteration in himself. I asked him what he ailed. 'I

know not,' he said, 'what ails me, but I find *that I feel no more pain;* methinks that a pleasing kind of freshness, as it were a wet cold napkin, did spread over my hand, which hath taken away the inflammation that tormented me before.' I replied, 'Since you feel already so good an effect of my medicament, I advise you to cast away all your plasters, only keep the wound clean and in a moderate temper betwixt heat and cold.' This was presently reported to the Duke of Buckingham, and a little after to the King, who were both very curious to know the issue of the business, which was, that after dinner I took the garter out of the water, and put it to dry before a great fire; it was scarcely dry, when Mr. Howel's servant came running, and told me his master felt as much burning as ever he had done, if not more, for the heat was such, as if his hand were 'twixt coals of fire." Sir Kenelm bid the servant return to his master with an assurance of speedy ease. "Thereupon he went, and at the instant I did put again the garter into the water, thereupon he found his master *without any pain at all!* To be brief, there was no sense of pain afterwards, but within five or six days the wounds were cicatrized and entirely healed." The wise King James, "after drolling with Sir Kenelm first about a magician and sorcerer," gets the secret from the knight, who informs us that he first learned it of a "religious Carmelite that came from the Indies and Persia to Florence;" and that ultimately "the powder of sympathy," which, as we have seen in the case of Mr. Howel, worked such wonders, "remained

not long in terms of a secret, but by degrees it became to be so divulged, that now there is scarcely any country barber but knows it." And this "Discourse," it should be remembered, was "made in a solemn assembly of noble and learned men at Montpellier, in France!" Hence it must speak verities. Yet how comes it, asks Doctor Tunnyfish, that the barbers of our day have lost a secret which the barbers of by-gone centuries must have found so profitable.

For myself, most worthy Doctor, I hazard no opinion on the doctrines of animal magnetism; but whether false or true, the creed is broached at the most fortunate season, for never could novelty be more welcome. It is expected that a public exhibition of a series of wonders by the professors of the new faith, will for ever silence the sceptical. Anyhow, the interests of society require the matter to be set at rest, that the heads of families and guardians may be relieved of their present uncertainty. As the case stands, every accident is laid at the door of animal magnetism. It was only last week that Miss Diana Lupins, the daughter of a rich florist, having only the day before attended a lecture, was so magnetized by a tall young Irishman, a student of Guy's, that she rose early in the morning and followed him to the door of a church, where he was accidentally loitering, and, strange to say, was in the course of half an hour married to the necromancer. If the fact be doubted, Mr. Lupins, the distracted father, is ready to make an oath of it, and, moreover, to furnish the unbelieving with the precise address of the married couple,

now spending the honeymoon at Brighton. That there was no love in the match is but too evident from the hastiness of the match; to what then, ask the sages, is to be attributed the sudden union, if not to animal magnetism?

An upper housemaid in a most respectable family, under the influence of a similar spell, following a twopenny postman all through his "first delivery," it was at length found necessary to give her into the charge of the police. The young woman fainted, went into hysterics, and called the twopenny postman—he had been married the day before—"A perjured wretch!" Doctor Squelette, on being called in, pronounced it a most decided case of animal magnetism.

An individual, most fashionably attired, with mustachios like a half-moon, and a crimson and black chequered vest of superb satin, a few days ago drove up to Mr. ——'s, the fashionable jeweller. The stranger gave a very costly order, the trinkets were sent home, delivered by the man to the well-dressed customer; who, making a hurried excuse, hastily quitted the room, and was not to be found afterwards. The shopman was discovered late at night at the Blue Lion, it was ignorantly said, despairingly drunk; the poor man, however, on coming to himself, insisted that he had been violently magnetized.

These few cases—I might multiply them beyond the limits of foolscap—prove the necessity of enlightening the public on the true character of the magnetic philosophers. If they be mountebanks—for quacksalvers, I am assured, have in London been found in carriages—

let the legerdemain be exposed, and the varlets punished; if, on the other hand, animal magnetism be a "true thing," husbands, fathers, and guardians, forewarned of its subtleties, may take means to provide against them.

In my next, I may forward you a report of the further proceedings of the magnetic body, but, for the present, must be content with subscribing myself,

Your faithful friend and pupil,

GUSTAVUS NIBS.

P.S. I had almost forgotten to state that Lord —— attributes his loss of the last Derby to the fact of his mare having been magnetized by Doctor —— whilst saddling.

From GUSTAVUS NIBS, *to* MISS DOROTHY NIBS, *Mousehole.*

DEAR DOLLY,—This is the first moment I have been able to devote to you since your all-inquiring last. You ask for the spring fashions. The truth is, as the thaw did not really set in before the latter end of May, the winter demand for cloaks and furs continued steady until the past month. It is, however, rumoured that the gown of the summer of 1838 will be worn at least two inches lower than that of 1837, and, after a painful investigation of the truth of the report, I am inclined to give it my belief.

In the matter of dress, the present fashions are certainly distinguished by better taste than the modes of former years. We are old enough to recollect the mon-

strous prints of the beaux of a few seasons back. Now, the caricaturist could make nothing of the fop of 1839. It is not for my poor head to discover the cause of this simplicity of attire in comparison with the wear of by-gone years; though I am perfectly aware that a philosopher could give—at least, to himself—a most satisfactory reason for the change: as at Exeter Hall, a few days ago, an acute and philanthropic orator attributed much of the increase of crime to the introduction of the Adelaide boot.

The season, so far as it has gone, has been barren of those wonders usually produced for the London market. St. Petersburg has contributed a musical family; M. Strauss has made a descent with his immortal waltzes; and M. Alexandre, the extraordinary actor and mimic, repeats a visit first made to us some thirteen years ago. Still, if I except the arrival of a new ourang-outang at the Zoological Gardens, we may be said to lack the advent of those wonderful exotics which, I am told, generally distinguish "the season." You will recollect the lines addressed to Alexandre by Sir Walter Scott. I am convinced that the genius of the actor was worthy the compliment of the poet; nothing can be more perfect than—if I may use the term—his self-annihilation. In a little French piece, constructed for his powers, he personates seven different individuals; and, unassisted by mask, mark, or patch, gives you seven entirely new faces—in fact, he is not Mons. Alexandre, but he is seven wholly different men and women.

Having become a member of the Zoological Society,

I shall be enabled to transmit you the earliest and the most authentic intelligence of the proceedings of that public-spirited body. It is, indeed, a delightful thing to retreat from the stir and bustle, and, let me in confidence add, the hollowness of society, to the stern, ingenuous, and picturesque realities of what we call the lower creation. Tired of human frivolities, the jaded mind takes refuge among the monkeys; disappointed, despairing at human ignorance, we are solaced with the wisdom of the elephant; shocked at the ingratitude of the world, we buy buns, and make friends with Bruin. And yet—forgive me the confession—there does appear to me something positively pusillanimous in the affected indifference with which we chat and saunter before the cages of the *carnivora*, something—as I observed to one of our distinguished corps at the time pelting a royal tiger with gooseberries—cowardly in our contempt of captive strength and greatness. As, however, science and social happiness are advanced by the Society, we must not too hastily condemn the means. I am informed that such success has attended the efforts of the propagating committee, that kangaroo-tail soup will altogether supersede the use of ox, and wild turkeys take the place of barn-door chicks. The giraffe will, it is hoped, in a few years, utterly drive neck of mutton from our kitchens. Touching the giraffe, I must tell you a characteristic anecdote of a visitor. Two or three provincial gentlemen—I knew them at once as Manchester men—were grouped together, staring at the giraffes. "Handsome creatures!" cried the most enthusiastic, "very hand-

some—beautiful colours, too, ar'n't they?" "Humph!" observed another, staring at the spots on the skin; "beautiful—but I—wonder if they're *fast*."

The new ourang-outang—we have now two—is advancing rapidly in public favour. I could send you a golden list of visitors. We are, however, promised a more extraordinary acquisition. At our last general meeting, Alderman Solon—he is a new fellow—observed that he had read an account of a wonderful bird, reported to build its nest of spices; and that, moreover, when it died, it was immediately succeeded by the chick bird from its ashes. He wished to know if such a bird were in the gardens, and, on being answered in the negative, gave notice that he should, at the next meeting, be ready with a motion on the subject; he also expressed his regret that no measure had as yet been taken to secure a unicorn. As for the expenses of the Society, the learned alderman contended that the sums for fish for the young pelicans were altogether unnecessary, and moved—the motion, however, fell to the ground—that the pelicans should in future feed their young ones after the "good old plan," namely, at their own expense. The Alderman could not speak with certainty as to the fare of the ostriches, but trusted that they were fed upon the very oldest iron—iron having of late considerably gone up. And now, dear Dolly, is it to be wondered at that the Society should have done so much for science, when it numbers among its leading members so many Solons?

Another society is, I am informed, about to start on

the same principle as that of the Zoological, namely, of gathering together the finest specimens of things—the collection, however, is to be made from the *genus homo*. Two New Zealanders now in London, have, in the very handsomest manner, offered their countenances to the exhibition; and, as I hear, the committee only wait for the arrival of a family of Esquimaux, and a native of Madagascar, to open the show. Each specimen will be accommodated with a separate cage; a *catalogue raisonné* will be drawn up by three distinguished members of the Royal Society, descriptive of the manners, *habitats*, &c., of the exhibited—and, on the whole, the very liveliest hopes are entertained of the attraction of the scheme. As it proceeds, you shall hear from me; meantime, believe me,

Your affectionate brother,
GUSTAVUS NIBS.

P.S. I had omitted to tell you that Sambo Jumbo, a very beautiful specimen of the Guinea black—he is a footman to a retired tight-rope dancer—has thrown up his engagement unless his name appear in the catalogue in the very largest letters. Hopes are however entertained that his objections may be ultimately overcome.

From GUSTAVUS NIBS, *to* CLARISSA PEACHDOWN, *Mousehole.*

BELOVED CLARISSA,—The coronation takes place; but we have no banquet—none! How far the ceremony may or may not be considered constitutional by the

omission of the old accustomed feast, is not for me to question. Redtape, a private of our brave band, and an attorney of sharp intellect and equally sharp practice, shakes his head, and professes to have his serious opinions. However, as loyal subjects, let us hope for the best! I had already seen myself handed down to the remotest times, standing before unborn generations with a golden dish in the historical picture of "Victoria's Coronation Dinner;" and now—but let me not dwell upon the disappointment. Our corps have sustained no such blow since the Commonwealth. We expected to feed in state at the public cost, and now we are compelled to dine at the Blue Posts at our own expense; as loyal men, we can at present only pray for the stability of the monarchy.

Ere you receive this, the ceremony will be over; it is, however, pleasing to me to anticipate the events of the national holiday. Great things are looked for from the genial influence of the 28th, 29th, and 30th of June. It is expected that creditors will forgive their poor debtors —money-lenders forswear usury for a year—stockbrokers stick to truth for a twelvemonth—and, in fact, that men of all degrees and professions will cast away from them all that is mean and mercenary, and vow a life of charity and benevolence for the time to come. But to enumerate a few minor expectations:—

It is expected that conduits of wine will flow in Cheapside, Regent Street, and twenty other great thoroughfares, all of which will be duly made known.

It is expected that for one hour a shower of sovereigns will be rained from the York Pillar, the Monument, and

other elevations, the precise hour and place to be duly made known.

It is expected that every independent householder shall throw open his doors and hospitably feast all comers; the intentions of such worthy hosts to be duly made known.

It is expected that all England shall for three days be considered Arcady, and that the intentions of those peers, peeresses, knights, and ladies, who may wish to pass for shepherds and shepherdesses, shall be duly made known.

It is expected—but, my dear Clarissa, neither time nor paper will permit me to put down half of the golden expectations of the three days. What the realities shall be, you may in fitting season learn from

Yours until death,

GUSTAVUS.

PAPERS OF A "GENTLEMAN-AT-ARMS."

No. V

From the Reverend Doctor Undercrust, *Mousehole, Cornwall, to* Gustavus Nibs, *Gent.-at-Arms, and F.S.A., Pimlico.*

MY DEAR PUPIL,—With all your sensibility, with the highest flight of your imagination, it will be impossible for you to conceive the terror and dismay which the printed report of the conduct of a part of your hitherto illustrious corps at the coronation, occasioned throughout the loyal and enlightened district of Mousehole. Who shall portray the countenance of Squabpie, when he rushed into the grey parlour of the parsonage, and, having vainly endeavoured to give utterance to his feelings, sunk with a gurgling in his throat, into my mulberry-coloured chair, holding in his trembling right hand a copy of *The Globe* newspaper of the 29th of June? "Nibs! Nibs!" he exclaimed; and we one and all concluded that the banquet had really taken place—that your hard practice with the beef-steak pie had enabled you to distinguish yourself with a cover at the coronation dinner, and that, as Sir Jeffrey Hudson, once for sport at a royal junketing, emerged from a marrow

pudding, a Sir Gustavus Nibs had arisen from a toad-in-a-hole! "Knighted!" we all exclaimed. "Read, read," answered, in sepulchral tones, the agitated Squab-pie. Clarissa, your own Clarissa, with the nerves of an Amazon, took the paper, and, her eye following the finger of Squabpie, she read to our dismay the subjoined paragraph:—

"When Her Majesty ascended the throne, the *Gentlemen-at-arms* (very wrongly so called, we think, if we are to take their conduct of yesterday into account, when forming an estimate of what *does* constitute a gentleman) wanted to rush up the steps at the bottom of the entrance of the choir; and when, *with some difficulty*, they were restrained from going beyond the place assigned to them, they kept up a *noisy gabble* which was highly disgraceful (we shall not mince the word) to them."—*Globe*, June 29, 1838.

You are of course prepared to learn, that, having read the above, Clarissa immediately fainted. However, thanks to salts and burnt feathers, the wretched girl was at length restored to consciousness, and—I give the opinion of Bluebottle, the apothecary—may now be considered out of danger. Notwithstanding, her condition requires the constant exertion of all our reasoning powers to convince her that nothing beyond drumming out of the corps can happen to the ringleaders; ever and anon she drops dark hints about decapitation, and once incoherently inquired of Bluebottle if any one had ever been known to survive quartering. Certain it is, there ran a report at Mousehole that the whole body of

Gentlemen-at-arms were, for their conduct at the coronation, to be immediately decimated, and it was considered an extraordinary instance of the mercy of our Queen, that one of the band had been suffered to outlive the illuminations. Another report informed us that five Gentlemen-at-arms—the greatest offenders—had been demolished at the artillery review at Plumstead Marsh by Congreve rockets, for the especial gratification of the Duke de Nemours, Marshal Soult, and other noblemen and warriors, all of whom expressed their highest admiration at the precision of the firing. These rumours we have carefully kept from the ears of Clarissa, for, though not even the most sanguine of us can hope that full pardon will be awarded to all the delinquents, we nevertheless trust, from the well-known clemency of Her Majesty, that the punishment may be confined to drumming out, with, perhaps, a little branding. Bird-cage Walk will present an awful sight on the day of execution.

Relieve us, my dear Gustavus, from the awful suspense in which your silence has placed us, and believe me, my dear boy, that, whether destiny calls you to knighthood or to death, to St. James's or to Tower Hill—that whether you win your spurs or lose your head—you will ever find an affectionate friend in your late pastor and master,

MELANCTHON UNDERCRUST.

P.S. I wish not to oppress you with too heavy a sense of your misfortunes, but I perceive that *The Morning Post* of the 29th of June has a withering

notice of your "gabbling" corps in "Westminster's old abbey." I pray that you may not be all drafted off to Sierra Leone.

I had almost forgotten to state that, let the worst come to the worst, I have a bran new funeral sermon, never yet used upon any subject, quite at the service of any of your body.

Have you quite forgotten to look out for a publisher for my epic, *The Saucepan?*

From ADAM PONGO, ESQ., *Mousehole, to* GUSTAVUS NIBS, *Pimlico.*

DEAR SIR,—As a student of human nature, and as a friend of Doctor Undercrust, you will, I am sure, excuse the liberty of this self-introduction; but a passage in one of your recent delightful letters to Miss Dorothy Nibs—a passage which she very kindly read to me—respecting a new society about to be established in our wonderful metropolis, impels me to request of your courtesy a more minute description of the purposes of the institution in question.

When such ceaseless labours are undertaken—when so much money is spent—to gather together the various specimens of the lower animals—when we have established agencies in Upper Egypt for the importation of giraffes, and have rival cruisers to intercept rhinoceroses on their way to the docks—when we subscribe thousands of shillings to see a wild man of the woods, and leave Shakspeare without a monument—when a

committee of lords and ladies sit upon emeu's eggs, and members of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies inquire into the nutritious properties of horseflesh for leonine stomachs*—it is, perhaps, full time that a body of philosophers should resolve to show how poor and insignificant are the claims of birds and beasts, even in all their beautiful and curious variety, on the attention of man, in comparison with the demands of the human animal himself on the consideration of his fellow, in all his endless peculiarities of colour, taste, and opinion. Let the Biped Gardens, or whatever name the exhibition of the *genus homo* spoken of in your last shall be shown under, be once opened, and the bears may impignorate their skins for food, the Brahmin ox let himself out for a common beast of burden, and the elephant hire himself for a stock actor at Mr. Bubbleton's theatre.†

I own that I contemplate with a kind of enthusiasm the great advantages to be derived from the new society. How delightful to take in, almost at a glance, the whole family of man! to have in separate cages, but all under one hospitable roof, the gigantic Patagonian and the diminutive Esquimaux, the pale and delicate Circassian, and the swarthy Malay! To delight our phrenological faculties with the globular skull of the Georgian, and the flat skull of the Carib! To have the Hottentot next door to the Turk—the brown man of Asia a friendly neighbour with the red man of the American

* Mr. Pongo evidently alludes to the last report of the Zoological Society.—HENRY B.

† It would seem that Mr. Pongo was admitted by the family circle at Mousehole to the full enjoyments of Nibs' correspondence.—H. B.

woods—to have a Lapland witch a near gossip with a sorceress from the Philippine Islands—and see a Dutchman cheek-by-jowl with a chief from New South Wales! To have specimens from the Friendly Islands in contrast with natives of Senegal! In one cage a fakir from Hindostan, with nails a foot long, and an iron ring of a few pounds weight through his nose—in another, a Nova Zemblan priest, with trinkets of fish-bones and teeth of wild beasts.

Every country must be made to contribute its human specimens, the society to be under the control of those enviable ladies and gentlemen who, having throughout their long and useful lives—for no member should be eligible under sixty—distinguished themselves in their various circles by a lack of prejudice, violence, and uncharitableness of every kind, should be deemed worthy of the high authority involved in the government of their fellow-creatures. It is most essential that the council of elders be carefully selected, that intelligent and temperate persons be chosen, and zealots, however excellent their intentions, be shut out. Otherwise, the Universal Biped Society—for I submit that such would not be an inapplicable title for the scheme—will share the fate of other institutions which, in originating in worthy motives, have organized fraternities of folly and error. For instance, some well-meaning member might insist on feeding the Chinese with shin of beef instead of rats, and compel the Gentoo to take a leg of mutton with his turnips. The Hottentot might be put upon an oatmeal diet; and the Laplander, because

it might be considered a more seemly beverage, be cut off his whale-oil, and forced to tipple their small-beer. Some enthusiast might even go so far as to oblige the Brahmin to swallow the patent British Brandy. All such wild and reckless experiments on the health of the human animals must be rigorously discouraged: surely we have before us too many fruits of rashness or ignorance in the deaths of so many of the noble *carnivora*, of what must henceforth be considered the rival society, not to consider the selection of the council of paramount importance. I would certainly suggest that there be as few attorneys as possible in the body (though, by the way, if the conditions before named, of election, be insisted upon, I do not see how very many can get in), for, as their profession makes them great experimentalists on powers of human endurance, they may be apt to indulge their peculiar disposition, to the manifest injury of the society. It has, I understand, been observed, that none of the hyenas have done well in the Park, since so many lawyers became members. Whether there be any sympathy between the parties, I leave to the better understandings of the animal magnetists.

Pray, is it yet determined when the society intend to set up their cages? Has any piece of ground been granted for a building, or, what is better still, is there any building already erected, that, with trifling cost, might be adapted to the lodging of the human exotics? From what I have heard of your new National Gallery, I should think that to be the very place for the reception of the Hottentots, Caribs, &c. It may be, however,

that I do but anticipate the liberal intentions of the Government.

Touching the appointment of keepers of the animals: it is impossible that too great care can be exercised on this head. I would suggest this as a rule never to be dissented from, namely, that no man who had ever served as member of parliament should be eligible as keeper; the custom of making laws, as I have remarked, sometimes rendering people less and less informed of the real habits and dearest wants of the governed. I would not expose even the cannibal to what some people would make the rigour of an English Sabbath; even the New Zealander should now and then have his Sunday out.

May I hope, sir, for the favour of a line on the prospects of what I *must* call the Universal Biped Society? I have ventured to throw together a few ideas upon the subject, but trust that I shall be enabled to explain my views more in detail should I be sufficiently fortunate to obtain admission into the erudite body.

And here, sir, let me dwell in anticipation upon the great good to be derived from the institution! Here let me ponder upon the *quantum* of prejudice to be removed by a contemplation of all the brotherhood of man, feeding, discoursing, sleeping under the same roof. There the Chinese may take his leg of dog, there the Hottentot chew "the sweet and bitter cud" of bovine viscera, there the Tartar bolt his raw horse-flesh, and there the mild Gentoo consume his bloodless pulse!

And can it be thought, sir, that such a spectacle will

fail to extend the charities of the beholders—to render them less arrogant in their notions of exclusive excellence, seeing that, compared to the great mass of the human race, they may be left in a most contemptible minority, whenever the rest of the world may choose to divide against them?

Again, sir, consider the lessons of temperance, of contentment, of humility, to be gathered from a visit to the society at feeding time. Will not the alderman blush all up his ears—no matter how long they may be—to think of that Noah's Ark, his corporation stomach, seeing the placid Brahmin taking his one course of lettuce leaves or cress?

Will not the Minister, seeing the Hindoo at his dinner, forswear Cabinet puddings, smitten—strange as it may seem—with the sweet simplicity of rice?

Will not the "curious in wine" be struck with compunction that he discharged his butler—his old fifteen years' servant, for one "corked" bottle of port—observing with what a smacking of the lips the Cossack or the Laplander quaffs his prime whale-oil?

Lady Proudflesh, who has a chicken cooked every day for her spaniel—varied with pheasant and partridge when in season—may stop Pompey's regimen of poultry and game, remarking how fat and comely the "mere Irish" look on mere potatoes.

Sir, you have in your magnificent metropolis a hundred, nay, five hundred exhibitions; but there never was, there never can be, a show combining such high philosophical advantages with such light entertainment

as the display promised by the council of the embryo society, the subject of this hasty and imperfect letter. With the most ardent wishes for the success of this scheme, and with the deepest conviction of its utility,

I remain, your obedient servant,

ADAM PONGO.

P.S. Is it the purpose of the society to confine its subjects to single specimens, or do the members intend to exhibit pairs? As a bachelor, I take the liberty to express an opinion that, at the beginning, the experiment should be made with as little cost as possible. Besides, it may be found very difficult to keep some animals—Georgians and Circassians, for instance—in any cages. The tranquillity and stability of the society will be best ensured by the importation of the *homo cœlebs*.

From GUSTAVUS NIBS, *Pimlico, to* CLARISSA PEACHDOWN, *Mousehole.*

BELOVED GIRL,—The glory of the coronation is gone and past; and for that foolish paragraph reflecting on the reputation of our gallant and spotless band, it has been traced to the malice of a disappointed candidate for our purchaseable laurels.* It was the intention of two or three of the corps to call a general meeting of the force, in order to cast lots for the proud distinction of punishing the slanderer; the idea, however, was abandoned, the philanthropy of our martial brotherhood very properly displaying its abhorrence (an aversion now a matter of history) of blood! Besides, perhaps there was

* Mr. Nibs offers no proof of this.—HENRY B.

a little scrambling in the Abbey; perhaps, a little whispering among us; the "noisy gabble" I fling in the teeth of our calumniator, for who, at such a time, and in such a place, could be all tranquillity? But nothing escaped us that could by possibility affect our character, not only as gentlemen, but as gentlemen-at-arms. It is a source of proud consolation to us that we can fall back upon the opinion pronounced upon our merits by the sergeant of the guards who, for some time previous to the ceremony, drilled us. "Better raw materials for soldiers," said the sergeant, "never shouldered Bess,"—Bess being, my dearest, a martial synonym for musket. (To be sure the sergeant has his joke on the portliness of a few of the corps, avowing that he never saw troops less likely to run!) In addition to this well-earned praise, we have received the highest eulogy from the tongues of the Middlesex magistracy, for the discipline, forbearance, fortitude, passive valour, and every other soldier-like quality displayed by our illustrious body at the ceremony of the coronation. It was expected that Marshal Soult would, ere his departure for France, review every man of us!

London "society" has presented the strangest, yet most interesting aspect. Princes, dukes, and warriors, statesmen and councillors, from all the civilized lands of the earth, have met, and reciprocated the "gentle courtesies of life." Bitter foes—"natural enemies," as bygone philosophers were wont to call the English and the French, as if certain men were marked and noted from their birth as the inveterate haters of a certain portion of

their species—have met with palm-branches in their hands, singing songs of amity and peace.* For three weeks all the world has—at least by its representatives—been upon its very prettiest behaviour. A royal ball-room has looked very like a chess-board when the game is over: kings, knights, and pawns, before arrayed one against the other with deadliest purpose, mingled in a most pacific mob, castles no more disputed.

A worthy man has long been known to the London public by his successful treatment of the lower animals, softening antipathies hitherto considered untameable. Under his benevolent system, we see the cat lie down with the rat, the sparrow-hawk on the same perch with the dove, the owl looking with peaceful gravity upon the mouse! This great teacher has, I understand, set up his pulpit near Waterloo Bridge; and there, by living examples, preaches good fellowship to lordly men. The good thus quietly effected in human society by this most benevolent showman will, it is said, be ere long acknowledged by the award of a baronetcy, provided, of course, that the party to be honoured can be induced to accept the distinction.

The exhibition in question has been copied on a most magnificent scale at Guildhall. I speak, my Clarissa, of the City dinner to the ambassadors, where all the ends of the earth met and dined by deputy; and whilst they

* We saw at the opera two dynasties, the extinct and the flourishing, separated by one slight partition, a thin piece of "dead wood" supporting on one side the lounging Duke de Nemours, and the other, Joseph, the ex-king of Spain.—H. B.

dined, palm-trees grew about the tables, and Peace and her handmaids played on twenty silver trumpets!

That night aldermen went home and dreamed of Arcadia, and more than one gigantic stockbroker prattled in his sleep, of the age of gold.

If the Court can be brought to sustain my absence for a few weeks, I may visit Mousehole; but whether in Cornwall, at Windsor, or Brighton, on guard, or off guard, in uniform, or out of uniform, believe me, thine ever,

GUSTAVUS.

P.S. I am informed that there is every prospect of a visit season next from M. Musard, whose quadrilles have obtained him immortality in Paris.

From GUSTAVUS NIBS, *to* BENJAMIN SQUABPIE, *Mousehole, Cornwall.*

MY DEAR BEN,—Your play of *Love and Tenderness*, if turned into an opera—keeping in your mind scenes for the introduction of the Russian Family, daily chanting at the Argyle Rooms; the brass band; Michael Boni, the chin-musician; the German siffleur; an extraordinary genius, who has lately risen like another Aurora Borealis in Kamschatka, whose efforts on a salt-box are said to be unprecedented, and to whom the most liberal proposals have already been despatched by a very "spirited" proprietor; if you can render your drama available for such persons, recommended by such high purposes, it will, I believe, be more certain of attention on the part of most

managers than in its present bare and timeless condition. In these times you must be operatic, or you are nought. Patronage descends in a golden shower upon the sons and daughters of song, but refuses to drop one copper penny into the ragged cap of the mendicant drama. If you have but two notes in your voice, you will be richer than with two tragedies in your pocket. In these days, the ladder to wealth is the gamut; *ut re mi* are the synonyms to £ *s. d.*

I have, however, great dramatic news to communicate. Drury Lane Theatre is let! It was said that the Zoological Society have offered terms for the building, to make it a winter hospital for sick *carnivora;* whilst some folks, professing to be the best informed on the matter, declared it would be turned into a preparatory school for pupils for the Italian Opera. That what is called the "regular drama" can flourish at both the patent houses —that there are actors in sufficient number to play tragedy, comedy, and farce at both Drury Lane and Covent Garden with any chance of remuneration, is yet to be proved, the result of past seasons showing the absurdity of the experiment. Hence, let opera alone possess one of the theatres—let all the singing birds flock together and "make the grove harmonious." Swallows have, it is said, this season built under the arm of Shakspeare's statue over Drury Lane portico, giving augury, add the superstitious, of the many *prime donne* who will warble within doors in the ensuing season; my friend Dullandry, of *The Wet Blanket,* saying in his droll and laughter-killing way, that the true singer is always

known by his "swallow." There is no doubt that actors—mere actors—are kept at much less expense than the birds of opera. I am told that a man looking over the treasurer's books of Drury Lane and Covent Garden, would be astonished at the enormous price of canary-seed!

Covent Garden will again be governed by Mr. Macready, who, we trust, will be warned by his losses of last season, and not keep an operatic aviary: his skylarks and linnets picked up golden seed, took very many guineas, and did not, in Bardolph's sense, "draw an *angel* down." But great hopes are entertained of the drama, under Mr. Macready, next season. It is said that orders have been received to fit up the royal box with peculiar magnificence; the Court henceforth resolving to give some countenance to the English dramatist—a person all but *sung down* by the tuneful choir of M. Laporte. Nay, I have heard that it is in contemplation to dignify the author of "Virginius" with a knighthood, as a mark of acknowledgment of the exalted interests and high purposes of the pure drama. New tragedies are spoken of—one by an author unknown to the stage, but long known to the world as a writer who has vindicated its noblest aims, and whose humanizing spirit has taught society to pluck the soul of goodness "out of things evil," and that in evil times.

Be assured, my dear Ben, that Macready is, at the present day, the only man under whom the drama can hope to survive and wax strong—he must, however, shun music. Depend upon it, the sirens were originally opera-singers.

I have just seen a circular—a copy of which I send you—addressed to all London managers by a gentleman to whom, if report speak truly, we owe the recent appearance of a wonder from Warwickshire. As an evidence of industry, if of no higher qualities, the document is valuable.

To ——, Esq., —— *Theatre.*

"Sir,—In the present dearth of dramatic talent—in the present apathy of public feeling towards the divine creations of those great creatures, the elder dramatists, it affords me peculiar pleasure to inform you that, having opened a next-of-kin office for the descendants of poets, painters, heroes, architects, statesmen, &c., with a view to their introduction on the English stage, I have been peculiarly fortunate in my researches, and have now on hand to offer you a most unique collection of descendants —some in the right line, some in the left, and some in the zig-zag—of the greatest men that ever respired within the British Isles. Permit me, sir, to assure you that I have left nothing to doubts or speculation: all the documents proving the authenticity of the several individuals are in my possession, including marriage certificates, registers of baptism, &c., all of which, I submit, printed in bright scarlet ink at the head of the play-bills, cannot fail to have a good effect on the minds of an enlightened and curious public. But, sir, to come at once to my list of offshoots, of which I have numbered a few to simplify my correspondence.

No. 1. A descendant of Homer, fortunately blind, with a capital tenor voice, and well studied in Scotch

ballads; documents in Greek, and an original portrait, by Apelles, of his great ancestor, not to be disputed. Will moreover be led by a dog, also descended from the dog of Homer, ears and tails of undeniable authenticity. Both might be found effective for songs between the pieces. Dog has played in *Dog of Montargis.*

No. 2. The great, great grandson of Voltaire, discovered in a ham-and-beef shop, in St. Martin's Court. Good in lively Frenchmen. Has besides an authentic drama, written by his philosophic great, great grandfather, called *Marshal Soult in the City of London.* Goes with his piece or separate.

No. 3. A descendant of Suetonius, residing at present at Battle Bridge, near the very spot where the Roman soldier encountered Queen Boadicea. Do for general utility.

No. 4. A descendant of Admiral Blake, with the copyright of the first hornpipe ever danced in England, triumphantly proving the antiquity of the double shuffle.

No. 5. The descendant of Cleopatra, a great historical likeness, has the identical vinegar-cruet—a wood-cut of which might adorn the play-bill—in which her great relative, the Queen of Egypt, dissolved the pearl. Capital for chamber-maids.

No. 6. The descendant of Guy Fawkes, with identical matches and tinder-box intended to be used by his celebrated ancestor. Would make himself generally useful.

These, sir, are only a few of a vast number of celebrated individuals, emblazoned with a glorious light of

a glorified ancestry. A call, however, at my "next-of-kin office" will convince you that, particularly in these trying days for the drama, you may meet with a cheap and most attractive pennyworth.

I had almost forgotten to say, that I have a tragedy written by the infant daughter—she died at Missolonghi when six years old, cutting her double teeth—of a late noble bard, well worthy of your consideration, and remain,

Your obedient servant,

PATRICK EAGGERTON.

P.S. *A word to the wise*—Sir William Courteny is not quite so dead as many people have been induced to think.

With this I end my dramatic news for the present, and subscribe myself, dear Ben,

Yours truly,

GUSTAVUS NIBS.

From ANDREW HONEYMOUTH, *Mousehole, to* GUSTAVUS NIBS, *Pimlico.*

DEAR GUSTAVUS,—This, since your flight from Mousehole, is my first epistle; but the glorious news daily arriving here allows me to be no longer silent on the advent of that golden time which, with a full hope in human perfectibility, I have long confidently looked for.

The *Sayings and Doings* of Marshal Soult have filled me with the liveliest joy, believing as I must that, from

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this time forward, the foolish and wicked horrors of war will be the peculiar folly and guilt of half-civilized people; and that the two most powerful and most refined nations of the earth will hold out a fine example of humanity and common sense to the rest of the world.

A hint dropped by the Marshal on his visit to the London Docks might, I think, be carried into practical effect to the benefit of all nations. He said it was his hope that the English and French might henceforth only meet face to face at table, their only weapons the knife and fork. Now, as the end of war is destruction, and as certain disagreements may yet arise among the happiest people, I would, prompted by Marshal Soult, suggest that the quarrel be settled by each party appointing champions to *eat away* the dispute, in other words, to beat their opponents by the valour of appetite —the field of battle, a table plentifully spread, the troops to be demolished, turbot, turkeys, geese, capons, beef, mutton, pork, &c., as duly agreed upon. I put it to you, my young friend, whether a national quarrel might not be as wisely arranged by such means, as by shooting and stabbing thousands of men, burning towns, destroying vineyards and cornfields, and making this beautiful earth a charnel-house and a wilderness. Besides, by a table war, the result might be more certainly calculated, nothing would be left for a new dispute between the beating and beaten; there could be hardly such an event as a drawn battle—no such indefinite terms for a general to hide his loss in, as allowed by the present system of field tactics. To retreat as fast as mortal legs could

carry men would not be, as now, only "to continue a movement." The defeated could not shirk their disgrace, it would be open, palpable to the heralds appointed to declare the victory; and thus with knife and fork would terminate a hard campaign. Of course, the slightest advantage gained over an adversary would decide the battle; a pippin more or less consumed at the dessert might end the war, and thus, perhaps, incalculable good result to a great portion of the human race from a single apple.

The Beefeaters—should the Soult system be adopted—will henceforth have a terrible significance in their now vulgarized and ludicrous appellation. They will be in the table-war what the Pappenheimers were in the war with Germany—stalwart, mighty, invincible. It has also struck me that the band which you honour, by belonging to it, might be brought into efficient service as "Gentlemen-at-Knife-and-Fork!" No doubt you have in your valorous corps many who pant to distinguish themselves. As for a constant supply of troops, as apoplexy and indigestion take off the veterans—though it is not to be expected that some in the flower of their manhood will not perish in the *mêlée* of courses—I have little fear for new recruits. And then, how pleasantly would read the advertisement! Not as now, with an abrupt—"Wanted, a few fine Young Men:" but invitingly thus—"To all Diners-out!" Delightful system of war—pleasant campaigning—in which one Falstaff is more than a match for a dozen Cæsars!

Again, the marks of glory would be more distinct

upon the persons of the renowned than at the present day, when you may pass the hero of a score of fights and see nothing in him that denotes a warrior. Let men dine for conquest, and the flushed face—the purpureal nose—the eyes twinkling in little pits of fat—the portly abdomen—the heavy, majestic foot—the broad shoulder—all will publish to the admiring world the hero who can—eat!

It is evident that the Turks had some glimpses of this system—some dim revealings of its use and goodness, which, however, they wanted genius and force of character to improve and carry out; for I learn from Von Hammer that the Janizaries were constantly reminded of the care bestowed upon their wants by the names of their officers and by other contrivances. Thus, the colonel, or head of a regiment, was called the tshorbadgi, or *soup-maker;* the officers next in rank were *chief-cooks* and *water-drawers;* the soldiers carrying a wooden spoon in front of their caps instead of a tuft or feather, and the kettle or caldron was the sacred standard or rallying-point of every regiment. The Janizaries have fallen; and doubtless fallen because of their imperfect apprehension of what will hereafter be acknowledged a great first principle.

And then in what sweet, what savoury names may we enshrine our contests—our unctuous victories! "The Battle of the Haunch!"—The Battle of the Sweetbreads!"—"The Siege of the Perigord Pie!"—"The Retreat of the Roast Pig!"—"The Skirmish at Pancakes!" and fifty, nay, five hundred other names, presenting no

fearful images of blood, wounds, and death, but, of creature comforts and the best of living; no seas of blood, but, as Jack Falstaff says, "gravy, gravy!"

I heartily trust that the sentiment so happily let fall by Marshal Soult will be carried into immediate practical effect; as a philanthropist, I hope it, as your friend, I particularly desire it; for whilst war is continued as at present, I see no prospect of your corps distinguishing itself—whilst as "Gentlemen-at-Knife-and-Fork" great would be your glory, great your execution.

Your friend, ever,

ANDREW HONEYMOUTH.

P.S. Chelsea and Greenwich hospitals might still remain asylums for the invalided, the gouty, and dyspeptic.

BULLY BOTTOM'S BABES.

THE immortal weaver of Athens hath a host of descendants. They are scattered throughout every country of the world, their moral likeness to their sage ancestor becoming stronger in the land of wealth and luxury. They are a race marked and distinguished by the characteristics of their first parent—omnivorous selfishness and invulnerable self-complacency. They wear the ass's head, yet know it not; and, heedless of the devotion, have the Titania fortune still to round their temples "with coronets of fresh and fragrant flowers." They sleep to the watching of an enamoured fairy, and wake only to new experience of her tenderness and beauty.

> Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
> Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
> Feed him with apricocks and dewberries;
> With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries.
> The honey-bags steal from the humble bees;
> And for night tapers crop their waxen thighs,
> And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
> To have my love to bed and to arise:
> And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
> To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;
> Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Have we not here the adjuration of the fairy fortune

to all her ministering delights and pleasures of the world, to render service and to do homage to the dull-brained creature of her passion? Extract the poetry, the delicious fancy, from the injunction of the Queen of Fairies, and what is it but the command of worldly luck to her many servitors, to seek all imaginable delights for the sordid lump of earth, the mere animal with an "ass's head" her diseased and wayward affections have made an idol of? Is not the world thronged with these Bottoms? In shape, in lineament, in every moral feature, are they not the veritable descendants of the swaggering homespun Athenian? They are the very nurslings of fortune, the monstrous and uncouth objects of her blind and fickle passion; yet do they submit to her endearments with no distrust, no passing suspicion of their own worthiness. They receive her blandishments as nothing more than a just and rightful reward of excellence. They cannot conceive how it could have been otherwise. Their imagination, vassal to their self-complacency, will not allow them to change places for an instant with their less prosperous fellows. No; Fortune dotes upon them, and how can she help it? Her extravagant fondness is not excused, but justified, made inevitable by the excelling worthiness of their parts. Hence, with what serenity they issue mandates to the retainers of their fond mistress—with what lordly self-conviction of their own merits they accept their service! How they order Cobweb, Peasblossom, and Mustard-seed to do their fantastic bidding, as though their bond-master, created with natural and inalienable right to

their feudality. Nothing in the way of greatness surprises them—no flattery startles them.

"Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful!" cries Titania to her ass-headed lover, and he by no syllable disclaims the truth, the justice of the eulogy. He swallows the praise as his natural food, takes the sweet sound of his doting goddess as rightful, every-day applause. He is loved by a goddess, for the goddess—we have said it—cannot help it.

The insensibility of the sons of Bottom is one of their grand, their unerring characteristics. It is this profitable faculty that would make them task the daintiest spirits for their own poorest, vilest wants, and dream of nothing monstrous or extravagant in such application.

I desire of you more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb; if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.

Scratch my head, Peasblossom.

Monsieur Cobweb; good Monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good Monsieur, bring me the honey-bag.

Thus spoke the great progenitor, Bottom; and of a verity, his children are not more shame-faced task-masters.

Next, let us contrast the power and beauty of delights placed by Queen Titania at his will, with the mean, the sordid wretchedness of Bottom's appetite and tastes.

Tit.—What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot.—I have a reasonable good ear in music, let us have the tongs and bones.

Tit.—Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot.—Truly a peck of provender. I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay; good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow.

Tit.—I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and filch thee new nuts.

Bot.—I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tit.—Sleep then, and I will wind thee in my arms.

Fairies, begone, and be always away,
So doth the woodbine, the sweet honeysuckle,
Gently entwist,—the female ivy so
Enring the barky fingers of the elm.
Oh, how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

Is this a scene of mere fairy-land? No; but a thing of hard, everyday prosaic life. Have we not about us the children, the thick-headed descendants of Bottom, with the Titania fortune tempting them to the enjoyments of the rarest and sweetest delights? and yet the coarse, animal craving of

The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,

make answer to her dainty invitations with the poorest, coarsest desires! A goddess bids them choose music, and they are for nothing but "tongs and bones." Fortune prays them to the banquet on immortal food, and, with asinine stubbornness, they bray for "a handful or two of dried peas." They are warbled to by a goddess, and, unconscious of the homage, they make answer with the sense of an ass. We ask it, did Bottom die childless?

Bottom's Babes flourish in twenty paths of life. We meet his children in the stock-market; we see them sleek and smug behind the counter; we catch their faces through carriage-windows; we hear their tuneful voices from the county-bench, the city-court, yea, in nobler convocations still. Sometimes, too, like their Athenian father, they are "translated." No matter for the diffe-

rence of calling, the influence of education, there is the family face—the family voice; the expression of self-blest insensibility, the note of self-complacent gratulation. Throughout the life-teeming page of Shakspeare there is not a finer poetic rendering of a commonplace, vulgar class than Bottom.

The very heart of their mystery beats in the bosom of the weaver. His eagerness to be all things, from an assured conviction of his fitness for everything, is only their daily conceit dramatically developed. In that brief scene, what a picture have we, what a history of the ten thousand incidents of prose life! What an exhibition of the profound busy-bodies who clamorously desire to be Wall, Lion, Moonshine, and Pyramus too, not from an acquired belief, but as it would seem from a natural instinct of their own fitness for the combined charges! How triumphantly does Bottom swagger down his fellows! How small, mean, degenerate—what nobodies are they, before that giant conceit, the thick-skulled weaver!* And in all this there is nothing that is not the severest transcript of human life. We laugh at it; and the next moment we are touched into gravity by a reflection of its serious meaning—its philosophic comments on the vulgar pretence of the every day world.

† It is impossible, we think, for the reader, if he witnessed *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, at Covent Garden last season (1840), to banish from his memory the *Flute* of Keeley in this scene. How meekly, how resignedly he gave place to the burley consequence of *Bottom*. It was not imbecility, but a mute absorbing sense of homage to the greatness of the weaver, one of those subtle touches that show the sympathy of the actor with the profoundest meanings of the poet.

The finer part of the picture, in which as we receive it, Shakspeare, with immortal tints, has shadowed forth the souls of a herd of men, is Bottom doted upon by the Queen of Fairies. It is here we have the true lineaments of a vulgar nature emblazoned by luck. It is here we recognise the self-sufficient creature of worldly success —the ignorant bashaw of life wearing his bravery as an ordained and necessary part of himself. He has the riches, the sweets of the earth, at his command, and he pauses not in passing wonder at his prosperity. To him there is no such power as a Providence. It is a part of the world's destiny that he should be precisely what he is: he is the begotten of fate, and owns no obligation to vulgar fortune.

Nor are Bottom's Babes less like their putative sire, if they have suffered no transformation. There are those who come into the world with the ass's head, and live and die wound in the arms of doting wealth. The hard taskmasters of life are often of these. The foolish, arrogant censors of the faults and backslippings of penury are to be found among them—the full-fleshed moralists who shake their shaggy ears at the small delinquencies of struggling men. They eat, drink, sport, and sleep in fairyland; their lightest wish evokes a minister to do their bidding: and in their most fantastic, foolish moods, still Fortune—weak, besotted queen!—cries, with silverest voice—

Oh, how I love ye! how I dote on ye!

Bottom, as we opine, considered in his truthfulness, in his reflective powers of worldly semblance, awakens

our pensiveness, not our mirth. We think of the thousands of his children, and the smile that would break at the mere words of the weaver, is chequered by the thought of his prosaic offspring. Yes; his offspring. It matters not that you point to —— in his carriage, that you run through his accredited genealogy, that you show his armorial bearings. We answer—if he receive the goods of fortune as his *right*, with no thankfulness for the gifts, no gratitude displayed by constant sympathy with the wants and weaknesses of suffering man, though you call him marquis, we say he is the Babe of Bottom; and for his quarterings, though they date from the Conquest, the eye of our philosophy sees nought on his carriage panels but an ass's head in a field, proper; and in the motto reads—"A bottle of hay!"

JACQUES COCAST:

The Hunchback Philosopher.

"THANK God for my hunch!" cried Jacques Cocast, then eleven years old, escaped from the pitying hands of Martin Fleece, the miller, who, casting a compassionate glance at Cocast's unseemly load, exclaimed—

"Well, the saints have burthened thee enough—go, I wouldn't beat a hunchback."

"Thank God for my hunch!" were the grateful words of the apple-stealing Jacques, and he followed his lighter-heeled companions, who, on the first alarm, had scampered safely off from the miller's orchard, leaving their ill-formed co-mate to the vengeance of the despoiled. The miller, as we have shown, was merciful, and Jacques Cocast, the hunchback, went his way unbruised.

Jacques Cocast grew up, the living plaything of the boys of the village. He was their drudge, their jest, their scapegoat. His goodhumour turned bitterness itself to merriment, and with at times the tears starting to his eyes, he would laugh them down, and without knowing it, play the practical philosopher.

"Out, ye imp of deformity!" cried Cocast's step-mother, at least once a day; whereupon Jacques, to the increasing ire of his father's wife, would merely cry—

"Thank God for my hunch!"

Left to himself, now spurned, and now at least endured by his growing companions, Jacques Cocast made a friend of his book, and found the exceeding reward of such friendship. He could read, write, and cypher to the shame of many of his seniors. Jacques Cocast's father took sudden pride in his own misshapen flesh, and Cocast's wife stormed at her step-son with increasing vigour.

The notary wanted a clerk. All eyes were turned upon Jacques as the very lad for the office. The notary himself condescended to canvass the pretensions of Jacques to the dignity. Already Jacques felt himself installed, when a slim, fair-haired, pink-complexioned youth was preferred to Cocast, the notary's wife having pithily informed her obedient husband, that his house should be no dwelling-place for a hunchback.

Jacques Cocast sighed as he turned from the notary's door, and his heart beat heavily as he crawled to his paternal home. In two or three days, however, the hunchback smiled and laughed as before, and the clerkship was forgotten in sweet communings with his book.

Some four years passed, when oh,—shame to the notary's wife, shame to the fair-haired youth—the faithless woman fled from the bosom of her husband, taking with her in her flight her husband's clerk! Great was the consternation throughout the village—loud and deep

the revilings of every honest spouse. Jacques Cocast joined in no abuse, but with a fine charity for the inexperience of youth, with even a tenderness towards the sin of the unfaithful wife, and considering within himself the subtle powers of the tempter, he felt grateful for his escape, and breathed his gratitude in his wonted syllables—

"Thank God for my hunch!"

Jacques Cocast was now a painstaking, philosophic tailor; and from no higher elevation than his shopboard, could look down upon many of the varieties of human life. He was now twenty, and increasing years had only served to mellow his rich heart, and make him feel a lessening load upon his shoulders. Jacques would make one at all village holidays, led thereto by his own lightheartedness, and of late, furthermore urged to each festival by the blue eyes of Félicité, the baker's daughter.

Luckless Jacques Cocast! Fly the sweet perdition! You know not the falsehoods of those azure lights—the venom of that pouting, pulpy lip; Félicité laughs with a witch's laugh at the love of the hunchback—whilst he, poor innocent, exalted, sublimated, by his passion, lives in an atmosphere of balm and sun, vaults like a grasshopper about the earth, and gives his heart and soul to the tyranny that rejoices him. Jacques Cocast knew not vanity. He would clothe himself in the humblest weed, and then think that the best wardrobe which drew to itself the least notice. Nor was it otherwise. The eyes of Félicité had smiled upon the tailor, and Jacques

Cocast should henceforth be the best and the most critical customer to Jacques Cocast. If Félicité had looked with favour on his body, he would take the hitherto despised article under his future care, and habit it worthy of her who had elected it as her own. As for his hump, that was gone, yea, vanished, melted in the sunlight of Félicité's eyes. With these rejoicing thoughts Jacques Cocast would array himself as the finest caterpillar; his vestments now barred, and spotted, and burnished with a hundred hues. And as he basked in the smiles of Félicité, the baker's wicked daughter would laugh in her hollow heart, and the folks of the village would confidently clap their finger to their noses, and wink towards the tailor.

For a month or more was Jacques Cocast the blissful Adam of this fool's paradise. For a full month did he breathe Elysium. At length the eyes of Jacques Cocast were opened, and he saw his forlornness. It was the day of a *ducasse*. In the pride of his heart, and in all the glory of his trade, did the hunchback array himself to dance with Félicité, the baker's daughter. She had of late been so loving, so complying, so tender! The next dance might be at their own wedding. At all events, how they would dance on the coming Sunday! He, the hunchback, buoyed by his loving heart, would foot it so lightly that not a blade of grass should bend beneath him—not a dewdrop be scattered by his mercurial toe.

The dancers are assembled. The fiddles sound. Jacques Cocast, in all the glory of a new suit, burning like a peacock in a conflict of colours, and in the triumph

of a gladdened soul, advances to lead out Félicité, the baker's daughter. Already he has laid his hand upon her hand, when a gigantic thumb and finger with a vice-like power gripes the nose of Jacques Cocast, and whirls him from his partner. A laugh that drowns the fiddles, *bursts* from the merry-makers. Jacques Cocast, with lightning in his eyes, and all the blood in his body rushing to his nose, looks for his assailant.

Hercule Grossetête, a rival of six feet, French measure, with fierce eyes, and parrot nose, glaring and protruding from raven whiskers, with arms a-kimbo, stands before the tailor. Nevertheless, the soul of Jacques Cocast is mighty, and he is meditating how he may best spring upon the giant, and tear his iron heart from his body, when—oh, ye daughters of Eve! oh, ye rosy wickednesses, ye honeyed poisons! Félicité, the baker's daughter, advanced to Hercule, and curtseying, and putting her hand in his—in his hand, yet warm from the outraged nose of her doting lover—signified that she was ready to dance, that she had looked with eyes of favour on the punishment of the tailor. Then sank the heart of Jacques Cocast. He quitted the scene of his past happiness, and in an agony of despair wandered, a very lunatic.

Foolish Jacques Cocast! Who would pity the despair of a hunchback? Who compassionate a love-broken heart, if accompanied by overladen shoulders? What is a beautiful sentiment with a straightbacked, comely man; is a thing for a jest, an excellent joke, for a hunchback. And so, Jacques Cocast, go home. Sleep not in

the fields at night. Lie not under the window of the baker's daughter, and waste not away, until, as you complain, your head has grown too little for your hat, but up, man, and to your comfortable abode. Shave yourself, change your linen, leap upon your shop-board, thread your needle, heat your goose, and defy love! A friendly genius whispered some such advice to Jacques Cocast, for ere a month had passed, the tailor has once more taken to his sober attire, was seated smiling at his work, and if a thought of the cruel baker's daughter would sometimes intrude, he would banish the unwelcome guest by the very vehemence of stitching.

Months passed away, and the time of drawing for the conscription arrived. Mothers looked anxious, plighted maidens would sigh frequently, and look with tender gaze upon their future husbands, the young men would laugh, laugh louder than was their wont, to hush the secret care that preyed upon them. But what was the conscription, with the banishment, the danger, the wounds and death combined in the word, to Jacques Cocast? He was a hunchback. His shoulders were exempted by nature from a knapsack. He was not a comely morsel for glory; he was not worthy of the powder and shot bestowed upon prettier men. No, he was secure in his deformity; his heart started not at the muttering of the beaten sheepskin. Hence Jacques Cocast without one throb, save for the fate of some old acquaintance, might linger about the town-hall of the arrondissement, and learn the fortune of his fellow-villagers.

The day of drawing came. There was the shriek of triumph as one sprang into his mother's arms—as his sister clung about his neck, as his plighted wife kissed him—and *now* their wedding-day was certain—there were bursts of joy and tears of happiness as the exempt sprang from the crowd, and there were cries of despair, and sobbing as among breaking hearts, as the new conscripts told the fate that tore them from their homes.

"Thank God for my hunch!" cried Jacques Cocast, twenty times, as he saw the wretchedness of the conscript soldier.

Among those drawn to wear future laurels was Hercule Grossetête. He looked savage as a snubbed ogre: and the baker's beautiful daughter hung upon his arm, and was crying her heart out, and vowing between her sobs that, for the sake of her dear Hercule, she would try to live and die a maid: and Hercule with his fancy listening to the whistling bullets, smiled vacantly on the magnanimity of Félicité, and bade Heaven help her in all her trials.

And did the heart of Jacques Cocast rejoice at this? By no means; he felt no triumph at the calamity of Grossetête, no pleasure at the grief of his fair, false baker's daughter; but with a gush of gratitude, he exclaimed,

"Thank God for my hunch!"

Hercule Grossetête went to the war. Fortune, that had heaped such obloquy upon the shoulders of Cocast, had fitted Grossetête for the dignity of a grenadier. He quitted the village, left the baker's daughter, and

was soon marching, and perhaps, day-dreaming of pillage, and epaulettes. We know not what struggles Félicité endured to keep her pledge to Hercule; they must have been severe and manifold; for it was at least six months after the departure of her grenadier that she wedded the son of the village grocer, the grocer's father opportunely dying and leaving his stock and business to his only son. All the world—that is, all the village—believed in the conjugal bliss of the grocer and his wife; Pierre Chandelles was so meek, so gentle a soul, any woman must be happy with him.

Again, Félicité was always the sweetest tempered girl: there had been curious tales of her sudden passion, but such tales had been trumped up by the ugliest girls of the village.

Three months had passed since Pierre and Félicité were one; and Jacques Cocast (for in the magnanimity of his soul he did not withdraw his custom from Pierre on account of his wife; besides, Pierre's was the only shop in the village) modestly tapped a sou on Pierre's counter, it being the intention of the tailor to dispense that coin in beeswax. Suddenly there was a noise within. Jacques recognised the voice of Félicité, albeit he had never before heard it at so high a pitch. Another minute, and Pierre rushes into the shop followed by his wife, who, heedless of the wants of a customer, heedless of the cries of her husband, demolished an earthen pipkin, unluckily in her hand, upon her lord and sovereign's head. No sheep ever bled with more meekness than did Pierre Chandelles the grocer.

"What did you want?" asked Pierre, with still a vigilant eye to business.

"I'll call again when your wounds are dressed," said Jacques Cocast; "in the meantime, thank God for my hunch!"

Years went on, and Jacques Cocast gathered about him the small comforts of the world, and keeping the spirit of his youth, was blithe as a bird.

One autumn evening, wandering a mile or two on the road from the village, and thinking he knew not upon what, Jacques Cocast was suddenly startled in his reflections by a loud voice—

"For the love of the saints, if you have it, give me a pinch of snuff."

The prayer proceeded from a blind soldier, seated on a tree felled near the roadside.

"With all my heart," cried Cocast; "here, empty my box."

"Alas, good sir!" cried the soldier, "look at me again."

Cocast looked, and saw that the man had lost both his arms.

"You must, indeed, *give* me the snuff," said the soldier.

"With all my heart, I say again," cried Cocast, and with the most delicate care he supplied the nostrils of the mutilated veteran. "Good heavens!" suddenly exclaimed Cocast, "why you are Hercule Grossetête!"

"I am," answered the soldier, "and what have you to say to that?"

"What!" Jacques Cocast, looking at the eyeless, armless victim of glory, could only say,

"*Thank God for my hunch!*"

Almost all men have a hunch of some kind. Let them, with Jacques Cocast, thank God for it.

THE ACTRESS AT "THE DUKE'S."

"AND shall we have fifty little angels hung upon strings?"

"At least fifty."

"And a dragon to spit fire?—And a sea in a storm?—and invisible machines to break the whole stage into bits?"

"With a view of chaos, and a battle by the elements."

Let not the reader hastily suspect a maiden who asks thus familiarly of mighty and terrible objects; let not the old man who replies to each query, become, even for a minute, the victim of sudden prejudice. The girl is no daring neophyte, seeking knowledge of forbidden things; the man no bloodless wizard teaching wicked sorcery. Though their discourse is of angels in a somewhat vulgar state of dependence; though a dragon mixes in their conversation, and chaos itself takes part in their colloquy, the speakers are persons of the gentlest manners, of the most innocent dispositions. They seek not, by evil incantations, to draw the moon from out her sphere—nay, if we may count dining as naught, they never had designs upon a single head of cattle. In brief, we have introduced two simple children of this earth.

The girl has no other magic than that of bright blue eyes, a complexion of the most delicate white and pink, a mouth that looks as though nothing but goodness can flow from it, and brown hair, falling in curled lumps about certainly the prettiest neck in the universe. The man has a mysterious visage; but, though a favourite black cat lies in a ball at his left foot, he is, we assure the reader, no conjuror.

Yet the reader must desire to learn the names and real conditions of the parties; we hasten to satisfy him. The maiden is known by the homely syllables of Peggy Simpson, the dutiful child of a poor widow; the man—will the obliging reader only imagine a flourish of trumpets as we walk our hero on the page?—the man is no other than John Downes!

"And who is John Downes?"

Falling in with the jest intended by the inquirer—receiving his assumed ignorance as an excellent whim—we will return the humour by stating, what he knows full well—namely, that John Downes is a man "long conversant with the plays and actors of the original company, under the patent of Sir William Davenant, at his theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, opened there in 1662. And, as book-keeper and prompter, continued so until October, 1706; he writing out all the parts in each play, and attending every morning to the actors' rehearsals, and their performances in the afternoons." Thus, tried by that vulgar test, his company, John Downes stands forth illustrious. He was of the cabinet where Dryden had a seat, and Otway, and Wycherley, and Congreve.

He "held the book" to Betterton, and gave the cue to Mrs. Barry.

At the precise time of our story, John Downes was busily employed in writing out the parts of a new drama —a forthcoming wonder, that, in the belief of the "spirited proprietor," Sir William Davenant, was to set all London in a blaze; the great fire was to be nothing to it. Human passion, in the opinion of the indefatigable manager, becoming trite and powerless on an audience, he turned his back on poets, and wisely made his lowest bow to the scene-painter. Mr. Betterton was very well; but Sir William had engaged (at an enormous expense) a dancing troupe from Paris. Mr. Shakspeare had, in his day, written tolerable verse; but, happily, the manager could now boast of two excellent fiddlers. There was, moreover, a report of a certain wise bay pony that, between the acts, was to tell by cards the fortunes of any of the audience; but, we presume, Sir William, like a skilful and prosperous general, took the town without the necessity of bringing up his horse; and thus the cavalry was reserved for future managers and a more enlightened era.

We have said John Downes was intent on one of his multifarious duties; in such labour, however, he was zealously assisted by the inquiring Peggy, who, with her mother, had, in an evil hour, taken lodging in the tenement henceforth to become classical by the indwelling of the prompter at "The Duke's." It was even so: in the back room of a third floor, in not the most ostentatious part of Drury Lane, lived John Downes; and in

the floor immediately above, lived Peggy Simpson, a cordial, frank-hearted girl of sixteen, with a face of sunshine, and a voice like a silver bell.

Hapless Peggy! how were her days and nights perplexed and shadowed by the prompter! From only a little week after her sojourn in Drury Lane, may be dated her new life—her second eventful existence. On three occasions, and each following with fatal precipitancy, John Downes had given Peggy and her mother free entrance to the play-house in Lincoln's Inn. From that time Peggy became haunted; she no longer lived in a dull tangible world—in a land of figures and counters; but inhabited a sphere pieced out and glorified by the imagination: all things, touched by the new faculty born in the theatre, took new and higher semblances; her daily household actions had a foreign grace: she would ask the hour of the day in unconscious blank verse, and ascend the attic stairs as though she felt she swept them with a train of velvet and minever!

What was worse, the actors conspired to heighten the malady of Peggy; for, in the pursuit of their profession, they would continually infest the lodging of the prompter. Yes; in the primitive days of our story, even the first tragedian would sometimes call, and on foot too, on John Downes. Now, had Peggy never visited the theatre, she would have seen in its artists common men and women; but, having beheld them in their artificial glories, to separate the truth from the fiction was impossible. Though she looked on the daw in its nakedness, she could not forget the radiant feathers of the

poet. Thus, when Mr. Betterton mounted the staircase, Peggy would peep from over the banister with a face of awe and wondering; his most homespun syllables fell upon her sense like the notes of fate; there was an impressive regality in his very footsteps. Mrs. Saunderson, though the most amiable and quiet of gentlewomen, was still a shrew queen vociferating death; and Mr. John Nokes, though he should only ask—"Is Mr. Downes at home?" would, to the ears of Peggy, utter a comedy of the most convulsing humour. But to these intoxicating illusions succeeded a weariness of spirits, a keener sense of the drudgery entailed upon our heroine, who, ere she dwelt within the circle of the magician, was content with the hire of a sempstress, whenever good fortune made the golden offer. It was, however, certain that, since her removal into Drury Lane, there had been fewer calls upon her needle: whilst it cannot be denied that her impatience of the employment became on each occasion more acute. She had seen princes give away kingdoms; lords and gentlemen throw bags of gold to chambermaids and valets; and, her head swimming with such generous deeds, she could not, as before, work with tranquillity twelve long hours for sixpence. It is true, like a good and loving girl, she laboured for the precarious subsistence of a mother; but, oft remembering the bountiful trick of fortune in the case of an old woman in the last play, her heart would sink at the poor pittance—the reward of a day's sewing. In truth, it was hard for Peggy to toil with material needle and thread for at most ten meals a week, whilst in imagination she was

now seated at an Egyptian banquet, beaming burning love on Antony! However, to proceed with the interrogations of our pretty scribe—for all this time she has copied and talked, talked and copied, with the old prompter.

"And is it true that the king, and the duke, and all the court will be at the house?"

"His excellent majesty, and his royal highness, and the beautiful madam—but, Peggy, surely it is time for dinner?"

Peggy put down her pen, and the prompter having promised her a seat in the gallery on the second night of the new play, she was proceeding to her own room, though we fear not to dine, when the voice of Nokes sounded from below. Peggy was fixed upon the stairs and, as the Aristophanes of Lincoln's Inn (for John Nokes with a wise preference, not yet obsolete, thought no words so good as his own) mounted to the third floor, the girl could not deny herself a furtive peep at the wit of "The Duke's." As she glanced down upon the wonder, the paragon of mimes looked up: their eyes met, in an instant Peggy, with a face of scarlet, had flown like a young partridge to her room, and Nokes, with dropt jaw, staring eyeballs, and hands dangling at his sides, gasped at the door of the prompter. Nokes, with all his genius, never acted so well; simply, because then he did not act.

"Why, why, John—what do you want, John?" asked Downes, opening the door upon the astonished player.

"Come about my part," replied Nokes, his eyes still raised towards the banister.

"Your part! no, that can't serve, John! Ha! ha! When did you ever come for a part?"

"No matter for that. 'Tisn't my fault if I can talk better than Mr. Dryden, with all his brains, can write; but as the king is coming, and as my friend the duke will be present—I—I—I say, Jack," and Nokes enforced the query by plunging his elbow into the stomach of the prompter, "what little pigeon's that in the garret.

"Pooh! a child, a—there's your part, John;" and Downes gave Nokes the superfluity.

"Oh, this is the stuff I'm to swallow, eh? this is—" and, glancing at the page, Nokes drew his lips into a point, then with both eyes looked down upon his nose, raised them again to the manuscript, and, rocking himself twice or thrice backwards and forwards, exclaimed, "John Downes, where didst get thy new writing-master? Thy whole alphabet used to straggle upon the paper like sticks in a hedge, and now the words slip and glide along like little snakes. As I'm a chaste actor and a gentleman," (and here Nokes, with affected gravity, lifted the page to his nose,) "the paper's odorous of female fingers. Come, who is she, Jack? Oh, there's rank in every flourish; at least a maid of honour in every hair-turn."

John Downes was a grave man; his *Roscius Anglicanus*,* a work to be cut in leaves of brass, sufficiently attests his serious temper; hence the banter of John

* By the way, we have no wish that the reader should seek to consult this somewhat rare tract, lest he might discover certain unimportant anachronisms committed in our history.

Nokes was the thinnest of thin air against the determination of the prompter, who spoke no word of Peggy. Nokes talked and jested, but Downes continued dull and dumb. The actor, however, determined upon his inquiry, though he extracted no syllable from the prompter, succeeded in carrying him off to dine with him at the Roebuck, a house at that time much honoured by the visits of Sir William's troupe.

"Miserable talk this," cried Nokes, turning over the leaves of his part. "Ha! well;" and the dinner being dispatched, he swallowed bumper after bumper of Bristol milk; "as usual, I must take the poor devil of an author under my wing!"

"You forget, John," replied Downes, with a somewhat reverential air, "you forget the piece is written by the manager."

"So I do; and that's strange, seeing the fuss that's made about it. The whole stage is like a toy-shop. Sir William Davenant—bless his modesty—brings forth like an empress. There's flags hoisted, ribbons flying, and straw laid before the theatre. Now, when poor Shadwell's near his time—"

"Nay, John, I can't hear this. At 'the Duke's,' Sir William is no more than any other poet; Mr. Shadwell, or even Mr. Otway, has, at least from me—"

"False, Jack, false!" And Nokes continued to swallow his favourite drink. "False! You know when the manager's about to hatch, rehearsals are solemn as funerals; you know that Sir Billy struts and strides, as though his nose were still as high as Cæsar's; and as for

you, you watch him like a queen's midwife, hoping and praying for a prince-royal."

"And doesn't Sir William always succeed? Aren't his pieces always acted?" asked Downes in a triumphant tone.

"Doesn't he always write his own play-bills?" answered Nokes, who, with every glass, was becoming more bitter and captious. "Give Settle the same chance, and do you think he'll ever fail?"

"Come, John; you know there's spite in all this. You know that, because Sir William insists on keeping you to his words—"

"That's the worst of the tyranny; for, if they were the words of anybody else, the slavery might be tolerable."

"See what Sir William has done for us!" cried Downes, with all the inherent loyalty of a prompter. "See to what a height he has raised the whole profession!"

"A part of it," asserted Nokes; "the women, now, who are to hang from the clouds in the next piece."

"I'm of your way of thinking, Mr. Downes," observed a new comer, a thin, pale young man, with weak eyes and a thread of a voice. "Sir William knows the town; and the town has had a surfeit of dulness. No doubt Betterton would like to play Hamlet six days in the week; now, for my part, I can't see so very much in *Hamlet;* I speak my mind, and I think it a very heavy thing."

"What part do you act in it?" asked Nokes, his eyes twinkling disdain.

"Rosencrantz," replied the other, with the air of an injured man.

"Ah!" rejoined Nokes, "which satisfactorily accounts for your opinion." And Nokes with renewed vehemence applying himself to his potations, maintained a dogged silence, whilst the prompter and the small actor discussed the merits of the forthcoming novelty. The tyro player dwelt with eloquence on the new "clothing" of the piece, and the ingenious "flying machines;" but when he came to the "perspective scenes," expressly painted for the spectacle, his raptures knew no bounds; he was in full voice, when the muddled Nokes coarsely silenced the enthusiast.

"Hold your shouting, you babe in a wood! Perospec-ti-tive scenes? Mark my words, Jack, these vermilion fellows, with their harlequin-jacket skies, and their seas of ochre, and their Peaks of Teneriffe, and their palaces of the Great Cham—mark what I say—they'll turn the brains of the town through its eyes. They'll destroy our glorious art? Player and poet, both will be lost? Rare old Ben, and dear sweet William, Jack Nokes, and Tom Betterton, we shall all—" and though the eyes of Nokes were almost set, they for a moment flashed with the prophet, as, striking the table with his clenched fist, he exclaimed, his voice deepening till it ended in a lachrymose groan, "we shall all be painted out—painted out—painted out." And again Nokes drank.

"But my dear John," began the prompter, in a soothing voice.

"Poor Jack Downes!" interrupted Nokes, in a tone

of commiseration, "you are painted out, too. In a little time, and you'll cease to hold the book to men and women; no, you'll have to prompt nothing but earthquakes, and give the word to nobody but dragons and flying-fish. Yes, I am told that henceforth the prompter is to shoe the horses; for I do hear that we are to have cattle on the boards. I am told—" Here, what with emotion and many cups, Nokes sank into hopeless maudlin. "I am told that in this very piece—the Lord forgive Sir William! what we must come to—I am told they're going to put a pony over the head—of —of—of dear Mrs. Saunderson!"

The bare conception of such indignity was too much for the professional sensibility of Nokes. There is a point in sorrow and indignation where language stops. At this point Nokes had evidently arrived, for he sat silent, and, in a short time, snored. Fortunately, the sleeper did not act that day, and was thus left in profound repose by the prompter. It being nearly three o'clock, Downes betook himself to the theatre, attended by the young actor, who, ere he quitted the sleeping comedian, finished his liquor for him, and then ventured a few remarks on his merits. "He was certainly a clever man; but seriously, and quite in confidence, did not Mr. Downes think him considerably overpaid?"

Refreshed by two hours' sleep, Nokes gradually returned to the full consciousness of a low comedian. His mental powers were, however, considerably quickened by a conversation proceeding from a party huddled in a distant corner of the room. The speakers, ignorant of

the presence of any intruder—for Nokes had lain on a bench behind a table, consecrated to the actors of "The Duke's," and separated by a wooden screen from common eyes—talked freely of their conspiracy. Yes, it was but too evident to Nokes that a plot, fraught with incalculable mischief, was in course of concoction by the party. With pricked ears and repressed breath, he sat motionless and listened.

"Are you sure the king will be there?" asked one.

"The king and all his court," was the reply.

"Then," said the voice of a third, "we'll go armed; and, when I give the word, let fly among 'em."

The wig of Nokes seemed self-lifted from his head, his tongue became a stone in his mouth, and, lest the chattering of his teeth should betray him, he thrust his nether lip between them. Could he quit the room unseen, the assassins might be secured; were he discovered in the attempt, they, doubtless, had daggers, and would not pause to use them. Was ever one of "The Duke's" company in such a dilemma?

"We'll show that Englishmen know their rights," cried a conspirator.

"And will have 'em!" said a determined second.

"Or else know the reason why!" concluded the third.

Nokes, becoming assured that he was in no dream, nerved himself to the courage of taking a peep; he rose, and, noiseless as though his whole frame was changed into wool, mounted the bench, and, taking a brief look over the screen, saw the threatening triumvirate.

The most marked and earnest of the party was a youth of about eighteen; his closely-cropped head, his keen eye, his firmly pressed mouth and dilated nostril, though his nose was the reverse of Roman, marked him the Cassius of the scene; to these, we may add, an air of licence—a manner popularly known as vagabond. The second, and the most refined of the three, seemed two years older than his emphatic coadjutor; his dress was more succinct and neat, his hair, evidently not neglected by its master, was in close curl about a handsome, open face—alas! far too well favoured to fester in Palace Yard,—and his eye beamed with the frank spirit of youth.

"What!" cried he, "if my father does make for the court, shan't I show myself above the prejudice?"

"To be sure," cried the youth on the right of the speaker; "what's custom to a man's country!"

The author of this patriotic sentiment, being seated with his back towards Nokes, defied the vigilance of the actor, who could make no other note upon him, save that his doublet was patched in three places, whilst at least half-a-dozen holes called for similar attention. Nokes again sank upon his seat, and called his scattered ideas to a close council. At length he was decided; heedless of personal danger—counting his life in such a cause as naught—he rose, determined to rush upon the rebels and secure them, when he found them—gone! More, the landlord knew nothing of them—they had paid their reckoning, and there his cares began and ended. Nokes, weighed down with the fatal secret, quitted the

house for the theatre. He told the treason to the prompter, whose only remark was, that some people had strange dreams: he gave dark hints of the brooding evil to the manager, who heard them with an incredulous face, uttering a delicate warning against strong drink.

Leaving Nokes in his perplexity, we beg leave to take the reader behind the scenes of "The Duke's" on the first day of the long-promised glory—the play, with new dancers, new scenery, new machines, new music! The theatre swarmed with the "best people" of the town. The king and the duke, with all the flower of the court, were in the house, and Sir William, suffused and dilated with the *mens divinior*, looked and walked expecting triumph, when an event occurred which menaced manager and author with shame and defeat. A beautiful young actress (wild horses shall not tear her name from us), charged with a most important part in the play, was not to be found; after a distracted search, it seemed certain that she had either committed suicide or an elopement. There were, however, some vague hopes of her life, as, on the previous day, she had been seen in full health, smiling and talking in St. James's Park. Quick or dead, she had left the author of the new play without a Princess, and where, or how, he was suddenly to provide himself, quite passed his wit. Sir William was aghast with disappointment, when Mrs. Davies ran laughing to the bard, and told him not to despair, for that a new actress, perfect in the part, had fallen upon them from the clouds. "A pretty creature, who had brought rouge and patches to Mrs.

Gibbs, vowed she could act the Princess to the life!" Sir William, vexed at what he deemed unnecessary humour at his affliction, was swinging away from the fair speaker, when he was fixed by Mrs. Gibbs herself, dragging rather than leading to the author a pretty, blushing girl, before introduced to the reader as—Peggy Simpson! On that eventful day, Peggy, with the consent of her mother, had taken the place of a young friend, suddenly fallen sick, and had brought the aforesaid stage illustrations to Mrs. Gibbs. As Sir William glanced at Peggy, his face on the instant cleared up; indeed, her look and demeanour were almost enough to mollify even that wild beast, a dramatist in the ferocity of a first night. Peggy hung down her head, and the tears started to her eyes; she could have wished the stage to yawn and swallow her from the ordeal which her vivacity had provoked. "How came it that she knew the part?" was a question asked by more than Sir William.

"She had helped Mr. Downes to copy the characters, and that of the Princess being the prettiest, she had, without knowing it, got it by heart!" Mr. Downes, coming up at the time, though astounded to meet Peggy, for he had known nothing of her friendly mission, corroborated her story as to the help of her pen; and, though somewhat confused at the accusing looks and significant gestures of Nokes and other of the gentlemen actors, ventured a favourable opinion of the girl's intelligence. "At all events, 'tis worth the trial," said Sir William; and, followed by Betterton,

Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Gibbs, and a dozen others, he took Peggy into his room to hear her speak the part. This she did with so much grace and sweetness, that Sir William gave her into the hands of Mrs. Davies, who bore Peggy away in triumph to the tiring-room, where in due time she was habited right royally. As she looked in the glass, Peggy fairly believed in some enchantment; the world had changed about her, and she was no longer Peggy Simpson. Yes, there was a wish which proved her identity: she wished that her mother could see her; wished that—that another person was there to behold his princess!

The indulgence of the audience being duly prayed for, Peggy appeared before her judges. Her very soul seemed to flutter at her lips when the applause burst upon her; the beating of her heart was truly painful, a raging thirst came suddenly upon her; she was now burning with fever, and now shaking with ague; objects whirled and danced around, she could distinguish no one face or form from among the crowd, but stood amazed, transfixed, blinded, by the din that rose about her. The author glared at the little Princess with unpitying eyes, and some two or three of the actresses smiled, like statues, at her confusion. "I told you so," was said by more than one, "I told you so." Indeed, the condition of Peggy threatened to bear out the worst possible prophecy; for the applause had ceased for some seconds, and she still stood mute, trembling, and weeping; she endeavoured to speak, her lips moved, but no sound was audible. Then came another round of

applause, when Peggy, by a wonderful effort—her gentle face and fragile figure glowed and towered with the clamour—found her voice, her self-possession, and from that moment she commenced the part, which, scene after scene, she rendered more interesting and intelligent. When the play was ended, a thousand hands and voices declared her triumph.

"Tut! Mr. Betterton, it can't be. What, a raw school-girl become in three hours a finished actress!" Thus spoke a fair member of "The Duke's," an unbeliever who had not seen the new Princess. "What can she know of the business of the stage?"

"Nothing. She knew not when to cross, or where to turn; nay, she suffered twenty admirable opportunities to escape without resorting to her pocket-handkerchief, and when she should have kept a regal measured pace, she more than once tripped like a milkmaid. Yet, after all, she knew more than the words; it was evident that she had steeped her spirit in the essence of the character; that she had for hours and days before *lived* the princess; and thus, though the girl was sadly out in the mechanism of acting, she showed a deep, intuitive sense of poetry and passion." So judged Mr. Betterton, and we bow to his opinion. It was, moreover, very certain that Peggy had made other admirers, for no sooner was she off the stage than she was beset by a crowd of high gentlemen, young and old, who, by the liberal kindness of the manager, had the happy privilege of staring at the actress behind the scenes. She was fairly hemmed about by a host of flatterers; and she

shrank timid as a leveret, from their approach. One young gentleman was singularly pressing in his admiration. He was a tall, slim youth, with one eternal smile at his mouth, meaning nothing; his upper lip bore, though yet in its infancy, a very promising moustache, and he spoke in a manner partaking both of a yawn and a lisp. He bowed his face close to the face of Peggy; and, turning a flower betwixt his thumb and finger, an exotic for which he had that day given forty shillings, proceeded with his sudden suit—"Nay, I vow, I protest, by all the gods." He was protesting on, when, with a thought, the object of his vows was carried off! It was Manager Betterton himself, who had withdrawn Peggy from the dangerous accents of the young speaker. "Child," said the careful functionary, "it is time to go home; I will see you there."

Unobserved, as Betterton thought, he quitted the playhouse with his beautiful charge; he had placed her in a chair, and was walking trustily by its side, when, turning into Drury Lane, he was overtaken by three youths, who, with loud voices, and we fear with an oath or two, cried "Stand!" It was a foggy November evening, and, the links being seized and extinguished by the intruders, the chairmen shouted, and Peggy began to scream, Betterton raved, and addressed himself to do battle with the assailants, who, it was plain, were determined upon bearing off the girl. The fight began and was about to conclude in favour of the thieves, when a sudden reinforcement turned the fortune of the day; two of Betterton's troupe had ignominiously taken to their

heels; he, their valorous captain, was upon his back; his sword—for he had left the theatre in his stage dress—torn from his hand, and the principal of the ruffians grasping his throat; when who should come up but Nokes, who had resolved to watch Betterton, speedily followed by the young hair-lipped gentleman, breathing vengeance against the manager. The desperadoes were defeated and secured, but, oh! unlooked-for, happy event! Nokes leapt, in a paroxysm of loyalty and gladness, when he recognised in the three prisoners, the leash of traitors in the Roebuck! With glaring eyes, and a voice cracking with earnestness, Nokes ran over the roll of their probable villanies, and concluded by screaming to all good men and true to hold fast the knaves, as Cromwellites—as murderers—as traitors to the king and to the state! Here Peggy, who had sat half dead with fright, shrieked; and, bursting from the chair, ran to the handsomest of the three prisoners, and—to the horror and consternation of many of the beholders—fell upon his neck, crying, sobbing, "Oh, Stephen! Stephen! what have you done?"

It cannot be denied that the looks of the prisoners were most suspicious. She stood overwhelmed with shame and amazement. That Peggy, the princess, should show such unequivocal interest for the chief traitor, only served to deepen the mystery. Nokes, though his heart began to soften, felt he had a firm duty to perform; he had also a vague feeling, should he have brought a great plot to light, of the possibility of a baronetcy. Thus, persisting in his charge, the cul-

prits were forthwith taken to the roundhouse, which—the rumour reaching the theatre—was speedily filled with many of its noble visitors. The charge of Nokes being heard—and he gave his evidence with most provoking perspicacity—the prisoners were called upon to tell who and what they were.

The first who answered was Stephen Skein, son of John Skein, doublet-maker to his gracious majesty. He had visited the theatre that day; but with no evil designs against monarchy or the stability of the state. He recollected being at the Roebuck; recollected a conversation there; was not bound to criminate himself; would reserve what more he had to say for his trial.

Jeremy Midge, the second speaker, was apprentice to the father of Stephen Skein, and bosom friend of his young master; he had been to the play; remembered the Roebuck; had some talk there; would say no more at present.

Peter Bang, the last of the accused, was for taking a very high tone; he was a free-born Englishman, and hated the French; he, however, would say no more at present; for his living, he got it how he could; there were many people who, for all their fine clothes, were in no better condition.

It was true that the conspirators, intent on mischief, had visited "The Duke's;" it was not less certain that Peggy was the cause of the failure of the plot. Stephen was so astounded, so struck out of himself, by the appearance of his sweetheart—for, in spite of the

threats and frowns of his wealthy father, he still vowed to marry Peggy—that the high object of his patriotism had dissolved in mist. His companions were no less surprised and interested; and thus, when Peggy quitted the scene, they immediately left the gallery, and sought at the stage-door a solution of the mystery. It was thence they tracked Betterton and his charge, and hence the fray and fatal recognition.

The examination of the prisoners being ended, and not the slightest proof of their murderous designs found upon them—the pocket of Stephen containing nothing more dangerous than three well-known letters written by Peggy—it required all the vehement loyalty of Nokes to keep a serious air upon the case. As, however, Peggy's correspondence had been found upon the head offender, she was called upon to answer for herself. "What was her surname? Who were her parents? Where did they dwell?" These questions she readily answered, stating that her father had been a soldier, and was killed at the battle of Worcester, fighting on the king's side. The simplicity of her replies was, however, lost upon the querist, who, no doubt to wring a confession from the lover Stephen, threatened to commit Peggy as an accomplice—as, indeed, a person treasonous to the state. The threat produced the wished effect; no sooner was it uttered, than the young doublet-maker avowed his readiness to confess; let Mr. Nokes interrogate, and he, Stephen, would reply! All ears were open for the terrible disclosure, and Peggy, pale as a corse, the tears streaming down her face, clung to the arm of Betterton,

though her eyes were riveted upon Stephen. Nokes, with new dignity, proceeded with the tragedy.

"Did not the prisoner at the Roebuck say that when the king and court were at 'The Duke's,' he and his accomplices would go armed; and then, at a given signal, let fly among 'em!"

Stephen, with erect head and firm voice, replied, "I did!" As he spoke, every face in the roundhouse looked astonishment and horror; the features of the apprentice grew deathly white, and even the cheeks of the high-souled Peter Bang waxed somewhat leaden. "Miserable young man!" exclaimed one of the twenty courtiers who had come from the theatre, "what could have tempted you to so wicked a deed?"

"The love of my country!" replied the undaunted Stephen.

"Old England for ever!" cried, or rather with some effort squeaked, the apprentice.

"We are Englishmen, and will die for the rights of Englishmen," fulmined the resolute Bang.

The nobleman was proceeding—"And with what weapons?"—when an officer, carrying a bag which he had found where the prisoners had sat in the gallery, entered the roundhouse. Now, there was evidence complete; doubtless the bag contained some missiles of diabolical invention—some devilish mischief which, if properly directed, would murder an army.

"Prisoner!"—the voice of the speaker faltered with a false pity for the youth—"is this your bag?"

"The bag is mine!"

Instantly its contents were shaken over the table, when there fell in all directions a shower of—of—the voice of every beholder shouted—"Peas!" Then ensued a moment's pause; and then the roof rang with laughter. Poor Nokes, distrusting his sense of sight and hearing, placed one of the deadly shots between his teeth, and then exclaimed, "A cornchandler's plot!—Peas, by Jupiter!"

Still the offenders, by their own confession, stood charged with an attempt to violate the sacredness of Majesty; this, however, they vigorously denied. No; they swore they had no designs against the State—they had no wish to overturn the Government; all they burned and yearned for was patriotically to trip up the French dancers. It was when "Monsieur L'Abbé, Monsieur Ruel, Maria Gallia," and others of whose names fame has proved forgetful—it was when they first appeared, that, in the nervous English of the conspirators, they were "to let fly among 'em!"* Patriotism, like love, takes a thousand ingenious ways to develope itself; indeed, the history of thousands of statesmen shows it.—Caius Cassius was for Roman blood—Stephen Skein merely required a sprained French

* We have culled this historical anecdote from a huge mass of neglected records. There is no doubt, however, that we have been anticipated in our knowledge of the peculiar nature of the conspiracy; and that the patriots of 1738, who, when a company of French dancers appeared at the Haymarket, strewed the boards with a storm of peas, were fully aware of the abortive plot at the "The Duke's!" Hitherto history has been silent upon it, but the idea is too brilliant to have visited more than one brain; the Haymarket conspirators were only poor copyists.—*See Victor's History of London and Dublin Theatres.*

ankle: for the apprentice, he joined in the plot for the sake of good company; many a conspirator hath had no profounder reason for his meddling. For Peter Bang, his patriotism was, we grieve to say, alloyed by private feeling: it was true, like all youths of the seventeenth century, he of course had from his cradle a hatred of his natural enemies—the French; but his antipathy against the Gallic artists was heightened by early associations; he was wont, a year or two before, to carry to the theatre the bundle of an English dancer, of one, who, in the days of pure taste, was held the "only jig-maker!"

We now approach the end of our little history. Stephen and his companions, after a suitable warning, were discharged; and Peggy, though dazzled by her success and tempted by a hundred siren voices, married the son of the rich old doublet-maker, the dignified tradesman being reconciled to the match by a message, ay, from the court; for it was discovered by Betterton that it was Peggy's father who had served in Mohun's regiment, and who had, moreover, lost his life defending a nobleman assailed by three of the enemy. Mohun lost no time in informing his lordship of the condition of Peggy and her mother—the girl was immediately portioned; old Skein, as we have shown, was softened by his lordship; and, in a few days, Mrs. Davies, Mrs. Gibbs, Mohun, Betterton, Nokes—yes, and Downes the prompter—danced at the wedding of the late "Actress at 'the Duke's!"

THE TRUE HISTORY

OF

A GREAT PACIFICATOR.

THOSE of our readers who have had the good fortune of visiting the Hague, will probably recollect the White Hart; an humble, but remarkably neat hostelry, situated in an agreeable part of the most delightful of all European villages—a village particularly interesting to an Englishman and scholar, from the great names associated with its air of learned retirement. The whole place seems a large collége, with museums and gardens. We walk there, and think of Sir William Temple, and Bolingbroke, and Bayle, and of twenty others, whose memories turn a Dutch village into an Elysium of letters; who take us back a hundred years and more, and make us people of the past, real flesh and blood of the eighteenth century. We doubt not that such have been the feelings of thousands of our readers who have visited the Hague; but we know not whether we ought to express a regret that the enjoyment of such learned abstractions is in future denied them on their return to the circle of the Dutch court; for certain we are that they will no sooner learn the history of the illustrious

individual whose birth has given a glory to the White Hart, than they will forget English ambassadors and English philosophers in the lively curiosity that will incontinently take them to the aforesaid public-house. To begin our "true history."

It was at the White Hart, on the 2nd of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seven, in the left front chamber on the second storey, that Diedrich Van Amburgh saw the light. He was pronounced by the Vrow Kinderkid—a woman whose word, from her long experience in such matters, passed as an authority throughout the whole of the Netherlands—the finest man-child that in all her days she had ever seen. Great was the rejoicing at the White Hart on the birth of little Diedrich. A Hollands tub was tapped, and everybody, from the solid burgher to the drudging boor, was pressed to drink long life and happiness to the new comer.

We can, without any perturbation of conscience, declare that during a journey undertaken for no meaner purpose, we have met with no story, no legend, illustrative of the peculiar genius of our hero during the first six months of his eventful existence; in fact, with nothing that, philosophically considered, can be viewed as a dawning, or promise of Van Amburgh's after glory. For we are inclined to receive as apocryphal an anecdote offered to us for two guilders by a Rotterdam Jew (who professes himself ready to give an authentic pedigree of the story), an anecdote involving the character of the White Hart cat, said to have been *looked* into a palsy, in her attempt

to steal the pap of Diedrich, the child lying at the time before a fire of glowing turf, within an eye-shot of the delinquent. If the story be true, though we must not forget that men are but too prone to invent wonders for wonderful individuals, it is an extraordinary instance of the early development of that faculty which has subsequently achieved such triumphs in the brute world. The cat (we speak on the authority of the Jew) was so completely fascinated, subdued, terrified, by the glance of the babe, that in four-and-twenty hours the animal became, from a most beautiful jet black, a dirty grey white. Now, he who at six months old could look a black cat white, may be reasonably expected at thirty years to change lions into puppy-dogs and tigers into doves. Having given our faith to the first story, belief in all subsequent wonders is easy to the meanest capacity.

We are, however, happy to state that we approach a period of our hero's life at which we meet with well-authenticated facts, with accounts of his extraordinary influence over the lower animals, subscribed to by three burgomasters of Rotterdam, and, therefore, documents pure and speckless as Runjeet Singh's large diamond.

It was the good fortune of little Diedrich to have a godfather who was fully impressed with a sense of the child's abilities; for at the Amsterdam fair he purchased a very splendid coral, hung round with twelve bells in little fancy oranges—a delicate compliment on the part of the goldsmith to the house of Nassau—silver gilt, all toned according to harmonic principles, the

benevolent object of the sponsor being that his godchild should cut his teeth to the accompaniment of the very sweetest music. The coral was hung about the baby's waist, and a pretty rattling and ringing he kept up, laughing and crying and crowing and teething all the while, as if nothing was the matter. Diedrich was ten months old when his father, who, in sooth, was never happy when the child was from his arms, took his baby with him into the cellars; for even in Holland, where British brandy is not, there are certain mysteries to be performed in vaults, which probably it is wisdom in those who love cellar-comforts not too curiously to examine. There was the child, crawling upon the ground, ringing his coral, squalling, crying, laughing; our host, Van Amburgh, now chirping to his last-born, now singing a snatch of a Dutch melody, and now swearing affectionately through his teeth at some playful transgression of the pretty babe. At this moment, Kidneyvat, the burgomaster of Rotterdam, alighted—if we may use such a word for so huge a man—at the door of the White Hart, and instantly there was a loud calling through the house for Mynheer Van Amburgh. Our host rushed from the cellar, strange to say, forgetful of the child, in his precipitancy to do all hõnour to a Rotterdam burgomaster, who, on some official business the object of which we have failed to discover, took the landlord from his house, keeping him until the late hour of ten at night from the hearthstone of the White Hart. He had left the house about three hours, when suddenly there arose a yell throughout the hostelry, for the child.

Every place was searched except the right one. Night drew on, and oh! the horror, the consternation, that reigned throughout the White Hart. Happily, however, the host returned to his house at seven minutes to ten, and the sternness of history refuses to conceal the fact, very drunk indeed was he, even for a Dutchman. His wife—but we refuse to describe as we might, the affecting picture of maternal love; it is enough to say, that the words—"The child, Diedrich, darling, angel, innocent, lost one," poured from the lips of the landlady, tears dropping from her eyes, as she accosted her spirituous husband, somewhat staggered by her uneasiness, and a little moved by the burgomaster's cheer. "Where—where's the child?" exclaimed Vrow Van Amburgh; when Diedrich, after the confusion of a moment, looked very wise, and whilst a smile broke over his broad face, making it shine like a tub of butter in the sun, softly grunted forth, "The cellar!"

At the words a shriek burst from the assembled household. "The cellar!" and instantly armies of rats, every rat as big as any hare, galloped through the affrighted imaginations of the servants, for the Vrow Van Amburgh fainted dead as stone. "The cellar!" No man, woman, or child stirred a foot; every soul seemed petrified with horror, stood as though motion was useless, the child having, of course, been shared in little pieces among the ravenous vermin—swallowed in small bits, flesh and bones, cap and bib and tucker. Rats had been seen, in that most rat-frequented cellar, big as moderate-sized dogs; they had, one hard winter, shown consider-

able disposition to attack Van Amburgh himself; taking by the way a shameful advantage of his having, contrary to his usual custom, entered their domain without a stick. Was it then to be thought of—came it within the wildest dreams of hope to imagine—the dear little innocent, Diedrich, safe? No; the lovely little innocent was dead, and, though buried, was carried about the cellar in mincemeat, entombed in the bowels of the pitiless rats.

No man stirring towards the cellar, the host himself proposed to descend, when he was followed by all the guests and servants—for the Vrow Van Amburgh remained insensible—to the death-place of "dear little Diedrich." The cellar was exactly thirty-feet six inches, (we mean, of course, English measure) below the street, and was approached by a narrow-winding staircase, which admitted, and that with some difficulty on the part of the experimentalist, only one Dutchman to ascend and descend, at a time. Seven servant-girls, of irreproachable character, had left the White Hart, simply because they were found of too luxuriant a figure (Venuses run large in the Netherlands) for the narrow capacity of that cellar staircase.

Mynheer Van Amburgh descended first; his opposite neighbour, the cooper, a man of unblemished veracity, followed; and, as we have already stated, a long train of the affrighted and the curious descended one by one; and not a sound was spoken—not, save now and then a sigh, a sound was heard. Hence, the party, when within some ten feet of the cellar, heard, to their astonishment

and deep delight, the musical ringing of little Diedrich's coral bells—and more, they heard his dear, sweet little voice cooing away, and laughing, and in the innocency of his little heart, trying to hum a tune to the dulcet accompaniment of mellow silver. Every man and woman paused, and exclaimed a short thanksgiving as the bells still rung.

"Let's see what the younker's about," said the father, and as cautiously as his condition permitted him, entered the spacious cellar, which was speedily thronged by his followers. They looked around, and though they saw a faint glimmering of a light, for the host had left his lamp in the cellar (fortunately the babe was dressed in woollen), though they heard the bells and voice of the baby, they could not immediately discover where he was. At length the father led the party through a long lane of Hollands tubs, and there, in a corner, to the wonder and admiration of the spectators, they beheld—what? little Diedrich Van Amburgh seated—how the child got there was not the least wonder—on the head of a gin-tub, shaking his silver-gilt coral, and nodding his head, and conceitedly trying to snap his little, thick, turnip-radish fingers, and, in a word, by intuition of course, delightfully imitating the graceful airs of great composers who flourish their glittering *bâtons de mesure* to the gratification of an audience, and the perfect unconcern of an orchestra! There he was, shaking his coral bells; but, reader, we have not yet told you to whom: in a word, then, to no less than a hundred and fifty rats, for the cooper counted them; the least of them as big as

terriers, dancing and caracoling, and, at the voice of the baby, running up the gin-tub, and licking his face, and subjectedly, as if in token of homage, rubbing their noses against their toes.

It would be a waste of time and paper to attempt to describe the astonishment of the beholders. Let the reader imagine himself in the cellars of the White Hart, at the interesting juncture whereof we write, and consider what would have been his measure of surprise. The feat of Diedrich made even Dutchmen marvel. They were silent in their astonishment; yea, their tongues were like bits of ice in their mouths, from their wonder. A greater wonder, however, almost immediately thawed them.

They had gazed in dumb abstraction at the gambols of the rats—at the subjection of the vermin to the voice, looks, and gestures of the infant pacificator; but, when, at certain inarticulate words uttered by Diedrich, six of the largest rats ran up the tub, and two, standing on their hind legs, rested their fore-paws upon each of his shoulders, when a third rat sat, in the act of begging, on the crown of his head, two other rats crouched upon his knees, and a sixth rat, taking his tail in his mouth, hung like a necklace round the throat of their baby dominator,—when the Dutchmen beheld this—no more, in fact, than an adumbration of the future group of lions and tigers—when the Hollanders beheld this, they *did* shout!

It was extraordinary, however, and certainly the strongest evidence of the mysterious influence of young Van Amburgh over the hearts and minds of the vermin, that though several gin-tubs jumped upon their bottoms

—the motion caused by the vibration of the Dutchmen's shout—the rats never moved a muscle! They looked steadily in the face of the Dutchmen, and, catching the eye of their nursling master, kept their places.

Fortunately this circumstance is so well attested; the triumph of young Van Amburgh over the ferocity of the rats is so finally established by events subsequent to the scene in the cellar; that all the malignity of envy—and Mr. Van Amburgh, who has "robb'd the lion of his heart," cannot despoil the serpent of its poison—cannot shake it. We have talked to people—most respectable persons, now dwelling at the Hague—who well remember to have seen young Van Amburgh, when only four years old, drawn about the village by twelve of his father's rats, in light pigskin harness, attached to a small shell-like vehicle, unfortunately only seven years since burnt in a house at Leyden, whither it had been sent for the inspection of the curious.

At four years old—drawn by rats—would young Van Amburgh pass through every corner of the Hague, nay, proceed as far as Scheveling and back; and though many and many a cat sat in the doorways, and licked his lips as he leered at the plump and whiskered team of the infant pacificator, yet no cat dared to pounce; for this reason, the eye of Diedrich Van Amburgh was upon him.

To this wonderful organ, be it understood, our hero ascribes all his triumphs over the brute creation. Great conquests have certainly been made by the same instrument in the higher walks of animal life; but in the

inferior parts of the *règne animal*, Diedrich Van Amburgh is a conqueror unrivalled—the Hannibal of hyænas—the Cæsar of leopards—the Napoleon of Bengal tigers.

We had almost been guilty of an important omission in this our veracious history; we had well-nigh forgotten to state that the coral of the baby Diedrich is now to be seen in the Museum at the Hague; if we mistake not, in the case to the left of the wooden chair in which General Chase sat at the bombardment in the fortress of Antwerp—a relic which the Hollanders are very justly proud of. The coral, by the way, has been despoiled of one of its bells, it is supposed by a curious Englishman on a visit three years since to the Museum.

To resume our biographical narrative.

Our hero is now four years old, and every day brings with it further evidence of his surpassing genius; he continues to grow, the marvel and delight of the good people of the Hague. When at eight years of age, an event occurs which doubles even the enthusiasm of that most enthusiastic race of people, the Dutch; for the pet of the village, Diedrich, was wont to be absent whole days from morn till night from the paternal roof, usually returning very hungry and very wet. Every means were tried to learn the cause of his absence—to discover where he passed so many of his valuable hours; but Diedrich maintained a dogged silence to all queries, or essayed to laugh them aside by some playful quip or quirk. At length, having pondered on the matter some time, Mynheer Van Amburgh set spies upon the movements of his son; and hence we are enabled to gladden our

readers with one of the strangest recitals, perhaps, ever yet given to the world.

"The small village called Scheveling" (says an "English gentleman," who, in 1691, wrote upon the Hague and its adjacent places) "is inhabited chiefly by fishermen, where is a curious hard sandy shore, admirably contrived by nature for the divertisement of *persons* of quality." This village is approached from the Hague by "a late-made way, cut through vast deep mountains of sand, paved through with curious stones—a work fit for the ancient Romans;" and to this village, and its "admirably contrived sandy shores," would Diedrich Van Amburgh, when eight years old, daily resort; and thither was he watched by the spies set upon his steps.

Fables have been invented that may be considered as somewhat bearing upon our narrative; but the circumstance only proved that the fiction was but the "shadow" to the "coming" truth. For instance, the elder Pliny —a gentleman of considerable fancy—informs us that a little boy scraped an acquaintance with a dolphin, and by bribing the fish with a portion of his morning's bread-and-butter, would induce it to carry him on his back to school, from Baiæ to Puteoli, and from Puteoli to Baiæ. The boy, catching the measles, died, "when," says Pliny, "the dolphin pined and died, and was buried in the same grave with his little playmate!" "These be truths!" The younger Pliny, trumping the card of the elder, tells a story of a dolphin, "at Hippo, in Africa," that, meeting a boy swimming wide from his

companions, dived under him, took him on its back, and bundled off with its affrighted burden into the "open sea;" when, having swum a league or two, the dolphin tacked, made for land, and carefully deposited the child upon the shore. The story ran through the town, and the next day the strand was thronged with people curious to see if the dolphin would come again; when, about half-past eleven, lo! it came; and playing all sorts of inciting tricks, the people walked up to their knees into the river, and stroked and patted it, the women kissing it, and calling it pretty names. The boy, who had on the former day backed the fish, then put himself again astride it, and, doubtless, amidst enthusiastic acclamations, was carried out into "blue water" by the dolphin, and again faithfully brought back. The historian adds that, "the deputy-governor" of the province believed the affable fish could be nothing but a god in disguise; and therefore, on an early visit of the creature to the shore, ordered some precious ointment to be poured upon it. From that moment the fish lost its spirits, became sick and feeble, and in a short time was never seen again. The truth is—a truth that has escaped the sagacity of the younger Pliny—that the dolphin suspected the precious ointment to be fish-sauce, and, though grieved, for the sake of its personal safety, to discontinue its visits, prudently concluded that people who had such abundance of fish-sauce might some day be in need of fish to eat with it. Such were the dolphin's speculations; and wisely, as we think, it turned its head to sea. "Here be truths." To return to Diedrich Van Amburgh.

He is now, gentle reader, in the ninth year of his age, and one bleak, tempestuous morning he is seen, as we think, somewhat presumptuously, treading the "hard sandy shore" made for the "persons of quality" at the wild, dreary, yet picturesque village of Scheveling. The youngster walks the sand with a steady foot, and as he walks, looks out and whistles towards the ocean. He has walked and whistled but five minutes, when, lo! six porpoises tumble towards the shore. Diedrich walks fearlessly towards them, jumps upon the back of the biggest, and away goes he, hurrahing, laughing, shouting, riding like a cork upon the crests of the billows; twenty Dutchmen, among whom are the spies appointed by his father, with the fishermen of the village, their wives and families, fixed upon the strand, transmuted into stone by the daring of that "marvellous boy." The story flew through the Hague, and when, after a somewhat exhausting ride of four hours, young Diedrich turned his porpoise for the shore, he saw it covered with the inhabitants of the Hague, with an odd thousand or two from Delft and other places, congregated there to receive him with due honours, on his coming in. He came with the porpoises bounding and tumbling about him, each porpoise having a bell round his neck, unlawfully taken by Diedrich from his father's hostelry, for his own ocean pets. We pass the scene of his welcome by the Dutch public, the delight of Diedrich's father, the tears of his mother. Young Diedrich was presented at the Dutch court; and there were several cabinet councils held to consider the propriety of employing him as courier of the mail-bag by

sea between Holland and France, when, with a waywardness—alas! too frequently a baneful ingredient in the composition of genius—young Diedrich destroyed the hopes of his family in his advancement, by clandestinely eloping with a Dutch skipper, a frequent visitor at the White Hart, bound for Batavia; where, as the captain assured our hero, he might assuage his raging thirst for leopards, tigers, and lions in any number. These brilliant prospects were too much for the filial duty of young Diedrich; and, in the tenth year of his age, he quitted the White Hart and hid himself in the obscure port of Amsterdam until the skipper should be ready for sea; Diedrich seeing, if he remained at home, that he would inevitably be appointed to some lucrative place under his own government. However, one of those accidents to be found in the lives of all truly great men prevented his shipment for Batavia. He was shamefully lured aboard a South-sea whaler only the night before her departure for her three years' voyage, the captain of the ship, with a base regard to personal interests, only to be found in the very meanest natures, having concluded that the wonderful genius of Diedrich Van Amburgh might be of considerable advantage to himself and owners, in the South Seas.

The captain was not mistaken; he returned to Holland with the spoils of five-and-twenty first-rate fish; but, for the honour of our common nature, we almost blush to state that, at the dinner given to him by his owners at Rotterdam, to commemorate his triumph and success—his success!—the skipper by no one word ac-

knowledged the wonderful services of Diedrich, to whom, indeed, the prosperity of the voyage was wholly and solely to be attributed. Our readers may probably be aware, that the whale-fishery is a toilsome and most hazardous employment. Diedrich Van Amburgh, however, by the force of those great gifts awarded him from his birth, made what would have been a long, miserable three years' voyage, nothing more than a long excursion of pleasure. What Diedrich had been in his infancy to the rats, that was he in his boyhood to the spermatic whales!

Was a whale in request, the captain immediately ordered Diedrich, with a telescope of the highest power, to the mast-head; where, having spied the monster, Diedrich could fascinate him with his eye through the glass, and, in an instant, leviathan would "swim a league," tamely present himself alongside the ship, and, patient as a lamb, meekly suffer himself to be harpooned, young Van Amburgh, be it understood, whistling "Yankee Doodle" or "Old Kentuck"—melodies taught him by an American, one of the crew—to quiet him during the operation.

The captain, in a very long speech, fully reported in the *Abendblatt*, spoke of his own trials, of the sufferings of the sailors, but not one word of that miracle of a boy, Van Amburgh; who, by the way, stung by a sense of injustice, had deserted from the ship, on the back of a white shark—a young grampus following him on shore with his bundle—when homeward bound for Amsterdam.

Diedrich, still fixed upon the lions, entered himself on board a ship bound for Ceylon. Many disappointments,

however, combined to thwart his determination to escape into the woods; where, by the mere force of character, and power of eye—such being the only means employed by Van Amburgh to subdue all beasts—he resolved to beard the lion in his den, and, in fact, carry civilization and all its humanities amongst the feline tribes of the wilderness. Enough for us, that Diedrich Van Amburgh has carried into practical perfection the benevolence of his early theory;—that he has shown how

> Education forms the brutal mind,
> And as the *stick* is used, the *beast's* inclined;

and if there are lions who eat rajahs—tigers that have a propensity for child-stealing—and leopards nurturing in their savage breasts a preference for living flesh, no matter whether of man or beast—the evil arises solely from the misfortune of their ignorance; that they know no better, and are to be pitied for their darkness.

We have placed Diedrich Van Amburgh at Ceylon. We regret, deeply regret, to state, that here there is *hiatus in manuscriptis;* we lose sight of him for some years, until we again meet with him in England, a purchaser of one of our new lions, then a cub—a nursling,

> With the most innocent milk in its most innocent mouth.

On the breaking up of our national establishment in the Tower, in deference of a senseless cry of—but no; we started on the broad ground of benevolence, and we will not betake ourselves into the smoking corner of politics. The lions were sold from the Tower, and happy was the cub that fell into the hands of Van Amburgh;

he, the beast himself, may possibly be ignorant of his great happiness; but we—poor mortals as we are, knowing full well the powers of temptation, with the difficulty of overcoming them—we cannot but admire the acquired temperance and meekness of that lion, who, with a young lamb rubbed against his lips, with its white wool tickling his whiskers, turns from it like a lady from a second glass of wine! We should like to see the stock-broker, with lambs of the 'Change offered to him, who would gently put them aside. It would delight us to know the exact style of countenance of the small, yet noisy patriot, tempted by a baronetcy, or the fleecy hosiery of place, stanch to his "principles," and rock to the blandishments of the minister. We know what it must have cost the lion, to be able to turn away from a remarkably healthy child, vaccinated and all—with bloodless lips; and admiration is the fruit of that knowledge!

We have now little more to speak of, than the discipline employed by Mr. Van Amburgh for the subjugation and instruction of his brutes; and it will, we are sure, delight our readers to learn that Mr. Van Amburgh, quite in opposition to the general belief, rules them with the downiest feather. To speak literally, the heaviest weapon employed upon them in their hours of schooling, is a stick of cinnamon. And this, be it understood, he uses upon the hides of his pupils, not as a means of physical punishment, but as conveying to them a sense of degradation;—as he has assured us, a far more bitter chastisement upon a lion or tiger of any natural good-

ness, than stripes or chastisements. It is really delicious to witness the interview of Van Amburgh with the beasts in their time of relaxation—when not stirred up to please a vulgar audience by an affectation of ferocity; it is most gratifying to witness the interchange of caresses between the master and his servants; the mild intelligence on the one side—the confidence and gratitude on the other.

It will be seen that Mr. Van Amburgh's treatment of the brutes is almost wholly intellectual. He reasons with them; and has at length succeeded in conveying to their minds surprisingly clear ideas of right and wrong. He now and then finds it expedient to read something dramatic to them, when desirous of tranquillizing their rising passions. The manager has generously placed at his disposal the MSS. of tragedies, comedies, farces, &c., for the purpose, but we have it on the assurance of the great teacher himself, that if he wishes to wholly subdue the whole menagerie, he finds nothing so efficacious as the *libretto* of a new opera.

We are, however, happy to state, that this civilization of the brutes of the forest by the great benevolent professor, is only the first of a series of improvements contemplated by him in the body social. What he has done for lions, tigers, and leopards, he professes himself ready to do for men of all conflicting opinions, passions, and interests. We have not the address of the brute-trainer, neither are we in possession of the terms required by him per lesson; but if any of our readers, male or female, will apply personally to him, having

made up their minds to conform to the self-same harmonizing system worked out with such success upon the lower animals, they need not for an instant doubt of the same gratifying results.

It is with this feeling—it is from a consciousness of the higher uses of Mr. Van Amburgh's system—that we have been induced to give this lengthened notice of it;—to go thus comprehensively into what we trust will prove a most valuable exposition.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A STAGE DEVIL.

THE "principle of evil," as commonly embodied in the theatre, has been a sorry affair: the stage devil, in a word, a shabby person. From the time of the mysteries at Coventry to the melodramas of the phosphoric pen of the blue-fire dramatists, the father of iniquity has made his appearance in a manner more provocative of contempt than of peace; a candidate for our smiles, rather than a thing of terrors: we have chuckled where we should have shuddered.

That the stage devil should have been so commonplace an individual, when there were devils innumerable wherefrom an admirable selection of demons might be "constantly on hand," made it the more inexcusable on the part of those gentlemen invested with the power of administering to, and in some measure forming, public taste. What a catalogue of devils may be found in the Fathers! Let us particularize a few from the thousand of demons with which the benevolent imaginations of our ancestors have peopled the air, the earth, and the flood. Poor humanity stands aghast at the fearful odds of spiritual influences arrayed against it; for it is the fixed opinion of Paracelsus, that "the air is not so full

of flies in summer, as it is at all times of invisible devils;" whilst another philosopher declares that there is "not so much as an hairbreadth empty in earth or in water, above or under the earth!" Cornelius Agrippa has carefully classified devils, making them of nine orders. The first are the false gods adored at Delphos and elsewhere in various idols, having for their captain Beelzebub; the second rank is of "liars and equivocators," as Apollo—poor Apollo!—"and the like;" the third are "vessels of anger, inventors of all mischief," and their prince is Belial; the fourth are malicious, revengeful devils, their chief being Asmodeus; the fifth are cozeners, such as belong to magicians and witches, their prince is Satan; the sixth are those aërial devils that corrupt the air, and cause plagues, thunder, fire, and tempests—Meresin is their prince; the seventh is a destroyer, captain of the fairies; the eighth is an accusing or calumniating devil; and the ninth are all these in several kinds, their commander being Mammon. Of all these infernal creatures Cornelius Agrippa writes, with the confidence and seeming accuracy of a man favoured with their most intimate acquaintance.

In addition to these we have, on the authority of grave philosophers, legions of household devils, from such as "commonly work by blazing stars," fire-drakes, or *ignes fatui*, to those who "counterfeit suns and moons, and oftentimes sit on ship masts." Their common place of rendezvous, when unemployed, is Mount Hecla. Cardon, with an enviable gravity, declares that "his father had an aërial devil bound to him

for twenty and eight years." Paracelsus relates many stories, all authenticated, of she-devils, "that have lived and been married to mortal men, and so continued for certain years with them, and after, for some dislike, have forsaken them." Olaus Magnus—a most delightful liar—has a narrative of "one Hotheius, a king of Sweden, that, having lost his company as he was hunting one day, met with these water-nymphs and fairies, and was feasted by them;" and Hector Boethius of "Macbeth and Banco, two Scottish lords, that, as they were wandering in the woods, had their fortune told them by three strange women!" For the "good people," the wood-nymphs, foliots, fairies, they are, on the best authority, to be seen in many places in Germany, "where they do usually walk in little coats some two feet long." Subterranean devils are divided by Olaus Magnus into six companies; they commonly haunt mines, "and the metal-men in many places account it good luck, a sign of treasure and rich ore, when they see them." Georgius Agricola (*de subterraneis animantibus*) reckons two more kinds, "that are clothed after the manner of metal-men, and will do their work." Their office, according to the shrewd guess of certain philosophers, "is to keep treasure in the earth that it be not all at once revealed."

On the 20th of June, 1484, it is upon record that the devil appeared "at Hamond, in Saxony," in the likeness of a field-piper, and carried away a hundred and thirty children, "that were never after seen!" I might fill folios with the pranks and malicious mummeries of the evil spirit, all, too, duly attested by the

most respectable witnesses, but shall at once leave the demons of the philosophers for the spirits of the play-mongers, the devils of the world for the devils of the stage.

Why is it that, nine times out of ten, your stage devil is a droll rather than a terrible creature? I suspect this arises from the bravado of innate wickedness. We endeavour to shirk all thoughts, all recollections of his horrible attributes, by endowing him with grotesque propensities. We strive to laugh ourselves out of our fears: we make a mountebank of what is in truth our terror, and resolutely strive to grin away our apprehensions. Surely some feeling of this kind must be at the bottom of all our ten thousand jokes at the devil's expense—of the glee and enjoyment with which the devil is received at the theatre; where, until the appearance of Mr. Wieland, he had been but a commonplace absurdity, a dull repetition of a most dull joke.

Wieland has evidently studied the attributes of the evil principle; with true German profundity he has taken their length, and their depth, and their breadth, he has all the devil at his very finger ends, and richly deserves the very splendid silver-gilt horns and tail (manufactured by Rundell and Bridges) presented to him a few nights since by the company at the English Opera-house; presented, with a speech from the stage-manager, which, or I have been grossly misinformed, drew tears from the eyes of the very scene-shifters.

Can anybody forget Wieland's devil in the *Daughter of the Danube?* Never was there a more dainty bit of infernal nature. It lives in my mind like one of Hoffman's tales, a realization of the hero of the nightmare

a thing in almost horrible affinity with human passions. How he eyed the naiades, how he laughed, and ogled, and faintingly approached, then wandered round the object of his demoniacal affections! And then how he burst into action! How he sprang, and leapt, and whirled, and, chuckling at his own invincible nature, spun like a teetotum at the sword of his baffled assailant! And then his yawn and sneeze! There was absolute poetry in them—the very highest poetry of the ludicrous: a fine imagination to produce such sounds as part of the strange, wild, grotesque phantom—to give it a voice that, when we heard it, we felt to be the only voice such a thing could have. There is fine truth in the devils of Wieland. We feel that they live and have their being in the realms of fancy; they are not stereotype commonplaces, but most rare and delicate monsters, brought from the air, the earth, or the flood; and wherever they are from, bearing in them the finest characteristics of their mysterious and fantastic whereabouts.

Wieland's last devil, in an opera bearing his fearful name, is not altogether so dainty a fellow as his elder brother of the Danube, whose melancholy so endeared him to our sympathies, whose lackadaisical demeanour so won upon our human weakness. In *The Devil's Opera*, the hero is more of the pantomimist than of the thinking creature; he is not contemplative, but all for action; he does not, like the former fiend, retire into the fastness of his infernal mind to brood on love and fate, but is incessantly grinning, leaping, tumbling; hence he is

less interesting to the meditative part of the audience, though, possibly, more attractive to the majority of play-goers, who seem to take the "evil principle" under their peculiar patronage, laughing, shouting, and hurrahing at every scurvy trick played by it on poor, undefended humanity; though, with a bold aim of genius on the part of the author, the devil, in the opera, is made the ally of love and virtue against blind tyranny and silly superstition. The devil is changed, bound, the bond-slave of the good and respectable part of the *dramatis personæ*, to the confusion of the foolish and the wicked. This is certainly putting the "evil principle" to the very first advantage. The best triumph of the highest benevolence is, undoubtedly, to turn the dominating fiend into the toiling vassal, and in the new opera this glory is most unequivocally achieved.

To Wieland we are greatly indebted for having reformed the "infernal powers" of the theatre; for having rescued the imp of the stage from the vulgar commonplace character in which he has too long distinguished himself, or, I ought rather to say, exposed himself; for there was no mystery whatever in him: he was a sign-post devil, a miserable daub, with not one of those emanations of profound, unearthly thought—not the slightest approach to that delicacy of colouring, that softening of light into shade, and shade into light, that distinguish the devil of Wieland. No: in him we have the foul fiend divested of all his vulgar, Bartlemy-fair attributes; his horns, and tail, and saucer-eyes, and fish-hook nails, are the least part of him; they are the

mere accidents of his nature, not his nature itself; we have the devil in the abstract, and are compelled to receive with some consideration the popular and charitable proverb that declares him to be not quite so black as limners have shadowed him.

By the rarest accident I have obtained some account of the birth and childhood of Wieland. It appears that he is a German born, being the youngest of six sons of Hans Wieland, a poor and most amiable doll-maker, a citizen of Hildesheim. When only four years old, the child was lost in the Hartz Mountains, whither his father and several neighbours had resorted to make holiday. The child had from his cradle manifested the greatest propensities towards the ludicrous; it was his delight to place his father's dolls in the most preposterous positions, doing this with a seriousness, a gravity, in strange contrast with his employment. It was plain to Professor Teufelskopf, a frequent visitor at the shop of old Wieland, employed by the professor on toys that are yet to astound the world—being no other than a man and wife and four children, made entirely out of pear-tree, and yet so exquisitely constructed, as to be enabled to eat and drink, cry, and pay taxes, with a punctuality and propriety not surpassed by many machines of flesh and blood—I say it was the opinion of Professor Teufelskopf that young Wieland was destined to play a great part among men, an opinion we are happy to say nightly illustrated by the interesting subject of this memoir. We have, however, to speak of his adventures when only four years old, in the Hartz Mountains. For a whole

month was the child missing, to the agony of its parents, and the deep regret of all the citizens of Hildesheim, with whom little George was an especial favourite. The Mountains were overrun by various parties in search of the unfortunate little vagrant, but with no success. It was plain that the boy had been caught away by some spirit of the mines with which the marvellous districts abound, or, it might be, carried to the very height of the Brockenberg, by the king of the mountains, to be his page and cup-bearer. The gravest folks of Hildesheim shook their heads, and more than two declared that they never thought George would grow up to be a man—he was so odd, so strange, so fantastic, so unlike any other child. The despair of Hans Wieland was fast settling into deep melancholy, and he had almost given up all hope, when, as he sat brooding at his fireside one autumn night, his wife—she had quitted him not a minute to go up-stairs—uttered a piercing shriek. Hans rushed from the fireside, and in an instant joined his wife, who, speechless with delight and wonder, pointed to the nook in the chamber where little George was wont to sleep, and where, at the time, but how brought there was never, never known, the boy lay in the profoundest slumber; in all things, the same plump, good-looking child, save that his cheek was more than usually flushed. Hans Wieland and his wife fell upon their knees and sobbed thanksgivings.

I cannot dwell upon the effect produced by this mysterious return of the child upon the people of Hildesheim. The shop of Hans Wieland was thronged with

folks anxious to learn from the child himself a full account of his wanderings, of how he happened to stray away, of what he had seen, and by what means he had been brought back. To all these questions, though on other points a most docile infant, George maintained the most dogged silence, several of the church authorities, half-a-dozen professors, nay, the great Teufelskopf himself, questioned the child; but all in vain, George was resolutely dumb. It was plain, however, that he had been the playfellow, the pet of supernatural beings; and though there can be but little doubt that his friends and devils as shown upon the stage are no other than faithful copies of the grotesque originals at this moment sporting in the neighbourhood of the Brockenberg, Mr. Wieland, as I am credibly informed, though a gentle and amiable person in other respects, is apt to be ruffled, nay, violent, if impertinently pressed upon the subject of his early wanderings. When, however, we reflect upon the great advantages obtained by Mr. Wieland from what is now to be considered the most fortunate accident of his childhood, we must admit that there is somewhat less praise due to him, than if he appeared before us as a great original. Since I commenced this paper, I have been informed by Mr. Dullandry, of *The Wet Blanket*, that the goblin in *The Daughter of the Danube*, a touch of acting in which Mr. Wieland gathered a wreath of red-hot laurels, is by no means what it was taken for, a piece of fine invention on the part of the actor, but an imitation, a most servile copy of the real spirit that carried George away from his father and friends, tempting the

little truant with a handful of the most delicious black cherries, and a draught of kirschenwasser. That every gesture, every movement, nay, that the leer of the eye, and the "villanous hanging of the nether lip," the sneeze, the cough, the sigh, the lightning speed, the

Infernal beauty, melancholy grace,

all the attributes of mind and body of that most delicate fiend of the Brockenberg, were given in the hobgoblin of the Danube. Hence, if Mr. Wieland be not, as we thought him, a great original, he is most assuredly the first of mimics, and has turned a peril of his childhood to a golden purpose. Dullandry declares upon the best authority—doubtless his own—that the devil of the Brockenberg, when little George cried to go home to his father and mother, his brother and sister, would solace the child by playing upon a diabolic fiddle, the strings of wolf's gut and the bow-string from the snowy hair of the witch of the Alps, dancing the while, and by the devilish magic of the music bringing from every fissure in the rocks, every clift in the earth, and from every stream, their supernatural intelligences to caper and make holiday, for the especial delight of the poor, kidnapped son of the doll-maker of Hildesheim. If this be true, and when Dullandry speaks, it is hard to doubt, his words being pearls without speck or flaw—if this be true, we here beg leave to inform Mr. Wieland that from this minute we withdraw from him a great part of that admiration with which we have always remembered the spasmodic twitch of his elbow, the self-complacency

about his eyes and jaws, the lofty look of conscious power, the stamping of the foot, and the inexhaustible energy of *bowing* which marked his *Devil on Two Sticks*, all such graces and qualifications being, as from Dullandry it now appears, the original property of the devil of the Brockenberg. However, to return to our narrative, which as I am prepared to show, has in these days of daring speculation, the inestimable charm of truth to recommend it to the severest attention of my readers.

Little George remained a marvel to the good citizens of Hildesheim, few of whom, for certain prudential reasons, would any longer permit their children to play with him; fearing, and reasonably enough, some evil from contact with a child who was evidently a favourite with the spirits of the Hartz Mountains. However, this resolution had no effect on George, who more than ever indulged in solitary rambles, becoming day by day more serious and taciturn. His little head—as Professor Teufelskopf sagaciously observed—was filled with the shapes and shadows haunting the Brockenberg. Many were the solicitations made by Teufelskopf and rival professors to Hans Wieland, to be permitted to take little George and educate him for a philosopher, an alchemist, in fact for anything and everything, the boy displaying capacities, as all declared, only to be found in an infant Faust. To all these prayers Hans Wieland was deaf. He resolved to bring up his son to the honest and useful employment of doll-making; keeping, if possible, his head from the cobwebs and dust of the schools, and making him a worthy minister to the simple and inno-

cent enjoyment of baby girls,* rather than consenting to his elevation as a puzzler and riddler among men. Thus our hero, denied to the scholastic yearnings of the great Teufelskopf, sat at home, articulating the joints of dolls, and helping to make their eyes open and shut, when—had his father the true worthy ambition in him—the boy would have been inducted into knowledge that might have given him supernatural power over living flesh and blood, bending and binding it to his own high, philosophic purposes. Hans Wieland, however, was a simple, honest soul, with a great and, therefore, proper sense of the beauties and uses of the art of doll-making. Glad also am I to state that little George, with all his dreaminess, remained a most dutiful, sweet-tempered boy; and might be seen, seven hours at least out of the twenty-four, seated on a three-legged stool fitting the arms and legs of the ligneous hopes of the little girls of Hildesheim, his thoughts, it may be, far far away with the fiddling goblin of the Brockenberg, making holiday with the multitude of spirits in the Hartz Mountains.

This mental abstraction on the part of little George

* One of the most touching instances of the "maternal instinct," as it has been called, in children, came under my notice a few months ago. A wretched woman, with an infant in her arms, mother and child in very tatters, solicited the alms of a nursery-maid passing with a child, clothed in the most luxurious manner, hugging a large wax doll. The mother followed the girl, begging for relief "to get bread for her child," whilst the child itself, gazing at the treasure in the arms of the baby of prosperity, cried, "Mammy, when will you buy me a doll?" I have met with few things more affecting than the contrast of the destitute parent begging her bread (the misery seemed real), and the beggar's child begging of its mother for a "doll!"

was but too often forced upon the observation of the worthy Hans, the young doll-maker constantly giving the looks and limbs of hobgoblins to the faces and bodies of dolls, intended by the father to supply the demand for household dolls of the same staid and prudish aspect, of the same proportion of members, as the dolls that had for two hundred years soothed and delighted the little maidens of Hildesheim. It is a fact hitherto unknown in England, that in the Museum of Hildesheim—a beautiful, though somewhat heavy building of the Saxon order—there are either eleven or twelve (I think twelve) demon dolls made by young Wieland, and to this day shown to the curious—though the circumstance has, strangely enough, remained unnoticed by the writers of Guide Books—as faithful portraits of the supernatural inhabitants of the Hartz Mountains. I am told, however, that within the last three years, one of the figures has been removed into a separate chamber, and is only to be seen by an express order from the town council, in consequence of its lamentable effects on the nerves of a certain German princess, who was so overcome by the exhibition, that it was very much feared by the whole of the principality—extending in territory at least a mile and a quarter, and containing no less than three hundred and twenty subjects—the territory would pass to a younger brother, or, what is worse, be the scene of a frightful revolution, an heir direct being wanted to consolidate the dynasty. This unfortunate event, though, possibly, fatal to the future peace of the said principality, is nevertheless a striking instance of the powerful imagination, or rather

of the retentive memory, of the young Wieland. The doll, like all the others, is a true copy from diabolic life. How the painful story attached to it should have escaped all the foreign correspondents of all the newspapers, is a matter of surpassing astonishment.

We have now arrived at an important change in the life of our hero. His father had received a munificent order for three dolls from Prince Gotheoleog, a great patron of the fine arts in all their many branches. The dolls were intended by the prince—he was the best and most indulgent of fathers—as presents for his daughters; and, therefore, no pains, no cost, were to be spared upon them. After a lapse of three months the order was completed; and young Wieland, then in his seventh year, was dressed in his holiday suit, and—the dolls being carried by Peter Shnicht, an occasional assistant of Hans Wieland—he took his way to the palace of the prince. It was about half-past twelve when he arrived there, and the weather being extremely sultry, George sat down upon the palace steps to rest and compose himself before he ventured to knock at the gate. He had remained there but a short time, when he was addressed by a tall, majestic-looking person, clothed in a huntsman's suit, and carrying a double-barrel gun, a weapon used in the neighbourhood of Hildesheim in boar-shooting; who, asking our hero his name and business, was struck with the extraordinary readiness of the boy's answers, and, more than all, with a certain look of diabolic reverence peeping from his eyes, and odd smiles playing about his mouth. The stranger knocked at the gate, gave his gun to a servant, and bade

the little doll-maker follow the domestic, who showed him into a sumptuous apartment. The reader is prepared to find in the man with the gun no other person than Prince Gotheoleog himself, who in a few minutes reappeared to George, asked him in the most condescending manner various questions respecting his proficiency in reading and writing, and finally dismissed him with ten groschen for his extraordinary intelligence. Six months after this Prince Gotheoleog was appointed ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and young Wieland attended him in the humble, yet most honourable capacity of page. This appointment Hans Wieland, in his simplicity, believed would effectually win his romantic son from his errant habits, would cure him of day-dreaming, by plunging him neck deep into the affairs of this world. Alas! it had precisely the reverse effect upon the diplomatic doll-maker. From the moment that he found himself associated, though in the slightest degree, with politics, the latent desire to play the devil burst forth with inextinguishable ardour. A sense of duty—a filial regard for the prejudices of his father—did for a time restrain him from throwing up his very lucrative and most promising situation in the household of Prince Gotheoleog, and kept him to the incessant toil, the unmitigated drudgery of diplomatic life; but, having one luckless night gained admission into the gallery of the House of Commons on the debate of a certain question, to which I shall not more particularly allude, and there having seen and heard a certain member, whose name I shall not specify, sway and convulse the senate, George

resolved from that moment to play the devil, and nothing but the devil, to the end of his days. He immediately retired to Bellamy's, and penned his resignation to Prince Gotheoleog, trusting, with the confidence of true genius, to fortune, to his own force of character, or, what is more likely, without once thinking of the means or accidents, to obtain the end of his indomitable aspirations—an appearance as the devil. Unrivalled as Wieland is, as the representative of the fiend in all his thousand shapes—to be sure the great advantages of our hero's education in the Hartz Mountains are not to be forgotten—it is yet to be regretted that he ever

To the playhouse gave up what was meant for mankind.

It is, and must ever be, a matter of sorrow not only to his best wishers, but to the friends of the world at large, that those high qualifications, those surpassing powers of diabolic phlegm, vivacity, and impudence, which have made Mr. Wieland's devils the *beau ideal* of the infernal, had not been suffered to ripen in the genial clime of diplomacy. In the full glow of my admiration of his diabolic beauties—that is, since the facts above narrated have been in my possession—I have often scarcely suppressed a sigh to think how great an ambassador has been sacrificed in a playhouse fiend. Indeed, nothing can be more truly diplomatic than the supernatural shifts of Wieland. Had he acted in France, in the days of Napoleon, he had been kidnapped from the stage, and, *nolens volens*, made a plenipotentiary.

It is a painful theme to dwell upon the strugglings of

modest, and, consequently, unsupported genius. Therefore, I shall, at least for the present, suppress a very long and minute account of the trials that beset our hero in his attempts to make known the wonders that were in him. I shall not relate how he was flouted by one manager, snubbed by another, derisively smiled upon by a third; how, at length, he obtained a footing in a theatre, but was condemned to act the minor iniquities, less gifted men being promoted to play the Devil himself. In all these trials, however, in all these disappointments and occasional heartburnings, the genius of our hero continued to ripen. His horns still budded, and his tail gave token of great promise; and, at length, he burst upon the town, from top to toe, *intus et in cute*, a perfect and most dainty devil. Great as his success has been, I should not have thus lengthily dwelt upon it, were I not convinced of its future increase. There are grand mysteries in Wieland—part of his infant wanderings in the Hartz—yet to be revealed. I feel certain from the demoniacal variety of his humour, that there are a legion of spirits, fantastic and new, yet to be shown to us; all of them the old acquaintance of our hero's babyhood, all from the same genuine source of romance as his *Devil on Two Sticks*, his *Devil of the Danube*, and his *Devil of the Opera*.

Having discussed the professional merits of Mr. Wieland, the reader may probably feel curious respecting the private habits of a man so distinguished by his supernatural emotions. I am enabled, it is with considerable satisfaction I avow it, to satisfy the laudable anxiety of the reader, and from the same authentic

materials that have supplied the principal part of this notice.

Mr. Wieland is a gentleman of the most retired and simple manners. After the severest rehearsals of a new devil he has been known to recreate himself in the enclosure of St. James's Park; and further, to illustrate his contemplative and benevolent habits, by flinging to the various water-fowl in the canal—by the way, in imitation of a great regal authority—fragments of cakes and biscuits. His dress is of the plainest kind, being commonly a snuff-coloured coat buttoned up to the neck; a white cravat, drab small-clothes, and drab knee-gaiters. A gold-headed cane, said to have been in the possession of Cornelius Agrippa, is sometimes in his hand. He is occasionally induced to take a pinch of snuff, but was never seen to smoke. His face is as well known at the British Museum as are the Elgin Marbles, Mr. Wieland having for some years been employed on a new edition of the *Talmud*. Although a German by birth, Mr. Wieland speaks English with remarkable purity, having had the advantage of early instruction in our language from a British dramatist, who, driven from the stage by the invasion of French pieces, sought to earn his precarious bread as a journeyman doll-maker with Mr. Wieland, senior. We could enter into further particulars, but shall commit a violence upon ourselves, and here wind up what we trust will henceforth prove a model for all stage biographers.

The inquiring reader may possibly desire to learn how we became possessed of the valuable documents from

which the above narrative is gathered. To this we boldly make answer: we blush not, while we avow, that our dear friend Dullandry has a most careless habit of carrying his most valuable communications for *The Wet Blanket* in his coat-pocket; and that only on Thursday last we overtook him, with his papers peeping from their sanctuary, when—when, in a word, the temptation was too much for us, and the consequence is, that the reader has "some account of a stage devil."

Why should all dramatic truths be confined to the impartial and original pages of *The Wet Blanket?*

MIDNIGHT AT MADAME T.'S.

HE could judge little of the deep meaning of a very deep face, who, standing on Wednesday last in the lobby of Madame Tussaud's rooms, Baker-street, Portman-square, saw naught remarkable in the visage of Mr. Gabriel Marmoset, as he slowly approached the serious money-taker. With a brooding air, he placed his left hand in his pocket, and in a low sepulchral voice, demanded, "How much?"

"Nothing, sir," said the money-taker; "as one of us, you know, you are on the free list."

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Gabriel Marmoset, "and so I am. I had forgotten. My poor head!" This simple incident, to the thousands who delight in the personal acquaintance of Mr. Gabriel Marmoset, will prove beyond anything how deep that gentleman was sunk in meditation. He passed into the rooms, and with vacant eye surveyed the wax images about him. It was eight o'clock in the evening, and the rooms, according to the promise of Madame Tussaud, were "brilliantly illuminated." Almost unconscious of the presence of a throng of visitors, Mr. Gabriel Marmoset paced the floor, from time to time pausing before the effigy of

some desperado, where, in the quotation tastefully adopted by Madame Tussaud, might be seen his

> Eyes, nose, lip,
> The trick of his frown, his forehead; nay, the valley,
> *The pretty dimples of chin and cheek; his smiles,*
> The very mould and frame of hand, nail, and finger!.

"Humph!" communed Mr. Marmoset with himself, looking very covetously on the image of Dennis Collins; "humph! he's not copyright. Something must be done by Christmas. A gradual falling off of three sixpences per night—humph!" Then Mr. Gabriel Marmoset seated himself, and thought down "hours to minutes," and thinking, fell asleep.

It deserves to be generally known, that with a proper regard to the health and morals of her visitors, Madame Tussaud closes her doors at ten o'clock. That hour was arrived, and the manager, unseen, unthought of, had been locked up, still in deepest slumber, dreaming of mountains of half-price sixpences—dreaming that all the "leaves of Vallambrosa" were insufficient to the demand of nightly checks.

"Collins is not copyright—Hume's not copyright—none of 'em are copyright," murmured Marmoset in his sleep; "I can have 'em done, and show 'em at threepence." As the manager spoke thus in his slumber, the clock struck—twelve!

What was the astonishment of Mr. Gabriel Marmoset to find himself in the presence of living men and women! yea, surrounded by the breathing, moving figures he had before looked upon as insensible matter! Field-Marshal

von Blucher stepped with heavy tread to Frederick William of Prussia; Francis of Austria kissed his fingers to the smiling Mary Queen of Scots; Napoleon, touching his hat, offered his box to Fieschi; the "infant son of Madame Tussaud, which," as she informs us, she had "the honour to model" expressly for the Duchess of York, called hastily for his "mammy;" Daniel O'Connell exclaimed—

> Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not,
> Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow?

General Washington whistled "Yankee Doodle;" and Joseph Hume commenced upon his fingers, a sum of compound fractions. Everybody suddenly said or did something. The whole company appeared as if they had been relieved from the irksome duty of remaining silent in one position all day, and were resolved to enjoy to its full extent, their midnight holiday. *Ca ira* was sung from the "Chamber of Horrors," Dennis Collins inveighing against all outlandish gibberish, and calling lustily for "the college hornpipe." We have neither space nor leisure to particularize the conduct of every individual. All, however, seemed bent on enjoyment—on the *dolce far niente*, and none more so than all the cabinet ministers, past and present.

At first, Mr. Gabriel Marmoset was abashed at the high company amongst whom he found himself. He had never seen so many kings, save those he had paid on a Saturday; and though a morbid modesty was not the disease of the manager, he nevertheless required some minutes to raise his self-assurance. He was highly

relieved by the observing condescension of Lord John Russell.

Lord John. What! as I think, Mr. ——

Marmoset. Marmoset, your lordship, of the Royal Sanguinary Theatre. If your lordship will do me the favour to recollect, I was distinguished by an interview with your lordship on the three great public questions — the Savoyards, White Mice, and Barrel Organs.

Lord J. I remember: you complained that they injured the interests of the legitimate drama.

Marm. (*Sighing.*) Ha! your lordship; there's no standing against foreign artists and foreign music. The legitimate drama——

Lord J. By the way, Mr. Marmoset, will you do me a great favour?

Marm. Is it to get up *Don Carlos?* I am very sorry, but my leading tragedian is at present in Horsemonger-lane, and——

Lord J. No—no; the favour I solicit is——

Marm. To dramatize the Reform Bill? It will be long for a play; but if yourself or any of your friends can manage to reduce it to a farce, I——

Lord J. No—no; the favour I ask of the kindness and intelligence of Mr. Marmoset, is this: Will he oblige me by defining what is generally understood by his profession to be a legitimate drama?

Marm. (*Drawing himself up.*) My lord, that is a point on which I have spent more consideration than any man alive! Though I say it, my lord, there is no manager, from a peculiarity of circumstances, so capable of affording you the required information. I have ransacked the

whole globe for attraction; I may say it, I have gone into Noah's ark for actors; I have executed what meaner men would die blushing to think of; and the result of my experience, after much thinking, is this, That that drama is to all intents and purposes the most legitimate—you understand me, my lord—the most legitimate——

Lord. J. Very good.

Marm. That brings the most money! I have said it. That brings the most money, my lord.

Joseph Hume. (*Aside to Dennis Collins.*) A very sensible thing. Who is he?

Dennis Collins. (*Aside, in a confidential voice.*) Hush! That's Marmoset, of the Sanguinary Theatre.

Jos. H. Are you sure?

Den. C. Cock! 'cause he come to me in Reading gaol, and offered to buy my wooden leg for what he called a nistorical local drammy.

Jos. H. And didn't you sell it?

Den. C. What do you take me for, Mr. Hume? 'cause I was in trouble, and going over the water myself, was that any reason I should disgrace my leg, by sending it afore me?

Lord J. And pray, Mr. Marmoset—(*at this moment several illustrious and infamous persons came up*)—but allow me to introduce to your patronage Mr. Marmoset, of the Sanguinary Theatre. What brings him here, I was about to ask. Candour, I can tell you, is his great characteristic—a simple, good creature, as full of truth as his own play-bills.

Marm. Oh! my lord. The truth then is, I came

here to—for, among friends, business is not what it used to be—I came to look out for attraction—I came to see my way; and to any man or men who can bring me one hundred and fifty pounds a-night, I have not the slightest hesitation in offering five-and-forty shillings as a weekly salary.

Lord Byron. Ha! ha! Grey, do you want an engagement? (*His lordship shakes his head.*)

Napoleon. Well, man! 'Always had a liking for the stage; would have made Racine a prince had he lived in my time. (*Grimly smiling.*) What do you offer *me?*

Marm. Really, General——

Nap. General!

Marm. I beg your pardon; but in the last piece you were always called General, and——

Nap. Last piece! eh—what?

Den. C. I seed you myself in the sixpenny gallery; and more than that—hissed you like a true-born Englishman.

Marm. Quite true; we've had you at all ages.

Nap. Had *me?*

Marm. To prove it, if you have any fancy for the identical hat that you wore at Marengo, you can purchase it of Mr. Moses Ragby, who lent it at two-and-sixpence a night at Covent Garden.

Nap. Indeed!

Marm. Besides your real pocket-handkerchief from St. Helena, before the Imperial crown was picked out of the corner.

Nap. And who—who has acted me?

Marm. Everybody; the fact is, you are a stock part, and now go with the heavy old man.

Nap. Bah!

Prince Talleyrand. Eh, Monsieur! dis donc, est-il possible que——

Marm. 'Beg your pardon, sir, pray speak English, because the gentleman who translates for me isn't here.

Byron. Come, Mr. Marmoset, can you make no use of the Emperor?

Marm. Don't see, my lord, how. By the way, my lord, that *Sardanapalus* of yours is a pretty thing for the closet.

Byron. Did you ever meet with it there?

Marm. Never, my lord; only, as it failed on the stage —that is, my lord—I—the truth is, my lord, it is always a point with gentlemen of my profession, when we find a piece not quite the thing for the boards, to praise it for the library.

Byron. Because then you are sure never to meet with it—eh?

Marm. (*Pushing his forefinger in the stomach of Lord Byron.*) You're a wag still, my lord—'pon my life, you are.

Byron. And can you do nothing with poor Napoleon?

Marm. (*Aside.*) Between ourselves, my lord, the fleas have done for him.

Byron. Fleas! Worms, you mean!

Marm. No, my lord, no; since the showmen have mounted him on flea-back, he's become vulgar. He's a drug even with the image-boys. I wouldn't hurt his

feelings, but at the Royal Sanguinary Theatre I wouldn't let him carry a banner—that is, unless he changed his coat, and went on without a salary. I wish I could hit upon something to stir the town! Do, my lord, help me to an idea.

Byron. What do you think of engaging the House of Commons?

Marm. To say the truth, that struck me; but some of the railway members ask such terms. You'd think they were of the same class as singers—for they positively demand nearly as high salaries. If you could suggest something at once new and musical!

Byron. What! is catgut at a premium?

Marm. Nothing like music, my lord, in all its branches; last week, three traders in German bullfinches started each a carriage. Music! penny whistles sell for twopence. Something musical now!

Daniel O'Connell. I have it. I'll make a speech for you.

Marm. Should be very happy, indeed, sir; but, you know, you've tried at every theatre but mine, and I—I can't afford it. If I could get a new effect with a striking character!

Brougham. Why not put Talleyrand in a pantomime?

Byron. Don't you hear, my Lord Vaux, that the manager wants something new?

Dennis Collins. What do you say to me, my old 'un?

Marm. Ha! Mr. Collins, if you had but taken my terms when the bloom of your reputation was upon you!

Dennis Collins. Tell you what, old fellow! D—n the shiners! Dennis never cared for 'em: to prove it, I'll do you what you like for twenty pounds a-night, and throw you in the 'ornpipe for nothing.

Marm. Under these circumstances, Mr. Collins, I should have been delighted, but at present I can't clearly see my way. (*Here the manager sees numbers Seventy-two and Seventy-three of the collection beckoning to him, and crosses over.*) Ha! gentlemen, if your terms are moderate, if I can see my way with you—

Seventy-two. How much?

Seventy-three. And find our own sack?

Marm. Ha! my dear friends, if I had only had you a few years ago; but now murder does not bring what it used to. I have played three assassinations and two forgeries this very season to less than my expenses.

Seventy-two. Naething's sae slippery as public taste, ye ken.

Seventy-three. (*Visibly affected.*) You'd hardly believe it, Mr. Marmoset, but naebody speers at us now.

Seventy-two. (*With a sigh.*) They a' gang into the "Chamber o' Horrors!"

Marm. (*Aside, glancing towards the "Chamber."*) Yes; that—that—indeed would be a hit. He's the newest upon town, and as I believe he's no singer, his terms may be met.

John Kemble. Mr. Marmoset, are you in want of——

Marm. Nothing at all—nothing, my dear sir, in your way; and yet, Mr. Kemble, if we could come to terms—

John K. For a round of characters?

Marm. Not as actor; Mr. Kemble—not as actor; you were very well in your time—very well, indeed. But ha! Mr. Kemble, if you could but write another *Lodoiska.*

John K. Am I to understand that you wish to retain me solely as author?

Marm. Solely; and if you will write me a quadruped piece—I have a whole menagerie at my disposal, besides a dancing-woman from the Chippewahs, and very good hopes of a real mermaid.

John K. Is there no public taste?

Marm. Plenty of it, sir, if one can be but lucky enough to catch it. As a manager, I am bound to bait with everything. I had a tank made for a hippopotamus; the animal was caught, sir, was coming over in robust health, but—I mention no names—early one morning watch, the creature was found dead—as I said, I mention no names; but I may be allowed to mention this curious fact—the third mate of the ship was proved to be own cousin to a rival manager. The hippopotamus was flung into the sea. I accuse nobody, but would have given fifty pounds if that hippopotamus had been opened.

John K. You haven't a playbill about you, Mr. Marmoset?

Marm. There, Mr. Kemble, a little more red in the bills now, little bigger type, too, than we *can* recollect, eh?

John K. (*Reading the bill.*) "Overflowing house!" what is that, Mr. Marmoset?

Marm. That is, sir, when the gallery—as I am proud to say it frequently happens at my establishment—when the gallery runs into the boxes. In summer, I fill 'em, as they filter water, by ascension.

John K. Curious man! Pray explain yourself. Ascension!

Marm. I've a large ventilator in the roof. I fill my pit with paper, and then turn the paper into shillings. Marry, how? you will say. Listen:—when the pit is crammed full, and a thousand people more at the door—it sometimes happens, for *there* I give no orders, that there is not a soul in the boxes; nice, cool, airy boxes, lined with real scarlet serge, Mr. Kemble. The pit, thus crammed, with the ventilator opened, is only moderately hot; upon this, I resolutely close my ventilator! The effect, Mr. Kemble, is magical! Half the pit have, in five minutes, the extra money in their hands for the boxes—a little door, generously constructed for the occasion, is flung hospitably open, and the boxes are filled, as I say, by "ascension." That I call an overflowing house, Mr. Kemble.

John K. And what may you call a "brilliant audience"?

Marm. Almost the same thing: it's when I see glittering in the fingers of every person in the pit, an extra shilling for the dress boxes.

John K. I see you state that the house "continues to be crowded to suffocation." Do you think that an inducement to others to be suffocated?

Marm. No doubt: I'd take upon myself to make an air-pump popular by exactly the same advertisement.

John K. What do you consider "universal and enthusiastic shouts"?

Marm. When the applause is almost enough to drown the hisses.

John K. And what the "most fashionable audience of the season?"

Marm. When the hackney-coaches in front of the theatre outnumber the cabs.

John K. And do you think the town believes all this?

Marm. To speak out, Mr. Kemble, I don't think it does.

John K. Then why, my dear sir—why continue to print it?

Marm. That's very well—very well, indeed, of you: but when a manager has lied for years together, you can't think how impossible it is for him to speak the truth. Bless you! he wouldn't believe himself if he did. Can you suggest nothing, Mr. Kemble?

John K. Here is something lent to me, last night, by my neighbour here, "Seventy-two."

Marm. Ha! It looks like a MS. Eh? What? "The Terrific Tapeworm, a domestic drama of peculiar interest, by Doctor M——n!"

Seventy-two. He came here yestreen, and while he was feeling the knobs on my skull, I dips my hand into his pockets!

Marm. And here are parts and all copied out. Gentlemen, friends, will you go through the piece—'The Terrific Tapeworm"? The name's enough. Gentlemen, allow me to cast the drama. (*Distributing the parts.*)

Dennis Collins. I say, messmates—(*about to return the part*)—this 'ere's no use to me; I can't read.

Marm. My dear sir, in the present state of things, that's not of the slightest consequence. Now, gentlemen, "The Terrific Tapeworm." There must be something in such a title. Now, gentlemen; scene first, enter—

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In three seconds after this, Mr. Marmoset awoke; but —and the phenomenon has been satisfactorily accounted for in the philosophy of dreams—in that space of time, the whole domestic drama was perfectly represented, the gentlemen "having kindly undertaken their several parts at the shortest notice."

Happily, Mr. Marmoset has a vivid recollection of every syllable of the piece; but, too distrustful of himself, has retained us to look to the minute points of orthography, and to soften the severity of his punctuation.

The drama itself he has not yet dictated to us, but, with a fine sense of gratitude, he has already sent the following dedication of its forthcoming pages, to the printer:—

TO MADAME TUSSAUD,
WHO,
WITH AN ENLARGED HUMANITY,
TAKES FOR HER MODELS
THE BEST AND BASEST OF MANKIND;
AND WHO,
UNRESERVEDLY MINGLING THEM TOGETHER,
EXTRACTS FROM THE WHOLE
THE GOOD THAT ALL MEN SEEK,
THIS DRAMA
IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

Thus much for the dedication; and though we are not able, at the present moment, to lay the drama before the reader, we are happy to state that we can afford him some matter for reasonable speculation on its deep character and diversified interest, in the following address of thanks to the actors employed, seasoned with criticisms on their various talents and imperfections. The manager (who without any compunction puts himself in the place of author) says :—

"How difficult is it to particularize where almost all alike demand our thanks! How hard the task to vary eulogy where nearly everybody is to be praised! Never, never since Thespis begged grease for his cart-wheel has author been so bowed with obligation. Turn my thoughts where they will, they meet a creditor. Let me, however—hard as may be the task, imperfect as may be my words—strive at least to stammer my gratitude!

"To His Grace the Duke of Wellington I can never sufficiently express my thanks; first, for the condescension he displayed in accepting a part so manifestly below his genius; and next, for the importance he gave to it. The part was a part of lines; but how great was his Grace in the lines!

"Napoleon was, perhaps, never so much at home as in his low comedy with Fieschi. All his by-play showed him to be a perfect master of his art. The playful manner in which he pulled Voltaire by the nose must form one of the most enduring and delightful recollections of all who beheld it.* Truly does Madame T., in

* It will be seen that Mr. Marmoset writes as if *The Tapeworm* had already been represented to "a brilliant and overflowing audience."

her historical and eloquent catalogue, say of him, 'Unlike his person, *which was small*, his mind was *that* of a giant.' If this gentleman would but cultivate his singing, he would be a very great acquisition to opera; for though his organs are weak, they are extremely mellifluous. He has, unfortunately, too great diffidence in making use of them.

"To Sir Francis Burdett, for having undertaken, at a very short notice, a part so infinitely below him, I ought to pay volumes of acknowledgments. The part was a very trifling one—but how much can the baronet make of a little!

"Oliver Cromwell, as the frank, light-hearted lover, exhibited that tender passion, even to the married, in the most favourable view; whilst his scene at the tavern displayed all that buoyancy of heart, that generosity of spirit, and delicacy of sentiment, hitherto considered by the superficial as incompatible with extreme drunkenness. The illusion was perfect; to hear him drop his words was to listen to the wine running from the bottle. It is plain that nature intended him to play the very highest comedy.

"To Mr. J. P. Kemble, for the undisguised manner in which, throughout the play, he exhibited his skull, I beg to return my sincere thanks. He, I know, will think the exhibition of an entire skull but a small matter to obtain praise; but I, who, unhappily, know how very few actors can, for a whole night, be induced to show the least part of one, am happy to express to him my enlarged sense of obligation.

"Lord Byron, from his excessive timidity, prevents the display of what I will venture to predict to be a very respectable talent. If he would but borrow a little of the wild jollity of William Penn, he would give a flavour to his otherwise too quiet humour.

"Sir Walter Scott only wants encouragement to become really a tolerable favourite. He delivered a message in a manner that almost surprised me. It is charming to watch the early development of talent. With great study, great time, and some luck, Sir Walter may become a very useful person in general utility.

"Mr. Washington, as a rebel drummer, elicited scintillations of lambent humour. It is sometimes difficult to judge of young beginners; but I think Mr. Washington will do.

"If Prince Talleyrand were not so nervous, I should have high hopes of him. I much fear, however, that *mauvaise honte* will utterly blast his prospects in life.

"Mr. Joseph Hume played his part to perfection. His address to a milk-score showed the artist.

"I regret I can't praise Lord Nelson. There is not one particle of salt in his sailor. They are all landsmen with grogs in their throats. In low comedy he might stand a chance.

"Monsieur Voltaire might be tolerated as Pantaloon; in no other character can he ever be accepted. I never knew so dull a person—that is, when he speaks.

"Neither Charles Fox nor George Canning can be trusted with a single line. I never heard such speakers.

"Mr. William Pitt plays too much like a proprietor; he is always looking up as if 'counting the galleries.'

"I have now to return my most sincere, most unqualified thanks to gentlemen who, true to their engagements, have withstood the base and unmanly temptations of unprincipled rivals.

"My thanks, then, are especially due to Mr. Dennis Collins, not only for the magnanimity with which he spurned the offer of a hostile manager, but for the quiet humour with which he dealt his harmless sarcasm about him; for that agility with which he danced his hornpipe (I was proud to hear the applause of Mr. T. P. Cooke; it was hearty, generous) and, indeed, for the sweet cheerfulness with which he performed all his arduous duties.

"There are other gentlemen (Seventy-two and Seventy-three) whose names, out of respect to their extreme modesty, I suppress, to whom I am bound in everlasting gratitude. Every machination was employed to deprive me of the services of those gentlemen, but they magnanimously spurned every offer in favour of the highest bidder.

"To another gentleman, a distinguished inhabitant of the 'Chamber of Horrors,' I am especially indebted. Every manager was on tip-toe to receive him; but he had given his word, and he could give no more.

"To the 'talented' Madame Tussaud, and her no less 'talented' sons, for their extraordinary and unusual courtesy in not 'suspending the free-list,' in consequence of the 'great attraction' of the last comer (number three) in the 'Chamber of Horrors'—

"In fine, to everybody concerned or not concerned in the representation of *The Terrific Tapeworm*, I beg to express the highest, the deepest, the broadest, and the largest sense of my esteem and respect.

"G. M.

"*Bowl and Dagger Cottage.*"

We look with inexpressible anxiety for the MS. itself; as it is evident from the above, that the drama contains an extraordinary variety of parts, we are impatient to enjoy the happy art of the writer who has so cunningly introduced them, and bound them in one common interest by the peculiar originality of his fable.

Awaiting this, we seize the opportunity of stating, on our own account, that, in consequence of a great loss of property, and therefore of rank in life (having been a large shareholder and principal director with two or three eminent sheriff's officers in the late Aërostation Company) we superintend the birth of books of any size and on any subject. We therefore beg to assure the literary nobility, gentry, and public in general, that we continue to dot i's and cross t's on the lowest terms, and with the greatest possible despatch.

Please to direct (post-paid) "H. B., Esq., *Red Herring Alley, Moorfields.*"

THE ROCKING-HORSE.*

THE garden of the Tuileries,
As travell'd Britons know,
Midst goodly grove of orange trees,
Hath statues white as snow.

One morning, Indolence my guide,
This garden ground I trod,
With maiden tripping at my side,
Some four years old and odd.

With loving eyes, serenely sweet,
And happy, thoughtless words,
And lustrous face, and dancing feet,
And voice so like a bird's!

She spoke, and sombre thoughts grew bright—
She laugh'd—'twas sorrow's knell;
As wicked imps, 'tis said, take flight,
At sound of holy bell.

She prattled of each marble form,
So lifelike in its air—
The hero in the battle storm,
The beautiful, the fair.

* Founded on an exclamation made by the author's little daughter, as he was leading her about the Tuileries gardens.—ED.

Of cold Diana's placid face—
Of shepherd with his flute—
And there the wondrous Centaur-race
Did touch the talker mute.

Her simple brain was overwrought,
With goddess, god, and king;
And like a shadow fell deep thought
Upon her marvelling.

(So walked she on, but who may tell
What forms she brought away,
To stand reveal'd at mem'ry's spell
And glad some distant day!

For lovely things that lie around
Our childhood's seeming night,
Come forth like buried art, new-found—
Fair Hebes, brought to light.)

Well, leisurely we bent our walk
Where constant plenty yields
Perennial store of dust and chalk,
To famed "Elysian Fields."

Now, ere you reach that happy plain,
Since, reader, you have eyes—
You can't but stare at statues twain,
Of Herculean size,

That, trump in hand, rein each a steed
Impatient of the check—
A wingèd beast of fiery breed,
And "thunder-clothèd" neck.

The little maiden stood and gazed,
Then cried with all her force
(And towards the steed her fingers raised),
"Pa, that's a rocking-horse!"

"A rocking-horse! oh no, my child,
It is the horse of Fame;
And they who mount that creature wild
Enjoy a lasting name."

"And who lives there behind the wood?"
Then asked the simple maid;
And pointed where the palace stood
In massive might array'd.

"There Philip lived, the kingly lord
Of Frenchmen stout and true;
And there King Charles had bed and board,
And so had Lewis too.

"And Buonaparte, England's foe—"
"What, all the kings at once?
Or all a *long, long time ago?*"
Inquired the little dunce.

"No, not so long: attend and hear,"
And straight I had begun,
When fancy saw the shades appear
Of monarchs, one by one.

Doom'd "Louis Capet," stripped of might—
Napoleon on the rock—
The Eighteenth Louis—Charles, a wight
Design'd for monkish frock.

And all like April sunbeams fled
Save one, and one alone
Spared from the exiled and the dead,
To sit a brittle throne.

If thus, I thought, the lords of earth
Are but the toys of fate,
A passing ray their royal worth,
And shadows all their state;
Let whosoever bridle Fame,
Turk, Frenchman, Grecian, Norse—
East, west, north, south—the steed's the same—
'Tis but a—rocking-horse!

BARON VON BOOTS:

A TALE OF "BLOOD."

BARON VALHALLAH VON BOOTS was descended from the Sea Kings! One colonel of Black Hussars, who, in an incautious moment, had smiled a doubt of the glorifying fact, sleeps beneath Silesian turf, sent thither by the baron's sword; and a French captain of Dragoons coughing, as the baron supposed, sarcastically at a Scandinavian ancestor of the first century, was incurably maimed in the left arm by the sabre of Von Boots! The wounded man is now alive in Paris, and ready to depose in his person to the sensitiveness and skilful valour of the Baron, above all men fiercely proud of the inestimable treasures inherited of an ancient and illustrious race. "I have no gold," the Baron would exclaim, smiling, as it appeared, the very deepest satisfaction at his condition, "I have no God, but—" and here the Baron would fling up one hand to the heavens, and, with the other, remove his hat, should it be there, from his capacious forehead; and as though gazing on his grandfather's grandfathers tippling mead in the halls of Odin, would add, in a tone of thunder, "but —but I have de blood!"

High blood, like the finest wine, may be kept so long that it shall entirely lose its flavour; and though it may obtain an affectation of respect for its antiquity, yet circumstances may combine to make men turn from it, allowing it to be very "curious," but selecting that of a less illustrious quality. Hence, the last of an old family may be like the last bottle of a famous vintage —a thing to talk of, not to use. We remember an illustration.

"You talk of old wine, gentlemen," cried Mr. Dovesheart, a bankruptcy attorney, to a select circle—we were about to write knot—of professional friends; "why, upon my life, and as I'm a Christian, I have in my cellar, port wine a hundred and seventeen years old!"—"Is it possible?"—"Mind, it's only one bottle, the last bottle. Here, John, bring up that wine, bring it up: and now, gentlemen, since you talk of old wine, you shall have a *bonne bouche*."—"My dear Dovesheart, you wont drink it?"—"Why not? why not?"—"Quite gone with age," observes Costs, confidently, to his neighbour Pinch, who replies, "Worse than physic, of course."—"D——d if I spoil *my* mouth with it," whispers the conscientious Gorge; whilst others of the party, saying nothing, only endeavour not to make wry mouths.—"Here it is!" cries the hospitable Dovesheart. "The corkscrew, John."—"The corkscrew!" exclaims Flay, "surely, surely, you'll never draw it: a thousand pities —such a curious thing!"—"Pooh! pooh!" answers Dovesheart, "it must be drunk some day, and, on an occasion like this, why, there'll just be a taste a-piece,

and—" "No, no, really your kindness goes too far," says Rubygill; "consider, one hundred and seventeen years old!—so rare a thing!—don't draw it for us. I'm sure no gentleman here requires——" and Rubygill looks around him, and every guest cries "No, no," shocked at the very proposal of the sacrifice. At length, amidst words and looks of entreaty, Dovesheart lays down the corkscrew, a burst of applause attending the merciful act. "Well, it's very odd!" says the host, shaking his head at the ancient port, "very strange—but to tell you the truth—I have had that bottle up at least a dozen times, and just, as now, nobody would ever suffer me to draw the cork. John, take the bottle to the cellar."

Baron Von Boots was the last bottle of his race; many and many a time had he found his way up to the drawing-room, had been praised as a person of most ancient stock, had heard the highest eulogies of his name, had been gazed at, smiled upon, by the brightest eyes; and yet, yet was the Baron the last bachelor of his line, the sole remaining bottle of the vintage of Von Boots! However, even doomed to the dark and comfortless bin of celibacy, the Baron had his consolation—"I have not de money," he would always cry, "but I have de blood." "Not a soul will give twopence-halfpenny for me—nay, will even wet his lips with me," cries Dovesheart's port; "but, hurrah! I am a hundred and seventeen years old!"

The Baron Von Boots had, in happy season, entered the family circle of the Neatskins. The true friend is tried by affliction. Philip Neatskin was in sorrow; and

Von Boots proved himself a friend indeed. Death was gradually withdrawing Mrs. Neatskin, that best of women, as her husband vehemently called her, from a vain and wicked world, when the Baron stepped in to support the good man beneath the shock, which, truth to say, he had long awaited with commendable philosophy; sustained and strengthened by the Baron, Neatskin deemed himself invulnerable. To be sure, custom does much to harden men; and as Mrs. Neatskin had, every day and night for a whole ten years, threatened to depart from this earth, it is not so great a matter of surprise that her husband became at length comparatively unmoved by the alarming menace.

"It is very good of you, Baron—very kind, indeed, to come and sit with one; for, whilst things are as they are, I must be wretched company."

"Not at all—by no means—delightful!" said the Baron to Philip Neatskin.

"Ha, Baron! it's friendly in you to flatter—friendly, and like yourself; but, at the same time, with Mrs. Neatskin getting weaker and weaker——"

"Poor woman!" said Von Boots, "and so long too!"

"For ten years and upwards," observed Neatskin, "and every day weaker and weaker."

"She must have been very strong at first," said Von Boots.

"A fine woman in her time, Baron," remarked her husband; "but she's disappointed all the doctors."

"Doctors!" cried Von Boots, and his moustache

curled like a worm with contempt; "doctors! dey know nothing about it."

"You are right, Baron!" exclaimed Neatskin, with some animation, "d——l a bit!"

"It is all as de luck happen," said Von Boots.

"Just so," rejoined Neatskin.

Still and lovely was the summer evening on which Neatskin and his friend, sitting in a green arbour, thus discoursed of death and fate. Pipes and best tobacco, brandy, and that better fluid, water, cold as chastity, from a neighbouring fountain, lay before them. The blackbird whistled as the Baron filled.

We envy not the feelings of that man who could sit in that bower, planted in that orchard, with such sights and sounds about him, yet remain unmoved. Happy are we to say, Von Boots was not that image; for, filling his tumbler with a most scrupulous hand, the water boasting no drop above the brandy, whilst the glorious sun flamed in the west, and the blackbird sent his music in mellow gushes from an apple-tree, the Baron emptied his glass adown his throat, and waving his hand about him, he placed it upon his heart, saying, "Dis—dis is true boetry."

"It is, Baron; here's to you," and Neatskin took a draught.

"Dis is," cried Von Boots, his hand again upon the brandy, "dis is dat elevation of de spirit, which, my dear friend, in all de calamities of dis life, is true philosophy."

"Not a doubt of it," answered Neatskin, and he prepared to mix. "Brandy-and-water, my dear Baron, is

like marriage; to be palatable, parties should be equal. Nothing can be better," pronounced Neatskin, sipping at his glass. "What say you to a game?" and, with the question, Neatskin pulled out a drawer, and took thence his darling cards and cribbage-board.

"Anyting, my friend," answered the benevolent Baron, "anyting to ease your wounded soul. Since de wife of your bosom is all but torn from you—it's your deal—since de partner of your joys——"

"Ha! it's kind of you, Baron, at such a time too—in the hour of affliction—cut to me," said Neatskin, who proceeded with his game, mingling his domestic cares with his cares of crib. He had already been twice victor, and was preparing for further conquest, when Dolly ran into the orchard, and, crying and wringing her hands, informed her master that his wife was unaffectedly dying. Neatskin paused in his deal, and, with an incredulous eye, challenged the countenance of Dolly. It was plain that the good man's feelings had before been trifled with. "Dying, Dolly?"

"Really and truly, sir—all too true now, sir—the doctor says you *must* come, sir," exclaimed Dolly.

"I'll come instantly—directly," said Neatskin, and he played his last card, pegged his hand, and, distracted by his emotion, made the cards, and proceeded to deal again.

"Indeed, sir," cried Dolly, "mistress is very bad, indeed."

"Poor soul! Fifteen two—say I am—and six are thirty-one. The doctor's with her, I hope?" asked Neatskin.

"The doctor sent me, sir, and told me to say,

sir, if you wished to see dear mistress alive—the doctor, sir——" and Dolly paused.

"He's a very clever man—one for his heels," muttered Neatskin.

"But, mistress, sir!" cried Dolly; "she's at the very brink of the grave." And Dolly ran into the house.

"Spades are trumps," said the Baron.

"The very thing I want," cried Neatskin. "Eh? the girl's gone! Make haste, my dear Baron, for she's an excellent woman. Twenty years we have been together, and—and—that will spoil your crib, I think; twenty years we have been one, and—fifteen two."

"Oh, sir! oh, sir!" shrieked Dolly, returning—"too late, sir!—too late!"

"Too late! What do you mean?" asked the Baron, for Neatskin was dumb. "What do you mean? Too late?" And the Baron played.

"Gone, sir! You wouldn't come; and now, now—" and Dolly sobbed—"now, quite gone."

"What!" cried Von Boots, "and is your mistress dead?"

"Dead," answered Dolly.

As she spoke, Neatskin played his last card.

"Dead," repeated Dolly.

"Good for one hole," cried Neatskin, and, pushing the cards from him, he caught the eye of the Baron. He said, in a broken voice, "the last game to me," and took out his handkerchief.

Baron Von Boots, a deep observer of the human heart, attempted not to stem a tide of sudden woe. Hence, he suffered his friend to sit with the napkin to his eyes, and

in silence stretched his right hand to the brandy. The blackbird was silent; all nature seemed in a moment hushed, when the splashing of the liquor from the bottle to the glass, doubtless struck upon the consciousness of Neatskin; for he looked up, and, faintly smiling on the Baron, held forth his hand to grasp his comforter. Von Boots, either bewildered by sudden calamity, or mistaking the yearnings of his host, gave him the brandy-and-water, which Neatskin, affably passing the error of his friend, instantly swallowed.

"She was an excellent woman," said Neatskin; "but we must all go!"

"Dat is philosophy," said Von Boots.

"An excellent woman, and—gone at last! Let me see—my poor head!—let me see—oh, I remember. Ha! an excellent woman. The first game of the second rubber to me."

CHAPTER II.

We have endeavoured to show the conjugal happiness of Neatskin by an incident rather than by discourse. A mutual indifference of some years' cultivation had prepared him to support his sorrow like a man; hence, in a few months, two at most, he had regained his old tranquillity, and, with it, a new zest for the pleasures of this frail and uncertain being. In a word, Philip Neatskin contemplated a second marriage!

"Baron Von Boots,"—it was then Philip consulted that sagacious oracle—"what may you call the prime of life?"

The Baron wisely answered: "When I was twoscore, I called de prime of life forty—when twoscore-ten, fifty; and, in another month, I shall be determined dat there is no prime of life till fifty-eight."

"Exactly, Baron: I am in the prime," said Neatskin.

"Every gentleman may take his prime as he shall think fit: for myself I never was so prime as now. Mr. Neatskin," and the Baron looked more than usually grave, "I shall make you my friend." There was a pause, which the Baron employed in ringing either end of his moustache around his fore-finger; the operation finished, Von Boots, looking dead at Neatskin, said, "I am in love!"

Neatskin laughed, rubbed his hands, drew close to Von Boots, and, patting him upon the shoulder, cried, "Bravo, Baron! And is the lady rich?"

"She could buy a synagogue," answered Von Boots.

"And you agree with one another—you accord—your sentiments harmonize?" asked Neatskin.

"Nothing could be better," responded the Baron. "You see, as for myself—I want de money, and, for de lady, she wants de blood."

"Blood! blood! Baron Von Boots!" exclaimed Neatskin.

"My fortune is in my veins," said the Baron; "de fortune of de lady is in de bank. We can accommodate—ha, ha!—we can accommodate."

"To be sure—I understand. And you really have hopes that your goddess will——"

"Hopes! Am I not Baron Valhallah Von Boots?

You shall be my friend—you shall lend me one, two, or tree hundred pound to court de lady."

A shadow fell upon Neatskin's face; however, it passed in a moment, and, taking the Baron's hand, he assured Von Boots that, for a poor hundred pounds, he should not miss a woman who could buy a synagogue. The Baron, with an ursine hug, acknowledged the favour; at the same time intimating, that in love, as in war, a ready supply often insures success. Neatskin allowed the wisdom, for he straightway handed the cash to Von Boots.

Mrs. Agatha Mouser was left, at the age of forty-two, the disconsolate widow of an indefatigable money-broker: the poor man had, in the pursuit of wealth, taken great pains to damn himself; and, at threescore-and-five, died with the sweet consolation of leaving his partner the richest Niobe in England. Her beauty, and, perhaps, her gold, had excited very public attention; and there was scarcely an unappropriated gentleman with a great taste for a fortune, but with little hope of inheriting or earning one, who had not, at some time, flattering thoughts of Mrs. Agatha Mouser. Among these aspiring knights the Baron Von Boots was the boldest, and, if we take his own unbiassed opinion, the best. Rumours touching the humility of the lady's origin, gave great hopes to the Baron. "With all dat gold," he would cry, "she must want the blood." And so assured was he of the pressing condition of the widow, that, with his usual benevolence where good was to be done, Von Boots did not long hesitate as to the time and manner of doing it.

With a third of the borrowed hundred pounds most tastefully laid out upon his person, the Baron Von Boots strode to the dwelling of the widow. As he stood at the threshold, victory seemed perched upon his new beaver. To knock at the door was little less than a summons to surrender.

"Von Boots—Baron Valhallah Von Boots," said the possessor of that name and dignity, handing his card to the servant, who, bowing the very lowest acknowledgment of the combined greatness, bore the important document to his mistress, at the time presiding at her levee of passionate adorers. At least half-a-dozen amorous swains offered their morning sacrifice to the golden goddess of their idolatry. Baron Valhallah Von Boots came, the seventh worshipper!

The widow, with an urbanity of the very highest order, commanded John to show the Baron up.

Reader, if perchance thou hast seen a generalissimo —for, indeed, we write to all classes—and hast, with colours flying, trumpets blowing, drums beating, marched to the gates of a conquered city, where, bareheaded, barefooted, and, it may be, in token of humility, with halters round their necks, the pallid burghers have knelt, presenting thee with the keys of the public treasury, making thee master of wealth incalculable—if, in thy diversified life, thou hast ever had this green and golden spot, thou must remember the beating of thy heart, the flushing of thy cheek, the dilation of all thy little anatomy to something vast, Titanic! Such was the feeling—such the sweet inflation of Von Boots. How airily he mounted the

staircase! A spider, crawling on the carpet, came beneath the left toe of the Baron, yet felt him not; but, in that moment, Von Boots could have danced upon an unbroken cobweb.

Another instant, and Baron Von Boots found himself in the glorious presence of Mrs. Agatha Mouser. He bowed, and then gazed at the widow with that deep possessing devotion that a miser bestows upon a money-chest. Again the Baron bowed, put his hand to his heart, smiled, showed his teeth, and gazed complacently around him. In the opinion of Von Boots the citadel was taken—the victory was won.

Mrs. Mouser had the deepest respect for a Baron in the abstract, but—we can only account for it on the old score of female fickleness—she had little veneration for Von Boots in the concrete. Mrs. Mouser knew full well for what she was pursued; she was a shrewd woman, and, at the school where she had received her humble education, it would appear that great pains had been taken with her arithmetic; if such were not the case, it was then very evident that she had great natural genius for numbers. Mrs. Mouser, at a single glance of the wide, smiling mouth of the Baron, saw in him another candidate for her fortune, and, since they were not to be divided—herself. This she saw, but would not see. Hence, as if awaiting the business of the Baron, she observed, glancing at her visitors, "All my friends."

A common man would have stood abashed at so cool an invitation to speak of burning love before half-a-dozen rival witnesses—but not Von Boots. He could not

permit himself to waver in his first conviction of assured conquest; and, therefore, receiving the words of the widow as a general, yet courteous introduction, he made up to the gentlemen, and vehemently shaking the hand of every one of the six, declared most cordially that "Mrs. Mouser's friends were his friends."

"Sir, you do me honour," said Mrs. Mouser, "and might I be favoured with a knowledge of your business, I—"

The Baron Von Boots, strong in his blood, supported by the consciousness of the widow's wants, together with his own conviction that he, of all men, by the nobility current in his veins, could best supply them, cast a look at Mrs. Mouser, a look intended to convey his business. Mrs. Mouser, wilfully insensible to such an easy mode of communication, was again about to urge Von Boots to speak, when one of the six young gentlemen, with a laughing face, tripped by the widow, whispering something as he passed, at which the lady smiled, and then looked complacently upon the Baron, who smiled back the courtesy with thankful interest.

"I am afraid, Baron Von Boots," said Mrs. Mouser, in her softest voice, "I am much afraid that you are a little late."

The Baron had the politest way of expressing a dissent. He lowered his shoulders, flung back his hands, and grinning down upon the carpet, shook his head with a most eloquent motion.

"I—I am afraid you are," repeated Mrs. Mouser.

Von Boots, suddenly divining the cause of hindrance

—conceiving the lady alluded to a previous engagement with one or more of the six unfortunate gentlemen whose hands he had grasped, raised his head, and whilst sparkles of flame broke from his eyes, and his moustaches seemed to work like leeches sucking blood, glared at the full half-dozen. The gentlemen, huddling together, now stared, now tittered, and now ventured to laugh outright. Von Boots was the politest of men; he, too, smiled and laughed; but there was deep tragedy meant in his merriment. The hyena laughs.

"Pray, Baron, from whom do you come?" asked Mrs. Mouser.

Von Boots, full of his blood, bursting with a sense of his antiquity, triumphing in the assurance of his marketable greatness, gave a flourish of his cane, and, bringing the end of it perpendicularly down upon the carpet, made answer, "From de Sea Kings."

Mrs. Mouser, though not a very agile person, fairly jumped, at the announcement. The Baron saw, and glowed with satisfaction at her astonishment. He repeated the astounding intelligence, "From de Sea Kings!"

"I should say," remarked one of the gentlemen to his friends, "cabin-boy to Noah."

At this the young men laughed, and the obliging Von Boots gave another chuckle.

"Ha! Baron, this visit is very flattering," said the widow. "You are very kind, but I fear my dancing days are over."

Von Boots paused to consider; there was some hidden

meaning in the speech of the widow. "Dancing days!" It was no matter—he must say something. "Ha! Madam," cried the courteous Baron, "if you cannot dance, you—you," and here the Baron smiled as he spoke, "you can love a little?"

"And, pray—ha! ha! well this is comical—pray, Baron," said the widow, "do you teach love?"

Von Boots spread all his right hand over his heart, pressed that valuable very hard, and answered seriously, "I do."

"In how many lessons?" inquired one of the gentlemen.

"And at how much a quarter?" asked another, a laugh following each query, and Boots benevolently joining in it.

"Teach love as well as dancing!" cried Mrs. Mouser: "well, I declare, Baron, you are an accomplished person."

"Dancing! Teach dancing, Madam—oh! ha! Dat gentleman did tell you dat I—ha! ha!" and the Baron laughed hoarsely, a feeling of vengeance thickening his voice as he looked threatening, first at the unfortunate informant who had, out of pure wit, whispered the false intelligence to Mrs. Mouser, and next at the remaining five, who had joined in the exquisite joke. "I have taught gentlemen to dance," said Von Boots.

"Where?" asked the innocent widow.

"Where ball and powder made de music," answered the smiling Baron; and, in two minutes after the declaration, the widow found herself alone with the descendant of the Sea Kings. "And now, Madam,"

cried Von Boots, seizing the advantage, "let us understand one another."

"I shall be very happy, sir; and, if you please," said the widow, "as speedily as possible."

"I have not, Madam," said Von Boots, with a frankness well worthy of imitation by persons in his condition, "I have not of my own one guinea."

"I deeply regret your misfortune, sir," cried the widow, with a motion of her hand towards her pocket, for, in those days, the female pocket was not exploded.

"You have tens of thousands!" exclaimed Von Boots. "Still, Madam, you want what I am come to offer."

"I want nothing, sir—nothing of that"—and Mrs. Mouser moved towards the bell, but was seized by the martial, yet tender arm, of the Baron.

"You have de gold, Madam—de gold," and Von Boots spoke as though he spoke of something offensive; "but I—I," he cried, raising his voice, and falling upon his knee, "I have de blood!"

CHAPTER III.

THE Widow Mouser, with strange perversity or stranger ignorance, would or could not perceive the possibility of any connexion between her funded guineas and the "ruddy drops" that visited the heart of Von Boots. In her homespun opinion, gold could not be ennobled—a guinea carried with it innate nobility; with her, Plutus was beyond the gifts of Heralds' College. Hence, when the Baron Valhallah Von Boots, descen-

dant of the Sea Kings, spoke of his blood, he conveyed to the sense of Mrs. Mouser nothing more than a barren truism: he might as well have proclaimed himself the possessor of two arms and the same number of legs, in the expectation of being embraced as a prodigy. All men, in the belief of Mrs. Mouser, had blood, and, if she had any choice in the quality of the "wine of life," it was certainly in favour of a more recent vintage than that flowing in the veins of Von Boots. She therefore received the declaration of the Baron with the most placid insensibility, happily lost upon Von Boots, who was too much rapt by a sense of his own importance to perceive the defects of others. He had received from fate unpurchasable glory; he carried in his pulse a treasure not to be equalled by the wealth of mines, or by the riches of the deep; of far greater worth than gold, costlier far than oriental pearls; and yet, for the simple consideration of bed, board, and lodging on a handsome scale, the said small advantages solemnly assured to him by a priest, he had persuaded himself to offer a participation of his greatness to—yes, the daughter of a trunk-maker, and widow of a dirty money-changer. Was it possible, then, that the Baron Von Boots could dream of a refusal;—even in the vagaries that enter the brains of sleeping men, could he imagine a repulse? When he fell at the feet of Mrs. Mouser, he knelt only to rise a conqueror!

Mrs. Agatha Mouser—the first slight tremor past—withstood the passionate fervour of Von Boots with all the coolness of a thrice-wooed widow. The Baron gazed

with a keen, admiring, and yet languishing expression —casting a look upon the lady like that thrown by a schoolboy through the window of a cake-shop—a look of love, and yet a look devouring. The widow was about to speak, when, catching the eye of Von Boots, she burst into a vehement laugh. The Baron felt the blood tingle in his cheek as he gazed upon the open mouth— "with all its pearls complete"—of the merry Agatha. She is evidently a mirthful, volatile creature, thought Von Boots, and with the thought he called up a look of deeper meaning, of such earnest significance that the widow became upon the instant serious. With scorn at her lip, and anger in her eyes, she tore her hand from the melting grasp of her lover, putting it to the unbiassed opinion of the Baron Valhallah Von Boots to answer this searching query—"Is the man mad, or is he but a fool?"

A mine sprung from beneath the knees of Von Boots could not have made him jump from the carpet as he jumped at the question of the widow. What he thought to speak —what he thought to do—or whether, indeed, in the uproar of his feelings, in the astonishment that paralysed him, he was capable of any thought whatever, we feel it to be a most difficult and delicate matter to decide. However, from the known character of the Baron, we may venture to assert that he would have said or done something very terrible, had not his bosom friend, and most intimate creditor, Philip Neatskin, at that moment entered the room!

That that Spartan boy should have cracked hazel-

nuts, whilst the fox was dining off his viscera, we hold to be a very poor instance of the triumph of mere will over physical agony, compared to the awful composure acted by the Baron Von Boots on the appearance of his friend; for the demon Rage, begotten by despised love, was tearing into little pieces the rejected heart of Von Boots. Cupid, more cruel, as more cunning than ten foxes, struck at his liver, and yet, to crown him, ye stoics! the Baron smiled, and waved his hand most courteously to the new comer.

"Eh! what's the matter?" cried Neatskin, passing the Baron, and, full of the tenderest concern, making up to the widow; who no sooner saw a third party enter the room, than she let fall at least two tears. "Agatha, what's the matter?" inquired Neatskin, and the words like red-hot needles entered the heart of Von Boots. Neatskin, his friend and creditor, was his rival! The monster jealousy may have green eyes, but sure we are it has a black face; Von Boots, with the sudden passion, was black as Nox!

"These impertinences must be ended," said Mrs. Mouser. "Can I have no rest until I take shelter in a church?"

"Boots," said Neatskin, shortly; and the Baron firing at the ignominious abbreviation, and marching up to the clipper of his name, his bosom dilating like the crop of a pouter pigeon, the descendant of the Sea Kings thundered—"Baron Valhallah Von Boots, at your service."

"What is all this?" asked Neatskin, in a tone that forcibly brought to the recollection of the Baron his late

loan of a hundred pounds. Neatskin spoke not so much like a rival as a creditor. "What is all this?" he repeated.

"I tink, Mr. Neatskin," answered the Baron, with grim politeness, "I have already told you."

"Why, you never meant that this was the lady, who —who—" and Neatskin stammered.

"I have de blood," said Von Boots.

"Blood—a fiddlestick for your blood! You must please to remember, Mr. Baron, that I have pretensions here, and, moreover, remember that—"

"Pardon me," said the Baron, with real politeness, his heart thumping at his waistcoat, and his eyes burning like glowworms, "I tink I know what you would say—I do remember—I shall not forget;" and, with these words, significantly spoken, the Baron looked at his new beaver and his ruffles, purchased by the money borrowed of his rival. "I shall not forget, Mr. Neatskin," repeated the Baron, with all the dignity of a true gentleman, "and you will please to remember that whatever you have to say to dat lady, I shall be found to have de blood." With the very best bow of which the Baron was capable, he then turned from the room, and sought his lonely lodging. The Baron sank in his one rush-bottomed chair, and, though at the ripe age of fifty-eight, felt that he could weep like a child. He dashed down his new beaver, and springing up, jumped upon it —his right-hand nails were fixed in his left ruffles and threatened instant dilaceration, when a late prudence—it might have interfered to save the damaged hat—

withheld the Baron's arm. To crush a beaver that "should be worn in its newest gloss," to rend Brussels lace, was not the readiest way to pay for either article. Neatskin was his rival—his insulting rival—as such must answer him. Neatskin was his creditor—his contemptuous creditor; as such the Baron must answer *him*. It was easy for Von Boots to send a challenge—not so easy to send a hundred pounds! And with this thought, a sense of humiliating obligation steeped the Baron in a cold sweat. Again, with malignant eye, he glanced at the unoffending hat; again, with uncertain fingers, played among the threads of his left ruffle. What was to be done? The laws of honour, the custom of society, would not permit him to challenge his creditor. Where was he to obtain seven-and-thirty pounds, for so much had he already expended out of the fatal hundred! Miserable wretch! Was there no rich helpless man that he could rob? No shopkeeper that he could cheat out of goods to that amount—nobody upon whom he could even commit a forgery for the sum, that he might triumphantly return the money to his loathsome rival, and so receive the satisfaction of a gentleman? Such, in the hurricane of his feelings, were the wild, fitful thoughts of the Baron Von Boots. How he writhed in his new cambric shirt, bought with the damning gold of Neatskin! The shirt of Nessus—the truth of the allegory for the first time flashed across the Baron's mind—was a shirt not paid for. He stamped his foot upon the floor, mad with his wounded honour; again he stamped, and was a third time about

to smite the uncarpeted deal boards, when he was surprised by the thin sharp voice of his landlady outside the door, brought there by the summons, inquiring, "if he wanted anything?" "Nothing—nothing at all," answered the Baron with vivacity, and jumping up, he ran down stairs, and, standing in the street, looked above, below, about him, for seven-and-thirty pounds.

Wretched Baron Valhallah Von Boots! Vain were thy looks, vain thy speculations, as faces advanced and passed thee! No; there was no one set of benevolent features in which thou couldst espy a chivalrous sympathy for a man bleeding at a thousand pores for only seven-and-thirty pounds. Not a single passenger couldst thou detect with visage promising oil to thy wounds—every face looked hard and stony; the good men of the earth were, it was plain, all within doors, and none save vulgar, mercenary calculators, walked the streets. This disappointment was felt the more acutely by the unfortunate Baron, from his firm conviction that there were thousands, ay, it might be tens of thousands of sons of honour who would rush to aid him in his little dilemma, could they be made to know it—could *he* only know their names and dwelling-places! As it was, he seemed doomed, like a restless ghost, to walk the earth with the insult of Neatskin blooming on him, it not being permitted by the code of honour to borrow money of a man, and the money yet unpaid, to cut his throat as a receipt in full. The Baron groaned in bitterness of spirit, and was about to return to his unostentatious cabin, when a thought direct from Mercury,

or some such inventive god, flashed through the Baron's brain, and irradiated the Baron's countenance. "There was a way, with moderate luck, a glorious way to snatch revenge. He would stake all upon the one golden chance; Fortune, though blind, would take pity on the feelings of a gentleman, and at least give him the opportunity of living, or being buried like a man of honour." Erect was the head, elastic the step of the Baron Valhallah Von Boots, as ennobled, sublimated by this thought, he took his way to a gaming-house. Now, granting that the Baron won the balance, that luck attended him, making up the hundred pounds, he might only win to lose the greatest stake that poor humanity can play for. To lose, with Von Boots, was to be assured of a gain; to win, was to risk the loss of all. If fortune smiled, a cypress wreath might be her especial gift. Was it really a waiter, or was it Death himself, that smilingly bowed to the Baron as he entered the Hall of Chance, and took from him his hat and walking-cane?

Winding-sheets grew about the candles, as the Baron Von Boots hovered round the table. He saw them not, else he had received them as gladdening omens of his destiny. The Baron seized the dice-box—

> Honour! thou blood-stained god at whose red altar
> Sit war and homicide!

Didst thou not smile grimly on thy Boots, seeing him cast sixes? Again the Baron threw, but this time lost; again and again he staked, and won not. Honour and Fortune played the game, and Honour still threw

deuce-ace. The Baron, reduced to his last five guineas, became almost desperate. If he lost them, he had nought to do but to slink home, go to bed and sleep, distracting thought, until any hour to-morrow. If he won, if he recovered himself—if he pocketed the full one hundred pounds—delightful glorious prospect! An hour after daylight, rapier in hand, he might be tilting at his bosom friend.

Honour cogged the dice! The Baron—be the story brief—taking his hat and cane from the servant, descended the steps of the Temple the winner of full fifty guineas; enough to pay back the hundred to his rival, and more than enough to fee a surgeon. Ere Baron Von Boots slid between the sheets, he penned and sent a challenge, and with it the hundred pounds, to Philip Neatskin.

CHAPTER IV.

The Baron never condescended to register a true and particular account of his feelings when he awoke with the full consciousness that he must quit his bed at a most unseasonable hour, to have, it might be, cold steel run through his abdomen, or curiously inserted between his ribs. It is a pity that mankind have not been enriched with the reflections which a man in the situation of Von Boots must inevitably make. Did Honour appear to him the same bright majestic presence as some twelve hours ago? Or rather, did not Honour seem a meddling, exaggerating knave—a fellow, half bully, half mischief-maker? Did not this same Honour walk

about delighting, when a little hole appeared, to rip it into a wide rent; when, but for his meddling and mischievous propensity, the flaw, neatly darned, had escaped all notice? Had not—we would have asked the Baron—had not his charity towards the imperfections of his fellow-creatures increased, and that very considerably, nay, grown, gourd-like, from a mere seedling, into a full-grown charity in one night? Had not his gall decreased?—was not the bitterness almost sweetened away in a new benevolence? Was Neatskin such a scoundrel?

We will imagine this change in the Baron—we will, for a minute, fancy that these questions were put by the Baron's common-sense to the Baron, and then we must picture to ourselves Von Boots lying in his bed, pacific, gentle, subdued into philanthropy, willing to close his eyes, to fall into a dream of Arcady and the golden age, when all honour was comprised in not being a sheep-stealer, and when the true satisfaction of a gentlemen was the satisfaction felt and taught by old Silenus with a swag-bellied wine-skin.

See—the Baron Von Boots is about to doze; he is sinking like a babe to rest, when—hark! what a rattling of the curtain-rings. And see what a hideous, grotesque, foolish, savage, simple monster thrusts his jolter-head and hundred arms between the curtains, and as with a thousand roaring, squeaking, puling, laughing, croaking voices, cries "Get up!" The Baron Von Boots, startled at the sound, sits bolt upright; he rubs his eyes—looks full at the monster, and in another second, bounces out of bed, and grasps his stockings!

Reader, the monster that startled the Baron Von Boots from dreaming—that now stands over him, watching him as he draws on his hose, is at once the most terrible and harmless of monsters. He is, in fact, whatever you choose to fashion him: if you tremble before him, he is an ogre, and may swallow you alive; if you snap your fingers before him, he walks off like a detected cheat: he is now as ravenous as a vulture, and now as incapable of injury as the greatest goose. To the Baron Von Boots, and to nine valorous men out of a dozen, the monster is the vilest tyrant: there he stands with the Baron, and now walks with him to the glass, and now, on perhaps the last morning Von Boots has left him of his mortal life, makes him take particular pains with his toilet, that, let the worst come, he may appear a decent corpse, doing credit to himself and to his slayer. And who—what is this grim despot? Who is this execrable tyrant—this mixture of the mountebank and man-eater? Gentle reader, you and we are pieces of him; even so: little pieces, particles, if you will, of this same quack-salver and cannibal, christened and known as the World's Opinion. Baron Von Boots, and certainly Philip Neatskin, got up particularly early to cut one another's throats, only to please us, as you must allow, singularly interested in the matter; and whether one or both are killed, or whether they shake hands and embrace, the circumstances will, as you must also allow, considerably impede or accelerate our digestion. However, the monster sticks to the skirts of Baron Von Boots, whilst another monster—another and the same—drags Philip Neatskin

out of bed; who, from the very bottom of his heart, turned, as it is, to a jelly, curses the tyrant as he bows to him. Philip cannot tie his neckcloth, his fingers tremble so; his teeth—all that he has—rattle in his head; he damns the World's Opinion, and then, like a whimpering boy, suffers himself to be carried by it to punishment. Left alone, how differently would Philip construe what the big-mouthed world calls injuries. With what a chastened, elevated spirit would he consider the petty affronts of rash and ignorant persons, whose faults and follies—foibles he would call them—are made the silly prologues to sanguinary tragedies! In his own high and private philosophy he would think no jot the worse of his nose for being soundly pulled; but then there was the World's Opinion leering at the outraged member; there was yourself, to say nothing of ourselves, exacting reader, staring at the nose, and insisting, in the name of all the noses in the universe, on signal and summary vengeance!

Never, never did Philip Neatskin feel such benevolent yearnings towards the whole human race as on the morning when he rose and went forth to slaughter his fellow. Yes; at the moment—the awful moment—when he stood opposed to his deadly enemy, such was the fountain of goodness opened in his heart, that, we can answer for him, he felt a new-born love for all the brotherhood of man. And with this exalting impulse, how provoking to be compelled, rapier in hand, to stand upon your guard!

The morning was chilly, the clouds hung low, black, and pall-like, a drizzling rain began to fall, and all

things promised a most uncomfortable meeting, when Philip Neatskin, attended by his second and his surgeon, arrived on the ground, where was already waiting the Baron Von Boots, his very particular friend, and a gentleman who had performed, it was related, an amazing cure on the wounded ventricle of a heart, in a certain duel that had taken place somewhere in Upper Saxony. The Baron Von Boots received his adversary with a lofty air of politeness; the seconds bowed, and the professional gentlemen shook hands, making the warmest demonstrations of friendship. "Why, why," thought Philip Neatskin, leering at the amicable surgeons, "why can we not all embrace?" With this Christian thought, Neatskin beckoned to his second: the exact words spoken to his second we heard not; but we can aver that the gentleman started suddenly, and peremptorily exclaimed, "Impossible!" at which decision the face of Neatskin fell almost as low as his waistband, and the bile stirred up in his sensitive anatomy, suddenly gave to his face the colour of a dying marigold. "Impossible!" repeated the second, "unless"—ha! there was hope, then, for Neatskin, who fairly grinned at the goodly prospect—"unless you give up the widow. Let the Baron carry off Mrs. Mouser, and you may shake hands, and go home to breakfast." This was a hard condition to a man deeply smitten, as was Neatskin, with the lady and the money—a condition not to be acceded to. Without thinking of the consequences of the word, but thinking solely of the guineas of Mrs. Mouser, Neatskin, in his turn, exclaimed, "Impossible!" And the second, with grace-

ful alacrity, presented to the combatants choice of weapons.

Since the time of Boots and Neatskin there has been a considerable improvement in—may we use the word? —the economy of duels. Swords are, happily, exploded, and ball and powder—certainly powder—have taken their place. We consider this a most fortunate, nay, a most intelligent and enlightened reform of a wild and bloodthirsty practice. For instance, in these, our happy days, two gentlemen meet—the signal given, the deadly tubes are discharged, and one of the parties, by the counsel of his second, expresses himself, his cravat smelling horribly of gunpowder, perfectly satisfied. His wounded dignity has been dressed with saltpetre, charcoal, and lead—the last of which has gone by him like the idle wind—and he returns to his cares "a wiser and a *sounder* man." But who knows what imminent danger he has escaped? The bullet may have whistled within a hair's-breadth of his whiskers, it may have "shot madly" by his heart—nay, more, the mortal ball, by some strange forgetfulness on the part of the second, may not have been deposited in the pistol; nevertheless, no man can question the propriety of the satisfaction, and the quarrel dies an honourable death. How different the result when gentlemen measured swords! The rapier was a cruel, uncompromising weapon; it would have blood. Ay, it may be urged, but then the slightest scratch would serve. Very true, we answer; but, in the heat and deadly enmity of a thrust, who shall ensure the length and depth of the scratch? It may not be "so

deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door," but sufficient for all mortal purposes. With swords there must be blood; let the seconds be the most pacific, the most prudent of men, let them go out with the very best and most humane intentions, they must place the naked, pointed weapons in the hands of the combatants—they cannot, by any accident, clap buttons to the steel. Now, the pistol permits a generous alternative. To return to our combatants.

Neatskin holds his sword as though he held a viper by the tail. The Baron Von Boots, all Mars in his sanguinary visage, prepares him for the onset. He takes off his coat, and Neatskin shudders at the cool determination of his antagonist; did he mean to butcher him? Having carefully laid his coat upon the grass, the Baron next unbuttons his waistcoat, coolly whistling the while. "You will excuse me," cried Baron Von Boots, turning to Neatskin and his second, "but dis is always my way;" and, as he spoke, the Baron laid his weapon on his upper garment, Neatskin almost groaning at the preparation; but when the Baron proceeded to take the silver-worked shirt-buttons from his wrist, and having placed them in the left-hand pocket of the only part of his dress he had determined to keep upon him, began to pull his shirt over his head, Neatskin fairly burst into tears! All his old friendship, all his latent regard for the Baron Valhallah Von Boots arose within him; he cast away the hated sword, the murderous steel drawn to be warmed within the heart's blood of his friend—and, rushing to Von Boots, flung his arms around him.

"What de devil! mein Gott! get out! What dis?" exclaimed the Baron, astonished at the *accolade*, and blinded, muffled by his best cambric, ignorant of the person who embraced him. "What dis? get out!" again roared the Baron.

"No, no!" cried Neatskin; "I feel it impossible—I cannot take your life—I cannot imbrue my hands in the blood of a man whom I love, respect, and honour. Dear Von Boots—"

"Neatskin," cried the Baron, grinning with a contemptuous surprise, "what—what is all dis?"

"Put on your coat," answered Neatskin, incapable for the time of further speech; "put—put on your coat."

The Baron Von Boots, with a significant, self-satisfied look, adjusted his under garment, replaced his wrist-buttons, put on his waistcoat, and, thrusting his second arm into his coat, placidly observed to Neatskin—"Den, sir, I am to understand dat you give up de vidow?"

"I cannot be your assassin, dear Von Boots," answered Neatskin.

The Baron, however, was in some matters a man of precision; therefore, unsatisfied with the vague assurance of Neatskin's friendship and humanity, Von Boots repeated the question touching Mrs. Agatha Mouser.

"There are ten thousand widows," said Neatskin, "but how many real friends? My dear Boots, win her and wear her."

The Baron was about to embrace the generous Neatskin, when he paused to survey the person of his late

opponent's second, who, astounded, scandalized, at what he called the meanness of his principal, muttered certain epithets, such as "adventurer," "vagabond," "bastard of Odin," and other names, which the Baron in his humility, conceived to be applied to himself. However, that he might act without precipitancy, he begged to inquire of the gentleman if he, the Baron Von Boots, was the subject of his soliloquy? The second ingenuously answered yes; and declared himself quite prepared to maintain the truth of every disjointed syllable. The Baron bowed an equal readiness to dispute it; and Neatskin, that an affair in which his dear Von Boots was so vitally concerned might come to instant issue, avowed himself willing to second even the Baron's antagonist. The offer was coldly accepted, the late second, but now principal, observing that Neatskin "would do as well as a better;" and, the preliminaries quickly arranged, behold the parties thrusting fiercely at each other. The Baron was an accomplished swordsman; by every rule of the art, he ought to have finished or disarmed his opponent in a trice, but luck, mere vulgar luck, so often in this world of chance steps in and wins the stake that deepest calculation long has played for. Luck, then, aided perhaps by youth, directed the arm of the Baron's antagonist, for, after a few passes, Valhallah Von Boots lay upon the grass, bleeding like the dying gladiator.

"Are you hurt?" asked Neatskin, very unnecessarily, of the wounded man. Shaking his head, he made no answer.

"Very serious," said one of the surgeons in a low voice, and the other nodded ominously.

"And seconds are principals!" exclaimed Neatskin, in the tone of a man who had suddenly discovered a most unpleasant truth. Without waiting to take leave of his moribund friend, he ran with his brother second, to the coach that had conveyed some of the party to the ground, and, jumping into it, swore to make the fortune of the coachman if for once he would drive like fifty furies. The Baron's antagonist, following the vehicle, supplicated to be taken in.

"Come, come," cried one of the surgeons, minutely examining the wound, "it's not so bad. You'll live and have the widow yet."

"She has de gold," said the Baron Von Boots, with a sickly smile.

"Heaps of it," said Esculapius.

"And I—I," cried the Baron, with exceeding satisfaction; "I have," and his wound poured out the evidence, "I have de blood."

PATTY LARKSPUR'S WATCH.

"I BEG your pardon, madam; but you are a little too fast."

"I think, sir, you are a little too slow."

"No, madam—no, indeed."

"Are you sure you are right, sir?"

"As the sun, madam—as the sun."

"Well, I confess it—I am one of the giddiest things at a watch!"

"Will you, madam, permit me to regulate your chronometer by mine?"

"Oh, sir, with pleasure—with many thanks."

"Diamonds, doubtless?"

"They ought to be."

There appears but little in the above courteous interchange of words; and yet, as we hope to make the reader confess, they were the prologue to a most important drama. "Will you, madam, permit me to regulate your chronometer by mine?" That so polite, so urbane an offer, should ever meet with such ill reward!

Henry Snow was a placid bachelor of two-and-forty. The whole world was to him one green spot, in which comforts grew as thick as daisies. Cupid had very often aimed at him, but never shot. "I hate that Mr. Snow

—he's so polite!" was the hasty expression of a young lady in the five-and-twentieth year of Mr. Snow's life—Henry at the time having affability for a bevy of thirty women; and, a justice that is sometimes very annoying, scrupulously sharing his politeness among all. Not one young lady gained half a look, an approach to a smile, more than another. Now, there is an implied invulnerability in such conduct, very galling to the enemy. But so it was with Henry Snow: he would hand his heart, so to speak, in slices, to a large circle, and with the same agreeable equanimity that an undertaker walks round with funeral cake. However, Achilles had his heel; and Henry Snow met Patty Larkspur.

To a contemplative mind, autumn brings a sweet and bitter melancholy. The leaves, "thin dancers upon air," do *not* take our thoughts to Taglioni; and the wind, moaning, sobbing through the branches, does not always carry us to the last new opera. It is highly necessary that the reader should pay due attention to this, our profound reflection, inasmuch as he will thus the more deeply sympathize with our hero, believing the very season to have taken part with Patty Larkspur against him. Not that we are disposed to undervalue the single power of the lady; we think it more than probable, from the knowledge of her great spirit of enterprise, that, at any quarter of the year, Henry Snow must have fallen; still, had it been spring instead of autumn, we are inclined to think he would have made a longer fight of it. We have said that, to all men of any degree of sensibility, autumn brings its gentle sadness; but in

a bachelor of two-and-forty there arises a peculiar train of reflection; he begins to doubt the efficacy of a warming-pan contrasted with other means of effecting the same result; his housekeeper begins to merge her deference to the master in friendship to the man; there are twenty delicate household appeals, too delicate to be shaped into language. In a word, it was the beginning of autumn when Henry Snow, bachelor, sat, in the Hastings coach, opposite to Patty Larkspur, spinster. That the ruin of the man should be complete, there was no other passenger, save a large brown pointer, the favoured property of the lady. Poor Henry Snow!

The reader has doubtless pondered on the heroic feats of some happy child of Mars; has seen him—his white plume conspicuous in the *mêlée*—with a hundred Damascus blades playing like sunbeams about his unhurt head; has seen a whole troop discharge their carbines at him, to the waste of powder and shot, the hero still unwounded. Covered with laurels, he returns to his home; he is deemed by all men unconquerable, invulnerable—nothing can withstand him, nothing can hurt him. Alas, for the end! The unscathed victor, with no thought of war and death, in an evil hour carelessly takes an old rusty pistol from the shelf, loaded and overlooked for twenty years. The flint is worn, the trigger stiff, and the powder damp; and yet the conqueror, by an unlucky motion of the finger, fires the pistol, and its contents meet again in his heart. Unfortunate Henry!—we mean, unhappy conqueror!

We began our mournful narrative with a short dia-

logue. The coach was running towards Hastings, the horses, like the steeds of Neptune, snuffing the sea, when Patty Larkspur, looking at her watch, pronounced it to be six o'clock.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said Henry Snow, "but you are a little too fast."

And then ensued the conversation which we have already faithfully registered; and which, for the sake of middle-aged bachelors—for it is in the middle state of bachelorship that the animal is in the greatest peril from his pursuers—we would we could cut in leaves of brass.

We have given the words; but we have yet to describe—if, indeed, we can—the action with which Patty Larkspur took the watch from her side, and placed it in the open palm of Henry Snow. And first, a few words on the person of the fair. We can find no other word, and yet we are loth to call any lady plump; it is a word fitter for pullets than for virgins. However, in the poverty of our language—for we care not to be beholden to France for a phrase—we must call Patty Larkspur plump—nay, she was very plump. The truth is—and we have hugged it so close that we have nearly stifled it—the truth is, Patty Larkspur was fat. She had large blue eyes, which, when showing themselves to the best advantage, looked, as one of her lovers once informed her, like violets blown upon! She had a very fresh colour—very fresh! her red morocco prayer-book was not redder. Her hair hung over her forehead and down her cheeks like twenty corkscrews turned into flax. Her

little comfortable nose was of the shape and size of that diminutive specimen of the mushroom which market women call the button. Such was the face of Patty Larkspur; but it was a face highly varnished up with smiles. Nevertheless, beneath those smiles—difficult as it was for the sagacity of a man to go so far—there was a terrible energy in the woman. But smiles—smiles were her weapons; a story of her girlhood cast the shadow of the coming woman.

Patty Larkspur and Matilda Larkspur were the daughters of a small grocer at Uxbridge; now, grocers are the especial victims of Beelzebub, known in learned writ as the god of flies. It was the pleasing duty of the two sisters to waylay, knock down, or in any manner destroy the flies lured by the sweets of their paternal home. A trifling reward repaid the best destroyer. Matilda caught her victims in stale small beer; but Patty always carried off the prize, for she made war with melted sugar. Matilda died an old maid; for she ignorantly thought that the hearts of men were to be cut through, as Hannibal made way through the Alps, with vinegar; whilst Patty Larkspur—but let us not anticipate her interesting story.

"Will you, madam, permit me to regulate your chronometer by mine?" asked Henry Snow, in the fulness of his innocence.

"Oh, sir, with pleasure—with many thanks," said Patty Larkspur; and, taking her watch from her side, she gave it to Snow, as if she were making a present of that best estate in the world's paradise, the female heart.

Could she have truly and absolutely conveyed away that precious immoveable, she could not have smiled with deeper meaning. Such was the outward manifestation of Patty Larkspur; but—shall we say it?—as she gave the watch to the mature bachelor, shall we confess, that on the retina of Patty Larkspur's mind was painted, not a spare biped of two-and-forty, but that some association of ideas carried her back to the days of her youth—to the home of her father at Uxbridge; and that she saw in Henry Snow—such tricks does errant fancy play the most innocent—a large blue fly approaching the fatal sugar? As he touched the regulator, she saw him close to the luscious perdition; and when he had performed his task, and looking in her face held out the watch—the fly had tumbled in and was lost for ever! Again Patty Larkspur smiled, as she saw her victim vainly struggling in an ocean of sweets.

We have no doubt that, on the part of Patty Larkspur, it was love at first sight; an accident that, however finely handled, has never, in our uneducated opinion, been properly described. It is, however, very difficult to note the many freaks committed by people in that most interesting situation. We have read much upon the subject, and are almost convinced from certain eloquent passages that love, taken suddenly, operates like laughing gas; making men, according, we presume to their nervous system, run at whatever may be before them; grin from ear to ear; knock their heads upon the mute earth; receive love's arrow as a juggler swallows a sword, wriggling most affectingly as the weapon enters

him; run round and round, like a dog in the laudable pursuit of his own tail; shout, scream, cry "boh!" sneeze, or, indeed, commit any extravagance made pathetic by the occasion. Why is history silent on the interesting topic? When Petrarch first met Laura in the Church of Santa Clara at Avignon, on the sixth of April, in the sixth hour of the morning (and yet people preach the benefit of early rising), in the year thirteen hundred and forty-eight—is it not a fact, hitherto most shamefully hushed up, that so much was he removed from earth by the glorious vision, that he stood upon one leg for three days afterwards? We are proud of a friendship with a traveller who has seen a portrait of the divine sonneteer, taken when undergoing love at first sight. When Henry VIII. first beheld Anne Boleyn, what was his kingly conduct? Historians have deemed the matter of no account; yet, did he not, passing over every form of decency, insist on playing at leap frog with Cardinal Wolsey, the Pope being unfortunately at Rome? There is nothing of this in Hume; but if the speculations of the most approved writers on love at first sight have any truth in nature, sure we are that Henry VIII. did not marry Anne Boleyn without first jumping over the head of the "King-Cardinal." Did not Socrates, having for the first time beheld Xantippe, close his eyes until he took her for wife; when—and such phenomena have, we believe, occurred more than once—they became straightway open? When the venerable Greek judges acquitted, by the power of love at first sight, the incomparable Phryne, did they not, in the most forcible

manner, display the unanimity of their opinions by vehemently smacking their lips. However, we shall defer for the task of our ripe old age, "The Effects of Love at First Sight; with Instances drawn from the earliest times, and improving on Fox's 'Book of Martyrs,' with Portraits of the Victims."

For the present we must attend to Henry Snow and Patty Larkspur, just alighted at the inn at Hastings.

It was half-past nine o'clock when our travellers entered their hotel. Patty Larkspur, with a low curtsey and one of her slaying smiles, wished Snow good evening, with the additional comfort of a night's sound rest after his journey; and was shown to her room. Snow took possession of his apartment, and ate his supper in all the solitude of celibacy. However, his loneliness seemed to sit as easily upon him as his dressing-gown; and at eleven o'clock, being nearly a whole fowl, a pint of wine, and a glass of brandy-and-water the better man, he had serious thoughts of going to bed. To be brief, it wanted twenty minutes to twelve when Henry Snow stretched himself between the sheets, and rendered himself up to sleep. Morpheus was slowly descending upon him, when he was startled by a sharp knocking at the door. Snow sat up in the bed, and did precisely what nineteen men out of twenty would have done in his situation, he asked, "Who's there?" Could he have divined the consequences of that question, we doubt not he would have rolled his ears up in the blankets, and have exhibited no sign of waking "with that knocking." Poor short-sighted man! blind to

fate, Henry Snow sat up in his bed, and with a loud voice, repeated—

"Who's there?"

"The lady—the lady, who came down with you," answered a voice outside.

"I'm—I'm in bed," said Henry Snow, expecting the intelligence to frighten the visitor, like a partridge, from his door. The knock was repeated. "I'm in bed," again said Henry Snow, in a tone that should have successfully appealed to the compassion of the disturber. Another knock. A slight blush overspread the face of Henry Snow at the pertinacity of his visitor, and then his rising fears were somewhat soothed by the recollection that the door had a bolt and a lock, of the protecting influence of which he had happily availed himself. Snow pulled off his nightcap, and, in the perplexity of the moment, scratched his head. Another knock, applied with new emphasis, brought Snow out of bed upon the carpet. He approached the door, and putting his mouth to the key-hole, said, quite unconscious of the falsehood he uttered—

"I tell you, ma'am, I'm in bed."

"So I thought; but, sir, if you'll only open the door."

"Good Heavens!" thought Snow, and his knees smote one another. "But I—I have no light," said Snow.

"I have brought one," was the reply.

Henry Snow rose, turned round, and fell against the door in silent horror. "There was no escape—how to give the alarm?" was his thought. "Was there a rattle in the room?"

"I will not detain you a minute, sir," said the voice outside.

"But," and Snow felt the blood under his very nails tingle as he put the question, "but what do you want?"

"I am sent by the lady—"

"Sent," exclaimed Snow, relieved from a mountain of dread. "Sent! and who *are* you?"

"The waiter, sir;" and almost as the man spoke the words, the lock flew back and the bolt was drawn. Thomas, with a lighted candle in one hand and Patty Larkspur's watch in the other, advanced into the middle of the room; Henry Snow shaking in his shirt with cold and apprehension.

"What *do* you want?" asked Snow, we confess, a little pettishly.

The waiter smirked, and careless of the condition of Snow, slowly delivered himself as follows, the face of the disturbed man lengthening with the communication of Thomas—"The lady, sir, she's in forty-one."

"At least," said Henry Snow; for he could not repress the malice of the insinuation.

"The lady, sir—she's in forty-one—was about to go to bed, when she rang her bell, and desired the chambermaid to ask me to request you, as she wished to be very particular in the time to-morrow morning;—to request you, sir, to have the kindness to regulate her watch by yours."

Saying which, the man held out the chronometer of Patty Larkspur to the stony fingers of Henry Snow; who now with glazed eyes looked at the face of the watch, and now at the face of the waiter.

"Oh!" at last sighed Henry Snow, and he took the watch as he would have taken a serpent by the tail, and moved towards the bed for his own repeater, followed by Thomas with the lighted candle. The door had remained open, and, unfortunately, a gust of air rushing up the staircase, extinguished the light at the very moment Snow had laid his hand upon his own watch-pocket.

"Get another light, directly, sir," said the placid waiter, doubtless inured to such accidents; for he remarked that the house was an old house, the staircases were very wide, and the wind would blow. After which he quitted the room to re-light the taper.

The wind cut across the legs of Henry Snow as he stood, with Patty Larkspur's watch in his hand, ticking away with perfect indifference. Oh! Henry Snow! had thy better genius been at thine ear, it would thus have whispered thee—"Thou hast thy mortal enemy in thy hand, a living demon shut up in gilt metal; dash it to the earth, or feel thy way to the window, and fling it into the street." But Snow's good genius, being particularly wanted, was of course absent; and the undone man still stood, growing colder and colder, the watch, as he thought, ticking louder and louder. At length Thomas returned with a light, and Snow compared Patty Larkspur's watch—and we must own that it was a most capricious question of the time—with his own; corrected it, and, tamed by the cold, returned it to the waiter without a syllable. Thomas bowed, and left the room; Snow locked and bolted the door, and, shudder-

ing, returned to bed. His feet were quite gone, and his legs were clay. However, he was once more becoming human flesh, was again falling into the sweetest slumber; yes, another minute, and he would have been fast in the lap of sleep, when another knock at his chamber-door struck him wide awake.

"Who's there?" asked Henry Snow, in an angry tone.

"Thomas, sir," said the waiter, without.

"Well?" asked Snow, helplessly. "Well?"

"If you please, sir, Miss Larkspur has desired me to ask if her watch wanted regulating, or if it was quite right?"

Now, Snow, as we have before remarked, was one of the most polite men on earth to the fair; but there did seem to him a want of consideration on the part of Miss Larkspur, in the untimeliness of her message, and, a little piqued, he resolved to give no answer. For one minute Henry Snow was silent, when Thomas, with renewed vigour, knocked at the door.

"Was it right, sir?" bawled the invincible waiter.

"No!" exclaimed Snow; and he flung himself round in the bed, determined not to hear another syllable, and resolved that very moment to plunge into the profoundest sleep.

Thomas retired; and Snow buried his head in the pillow, doggedly fixed upon oblivion. He had advanced so far in his purpose as to close his eyes, and had nearly begun to hope for slumber, when—another knock at the door! Henry started up on his right elbow, and gasped

—then he again flung himself desperately upon the bed, swathed himself like a mummy in the clothes, and resolved to lie as a man deprived of hearing. Another knock, and Snow felt stronger in his purpose—another, and a louder knock, and Snow tried to persuade himself that he was fast asleep—another knock, and he leapt up in his bed, and brayed forth—

"Who's there?"

"Thomas, sir," said the waiter, as before.

"Well?" groaned Henry Snow, "what can you want now?"

"Miss Larkspur, sir, has sent me about her watch. You said, sir, it wasn't right; now, sir, she sends her compliments, and wishes to be informed if she's too fast or too slow?"

The waiter delivered his message glibly enough; but Henry Snow, astonished by the pertinacity of the spinster, sat upright in bed, deprived of speech. Who could answer such a woman? Thomas, however, was true to his trust, and having, as he thought, given Snow full time to satisfy the query, knocked again, and again asked—

"Sir, is Miss Larkspur too fast or too slow?"

"Too fast!" cried Henry Snow, and fell back upon his bed, incapable of another word.

Thomas quitted the door, and left Snow to sleep. The mercy, however, came too late. The poor bachelor lay listening to the ticking of his own watch, and thinking that it ticked very like the watch of Miss Larkspur, until the grey dawn glimmered through his window

curtains. He then fell into a sleep only to be haunted by terrible visions. He dreamt, among other things, that he was married to a witch with all the hours marked in her visage, who insisted that they should spend their honeymoon in an eight-day clock. To this arrangement he offered so vigorous a remonstrance, that he awoke, and saw "the light of common day." He offered a short thanksgiving that there was no witch for his wife, with all the hours in her face. Had Henry Snow so soon forgotten Patty Larkspur?

It was nearly ten o'clock when Snow sat down to breakfast.

"Does *that* lady stay here?" asked Snow of Thomas, with a slight tremor.

"I don't know, sir; she is now at breakfast in the next room;" and the waiter departed.

Snow took refuge from the thoughts of the past night in tea and toast, and was proceeding slowly yet surely in a most ample meal, when Thomas entered, and in his hand was the inconstant watch of Miss Larkspur. Snow looked at the instrument with a sullen eye, silently awaiting the consequences.

"The lady, sir," said Thomas, "cannot think what has happened to her watch; she bids me say that she is in the highest degree ashamed to trouble you, but fearing that——"

It was unnecessary for the man to say more; Snow took the watch, set it by his own, and returned it without a word to the waiter. He then proceeded with his breakfast. "Never again will I boast of my chrono-

meter," thought Henry Snow; and, having finished his meal, he rose to go out. He met Thomas at the door.

"The lady, sir, is much obliged to you; is she too fast, still, sir?"

"Much too fast," said Henry Snow, with more bitterness in his expression than in all his life he had manifested. "Tell her, Thomas, that I say she is very, very much too fast." And with the air of a man who feels satisfied that he has, by extraordinary firmness, put an end to an annoying connexion, Henry Snow took his hat, and, whistling airily, walked from the house.

We know not how it happened—let fate take the blame of it!—but Henry Snow wandered to the beach, and there he stood, thinking unutterable thoughts about the sea—whether his thoughts were of mermaids, or mussels, or of both, we know not; but sure we are that he was five fathom deep in meditation, when a fellow traveller in the Hastings coach leaped upon him with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

"Fie, Bounce, fie!" said a lady; and it was no other than Miss Patty Larkspur, who, in the blandest accents, reproved her brown pointer that, dripping from the sea, had jumped upon Henry Snow, who, on that day, wore linen trousers, the whiteness of which successfully rivalled the name of the wearer. "I'm afraid he's rather wet," said Miss Larkspur, with a conquering smile.

"A little," answered Mr. Snow, feeling the salt-water penetrate to his skin.

"That is *not* a nautilus?" said the lady, desirous of a

new subject, and pointing to a dead star-fish that lay upon the beach.

"I think not, ma'am," replied Snow.

"I have seen a Cupid sailing in one," observed Miss Larkspur.

"I had rather see him than go passenger with him," said the bachelor, with a passing sternness of countenance.

"Not fond of the sea, sir?" asked Miss Larkspur, with a smile.

"That, ma'am, quite depends upon the way in which it is administered," answered Snow, looking ferociously at the brown pointer.

"Well, you really must forgive poor Bounce," said the lady; and then, as if pardon had been instantly awarded, she pointed to some far-off vessels, and asked with new vivacity, and another smile—"What are those beautiful little ships, no bigger than swans, in the distance? They look lovely."

"Look! 'mustn't trust to the looks of anything at Hastings," said Snow.

"La, sir!" cried Miss Larkspur, in momentary astonishment; and then her eyes fell upon the region of Snow's third coat-button, and her mouth broke into a new smile, and she sighed, rather than said—"La, sir!"

"'Great deal of contraband work here. Can't be sure of anybody; here there's no knowing the smuggler from the fair trader." And Snow, intending to look through Miss Larkspur, bent his eyes upon her; they were, how-

ever, met and defeated by the large blue orbs of the spinster. Snow felt himself vanquished: never in his life had he been guilty of such rudeness to any specimen of the fair sex; and a sense of shame, of self-reproach rose within him, as Miss Larkspur, with a melancholy smile upon her face, turned up the beach. He felt strangely tempted to follow and apologize—he positively made one step in pursuit of the maiden, when he felt anew the coldness of the sea-water through his trousers, and stopped as if suddenly frozen. "Never mind! the chances are we mayn't meet again," thought Snow, and thus meanly satisfying himself, he walked along the beach and wooed the sun. It was four o'clock when he returned to his inn.

"Thomas, I dine out to-day—at my friend Whistleton's—but as I had no sleep last night, I shall be home for bed by nine."

Thus spoke our bachelor, and having equipped himself for dinner, he betook himself to the house of his friend, where his pattern propriety, his urbanity, his tempered conviviality, made him a special favourite. Mrs. Whistleton had, for ten years at least, given it as her fixed opinion that there was but one Henry Snow in the universe. There was not, there never had been, there never could be, so correct a gentleman! Such was the reputation of our bachelor up to the hour of seven in the evening; when, so malignant was fortune, Henry Snow was made to descend from his pedestal, and to range himself with, we fear, that numerous class of people, strongly suspected to be no better than they should be.

The clock had struck seven, and Snow was glowing with his first bottle of wine, when a servant entered, and whispered to our bachelor.

"A man wants me!" said Snow; "what man?"

"That is, sir, not a man, but——"

"But what?" asked Snow, with a perplexed look.

"I was told to whisper to you," said the servant, "but since——"

"Whisper! Pooh! Speak out," said Snow.

"Then, sir," said the footman, "it is a lady!"

"A lady!" exclaimed Snow, and he blushed with a prophetic sense of his danger.

"Hem!" cried Mr. Whistleton; and after a low chuckle and a steadfast look at Snow, he said, "John, show the lady in."

"No, no," said Snow; and then he resolutely added, "If you please, show her in."

John quitted the room, and our bachelor was proceeding to inform his host of his suspicions respecting the visitor, when the servant returned.

"The lady, sir, wont come in; she's in a hired chaise, sir, taken by the hour, sir; but as the man disputes the time, and as, she says, she knows she can depend upon your watch, will you tell her if she's too slow or too fast?"

Saying which, John put Patty Larkspur's well-known timepiece in the palsied hand of our astonished bachelor.

"Too fast—much too fast," said Snow, and he returned the corrected watch. The servant having left the room, Snow, amidst the smothered laughter of

Whistleton and half-a-dozen bosom friends, began to narrate the history of his first meeting with Miss Larkspur, of his boasting in an evil moment of the unerring qualities of his own watch, and of the events of the preceding night.

"I couldn't have thought it of you," cried Whistleton, purple in the face with laughter. Another elderly gentleman chirped and crowed at "Harry being found out at last." A third tried to look solemn, and advised Snow "to be more careful in such matters for the future;" whilst one and all were stout in their belief that "the lady wouldn't have come there for nothing—there must be something in it."

In his walk from Whistleton's house to his tavern, Snow had formed his resolution—he would, the very next morning, retreat from Hastings. Finding the enemy too strong for him, he was determined to go off without beat of drum.

"Thomas, which is the first coach?" asked Snow of the waiter.

"Six o'clock, sir," said Thomas.

"What places, Thomas?" demanded Snow.

"Only two inside," answered Thomas.

"I'll take them both," said Snow.

"Both!" cried Thomas.

"Both," replied Snow, with vehemence; and thus depriving Patty Larkspur of a seat in the same vehicle with himself, he felt secure of future quiet. "A glass of wine-and-water, and then I'll go to bed," said Snow, with a lightened heart. Thomas returned with the

beverage, and having placed it on the table, with a smile at his master, lingered.

"What now?" asked Snow.

"The watch, sir," said Thomas. "The lady wants to——"

"Give it me," cried Snow; and with the manner of a man who feels that he is performing an annoying office for the last time, he seemingly adjusted Miss Larkspur's watch by his own, and, with a smile that she herself might have envied, returned it to the man, saying—"Tell her, a little too fast." Snow retired to his room, and, ere he slept, wrote a letter, to be delivered to his friend Whistleton the next day, apologizing for his unceremonious departure from Hastings. At half-past five in the morning, Snow was up and arrayed for his journey. The coach drove to the door, Snow mounted the steps, and took his seat.

"All right!" said the coachman.

"Lady to come," said the porter; and to the horror of Snow, the brown pointer came gambolling along the passage of the hotel, followed by its ever-smiling mistress, Patty Larkspur. "Mr. Stanmore sent at eleven last night to say we might let his place if we could, as he didn't want to go before to-morrow," said the porter.

"All right!" repeated the coachman, to the agony of our bachelor.

"Bless me!" said Miss Larkspur, smiling very energetically through her surprise, as she stared at Henry Snow. "What! and are you returning to London?

How very singular! Pray, sir, by your watch—your excellent watch—what is the precise hour?"

"Seven minutes past six," replied Snow, who, could he have quitted the coach unseen by his persecutress, would have gladly forfeited his luggage.

"How very singular!" exclaimed Miss Larkspur, looking and smiling at her watch, "my time to a second!"

Now, we must inform the reader that such unanimity between the watches was the more astonishing from an event of the past night; our bachelor having, doubtless with the best intentions, put Patty Larkspur's watch at least fifty minutes behind his own.

"Well, it *is* strange," repeated Patty Larkspur. "I always thought my watch was an excellent one, if properly regulated; it never went so well; but then"—and oh! the smile discharged at our hero—"but then, it was never in such punctual company!"

"Your departure is somewhat sudden, ma'am?" asked Snow, after half-an-hour's pause.

"Very," replied Patty Larkspur; "I had thought to be happy at Hastings for a month, but a letter followed me here, and a family affair of some delicacy has imperatively called me to London."

"Do you stay long in London, ma'am?" asked our bachelor.

"Very uncertain," answered our spinster; and the answer destroyed the hopes of Snow, who had secretly determined on returning to Hastings in a couple of days, if assured of Miss Larkspur's detention in the metropolis.

The time passed, and, at the appointed hour, the coach arrived in London.

"What's o'clock, sir?" asked Patty Larkspur, with an ill-suppressed sigh.

"Permit me, madam;" and Snow, resolving to be polite for the last time, corrected Miss Larkspur's watch by his own, and returning it to her, vanished like a flash of light.

"Thank you, sir," said Miss Larkspur; but there was no one to receive her gratitude; our bachelor running at the time towards his lodgings, the which he purposely arrived at through many winding passages. He had upon the road desired the guard to keep his luggage at the office until sent for.

Henry Snow had been a week from Hastings, and sitting one morning at his breakfast his thoughts wandered to Patty Larkspur. "What a woman!" he mentally exclaimed; "well, thank my stars! it was a narrow escape; but I am at last well rid of her."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said our bachelor's landlady, "but I forgot to give you this little parcel; it came after you were in bed last night." Saying which she placed a small packet in the hand of Snow, and quitted the apartment. Snow paused ere he broke the seal: it was black: he expected two or three legacies, and was therefore greatly shocked at the funereal character of the wax. As he sat, holding the unopened packet, the friends whom he had for the last five years expected to die, passed one by one before him. Was it his dear aunt Bridget? or that best of uncles, Jeremiah? Having

nerved himself for the worst, Snow, with reverent fingers, broke the seal, and casting away three or four envelopes, drew forth a letter; something still remained: he pursued his task, and who shall tell his feelings, who shall paint his face, when Henry Snow laid his thumb and finger upon Patty Larkspur's watch! Had the woman given it to him? Was she a witch, and had she by her "so potent art," shut up some devil in the works to worry and destroy him? But there was a letter! With desperate hand he broke the seal, and, as if staring at a sheeted ghost, he looked at the contents; they were as follows:—

"My dear Sir,—I know you will pardon the step I have taken. Yes, that considerate delicacy you possess for the wants and wishes of your fellow-creatures will, I am sure, forgive the seeming liberty. I can never forget, I can never repay, your kind attentions. Deprived of the benefit of communion with you, my watch has been three times down. I cannot tell the hour; I wake and think it must be broad daylight, and I hear the watchman cry 'Past two.' I have been told—a thousand times been told—that the watch was an excellent watch. In the vanity of my heart, I have thought so; but you, sir, have found how little it is worth, how meanly I ought to value it, if deprived of your guidance, if wanting your regulation. I fear the watch is now become wholly useless; however, if you will deign to accept it—if, for a short month or so, you will condescend to wear it, to correct it by your own chronometer—to check its haste, and to urge its speed, as its wants may require, the watch may yet—by the very force of

sympathy—recover its wonted fidelity, and again faithfully mark the time to her who feels that to her time is every day becoming more irksome. I am, dear sir, truly yours,

MARTHA LARKSPUR.

"P.S. If, in a month, I should not send for the watch, may I ask you still to wear it, as the legacy of one who has done with time, and begun—but my pen falters!"

The first determination of Snow was to send back the watch, and to leave the country under a false name. That he should ever have been the fool to vaunt the virtues of his own watch, to attempt to correct the wanderings of a spinster's! And now, to be asked to wear the fiend in his pocket! No; he would instantly return it to Miss Larkspur, and with a letter that should —but where to find her? She had given no address, and no intelligence could Snow obtain from his landlady whereby he might discover the melancholy owner. And then the black seal! Poor woman! She had doubtless suffered some domestic affliction! Yes, that was made too plain by the postscript. She was evidently a woman of education, and—for the watch was surrounded by brilliants—of some property. These thoughts passed rapidly through the troubled brain of our bachelor, who, in his forty-third year, was seriously perplexed, for the first time. At length he ceased to think, resigning the matter to the hands of destiny.

Henry Snow was constant in his attendance at the —— Institution. It was about three weeks after the receipt of Miss Larkspur's letter, that, having listened

attentively to a lecture on chemistry, he was about to leave the theatre, considerably edified on the subject of acids, when a tall young man, who had sat behind him during the discourse, requested the favour of his ear at a neighbouring tavern. The stranger was not a person to be refused, for he had very large moustaches, with beard and hair disposed after Eastlake's pet bandit; he was, moreover, dressed in a half-military style, which left it a matter of doubt, with waiters at least, whether he was a lieutenant-colonel or a major.

"I believe, sir," said the hairy young gentleman to Snow, "I believe, sir, you have a watch in your pocket?"

Now, the stranger and our bachelor were alone in a room; and Snow, in his ignorance, thought it possible that a pickpocket might wear moustaches; and therefore he merely stepped back, and returned an anxious look at the questioner.

"Your name, sir?" said the stranger.

"Snow, sir; Henry Snow," said our bachelor, getting near the bell.

"I have seen the watch, sir; and now, sir, upon your honour, is it not the property of a lady?" thundered forth the stranger.

"Certainly, sir," said Snow, "and if you can tell me where the lady is to be found——"

And saying no more, Snow took Patty Larkspur's watch from his waistcoat pocket, when the stranger approached him, and bending towards the chronometer, after surveying it through an eyeglass, he rose to his full height, and thus addressed our hero—

"Sir, you are a villain!"

"Sir!" exclaimed Snow, and he wanted breath for another syllable.

"My cousin, sir, my cousin! You are aware, sir," and the stranger twisted his moustache round his forefinger, "that some things can only be washed out with blood! You will not deny, sir, that you know a lady named Larkspur?"

"I met her, sir, at——"

"Met her!" vociferated the young gentleman; "what! a woman is to be robbed of——"

"Robbed, sir!" cried Snow; "mind what you are about: this watch I can prove was——"

"I spoke not of the watch, sir, but of my cousin's heart. Poor dear girl! but chance has discovered to me her betrayer; she, patient saint, would have died with the secret—as she *will* die, but not, I thank Heaven—" and he flung up his right arm—"but not alone!"

"Is Miss Larkspur ill?" asked Snow, not knowing what to say.

The stranger smiled bitterly upon Snow, and, almost bursting into tears, exclaimed, shaking his head—

"That you could see the ruin you have made! But you shall hear from me, sir; to-morrow, sir."

And with this threat Patty Larkspur's cousin left the tavern, and Henry Snow returned to his uncomfortable home, though not before he had promised a handsome reward to the waiter if he could discover for him the abode of the lady, which intelligence the man was

enabled soon after to communicate, having been informed of it, though with strict injunctions to be secret, by the cousin himself.

At nine o'clock the next morning, Henry Snow stood at the door of Miss Larkspur.

"Could he see her?" for he was resolved to return the watch into her own hands. "Could he see Miss Larkspur?"

The servant shook her head, and laconically replied—

"Sir, she's dying!"

Snow started, when the servant considerately added—

"But if you'll give your name——"

Snow complied with the suggestion, and having waited some minutes, was requested to walk "very softly" upstairs. He entered the room, and saw Miss Larkspur, very pale indeed, seated in an easy chair.

"I am sorry, madam," said Henry Snow, and he was proceeding into his grief, when he was interrupted by "a short, shrill shriek" from the lady, and a shower of tears.

"I am afraid, sir, I have been very troublesome to you?" said Patty Larkspur.

"Not at all, ma'am," replied Snow, softened by the appearance of the spinster, into a benevolent falsehood, "my purpose in calling upon you is to——"

"Your cousin, ma'am!" proclaimed the servant, with a look of horror.

"That rash boy! If he sees you here, Mr. Snow—for the sake of your precious life—I care not for myself—but hide! hide!"

"Hide, ma'am!" exclaimed our old bachelor, quite bewildered at the proposal.

"If not," said Miss Larkspur, and she spoke with a dull, solemn voice; "if not—I know his temper—there'll be murder."

"He's coming upstairs, ma'am," cried the girl.

"Hide! hide! for the love of mercy—to save blood—hide! hide!"

And Patty Larkspur—what cannot woman do for him she loves?—moved by her fears for the life of Snow, rose above sickness, and vigorously seconded by her maid, almost ere our bachelor was aware of it, twirled him into an empty closet, and buttoned the door; at the same instant, the "armed heels" of Patty's cousin were heard by Snow upon the stairs, and in another instant his terrible voice sounded in the apartment.

"William," said Miss Larkspur, weakly; she had again fallen into the chair, quite exhausted by her late exertion.

"Gracious powers! Patty, you are worse; yes, it is in vain to cheat you with hope—poor blighted flower, you are dying."

"I know it," said Patty Larkspur, "and am content to die."

"Oh, villain! villain!" cried Cousin William, and he strode up and down the room; "but by this time he has my message, and in an hour hence——"

"What mean you, William?" said Patty; "why do you frown so? why roll your eyes? what horrible thoughts possess you?"

"I have found him!" cried William, in a sepulchral note.

"Him!" said Patty Larkspur.

"Snow!" and William roared out the name, to the terror of its owner in the closet.

"Well!" cried Patty, trembling at the word.

"He dies!" said William, in thorough-bass.

"No, no, no, William! If it be my last effort—upon my knees I ask it—he is innocent—'tis I who——"

"Innocent! What, have I not seen you waste, day by day, since that accursed morning you went to Hastings? do I not know that—(there are none but Susan here, and she is faithful)—that he took two places back to London—that you are no longer the same blithe, happy being that—" and here Cousin William became very impressive—"and will not the ancestors of our house pursue me if I suffer—what is that?" and Cousin William glanced at Patty Larkspur's watch, laid by Snow upon the table.

"The watch, sir, the watch!" said Susan.

"And has he had the meanness—has he further insulted you by sending——"

"No, sir, he didn't send it," said Susan.

"Not send! Why, there—he—ha!—that closet door!—what moves it?" The closet was small, and the door shutting close upon Snow, and Snow, with the threats of Cousin William, beginning to tremble, proclaimed the culprit in his hiding-place.

"William!" shrieked Patty Larkspur, and fell upon her knees; when, the closet button being turned by the

indignant thumb and finger of the young gentleman, Henry Snow stood in all his dark iniquity revealed.

Cousin William, after a great effort, said, with apparent composure, "Very well, sir, follow me," and quitted the house; Patty Larkspur, however, preventing Snow from obeying the orders of her murderous cousin.

Snow was much affected by the devotion shown to him by Patty Larkspur; like a Benedick, he had "never thought to marry," but we will not hold the reader by a long narration of the causes which prevailed upon our old bachelor. Ere two hours had elapsed from the exit of the fiery William, Henry Snow had made a formal offer of his hand to Patty Larkspur, who consented to accept it, with this condition, if her life were spared.

About a twelvemonth after their marriage—for the life of Patty was spared—Mrs. Snow fell into a serious fit of illness. We know little of the domestic felicity of the pair up to that period; we only know that the husband would look into the wife's face, glance at her watch, and say, with a sigh, "Too slow, much too slow." For the watch itself—great deception, as Mrs. Snow averred—had been practised on her: that watch she had bought for pure gold, was only metal gilt, and the brilliants were, to her confusion, discovered to be only tolerable crystals. Cousin William having, as Mrs. Snow lamented, lost his patrimony at hazard, condescended to shave, and, Mr. Snow having advanced the money, to re-enter life as a linendraper.

Mr. Snow died at sixty, having survived his wife

about nine months. He had a favourite nephew, to whom he left the bulk of his property, enhanced, as he said, by this golden advice—

"George, my dear George, if you live to be an old bachelor, never, never attempt to regulate the watch of a middle-aged maid!"

THE OLD BOATMAN.

"I HAD the legend from a grey-haired captain, who had it from his grandfather."

"And we have two hours good of the watch: tell the tale—tell it, and stint no word. Peace, Jabez! and Miguel will tell us of the thing last night."

"What thing?"

"Why, the thing that hailed us last night."

"I would I had seen it," cried Jabez, with an incredulous sneer.

"Thou wert asleep, fast as a tortoise."

"Ha! ha! ha! and we need not sleep to dream, eh, shipmates?"

"By the blessed Virgin, there were twenty of us who heard it—saw it."

"Peace, peace, Jabez! thou hast no more religion than a dog-fish," spake another.

"And I," said he who was urged to tell the tale, "have been an unbeliever. Until last night I would have laughed with Jabez: but now—Christ be with us! what is that?"

A low, long groan, as from a dying creature, came through the air. The sailors, rugged as they were,

huddled closer together, and looked anxiously in each other's faces. Again the groan was heard.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Jabez, "is't a mermaid's song, that you look so white at it? Did ye never before hear black flesh bellow in the hold of the Santa Maria? 'Tis the woman whose husband we gave to the white shark this morning. So, since it must be, let us have your story, Miguel. But stay; first, what was this grandfather with whom the tale began?"

"As ourselves—a sailor."

"And carried the like cargo?"

"Of the same hell-born traffic. Thou mayest gaze, Jabez; I pray the Virgin I was once more on Christian earth! Well; he had been forty years a sailor, when he heard and beheld the thing we last night heard and looked upon. He came home, discharged his crew, gave his vessel to the flames, and died a holy brother of St. Francis. Thou shalt have the legend in his very words."

"Now, Miguel—now."

"Ay, thou shalt have the legend in his very words."

"Sold! all sold! Now will I hie me home, live at mine ease, hang a lamp of silver at the shrine of St. Francis, and when I die—pah!—death is many a mile away from the wealthy Pedro. Fellow! yonder!"

Thus ruminated, thus spake Pedro Xibecq, as he stepped from the beach into a skiff, and pointed out to the boatman a fine, trim-built vessel in the bay.

Pedro might well triumph: he had made his last voyage—bore about him a heavy weight of wealth, the

produce of his freight—some ten score healthy blacks. "They are snatched from their heathen idols, and will be blest with the true faith." Thus thought Pedro; and, with the thought, he laid his hand upon his bag of gold. And as the boat glided silently along, bright visions gladdened the eyes of Pedro. He saw a palace thronged with menials in his many-coloured livery—gardens, radiant as paradise, lakes of rippling silver. Enchanting music stole into his ears, and his heart rose, beating to the sound. Pedro smiled, and again he pressed his hand upon his gold. "This glory, this greatness, will be mine—long as I live, mine—and when I die, ha! ha! again death—tut! death is many hundred miles away."

For the first time Pedro surveyed the craft in which he was embarked. "So, a crazy shell this! In the name of St. Nicholas, how many thousand years hath it swam the sea?"

"Many thousand."

"Thousand!" echoed Pedro, darting a fierce look at the unmoved boatman, "thousand!"

The boatman paused a minute on his oars; then, leaning his long back towards Pedro, his breath chilling the flushed face of the prosperous man-seller, said—

"When the wood whereof was built the ark was yet green and budding, the 'boat you sit in was upon the wave."

"Ha! am I stowed with a madman? Pull, slave—pull to your ship, or——" and Pedro clutched his pistol in his belt.

The sun sank and all was dark.

"Pull, dog!" shouted Pedro; "pull!"

But the oars were still—the boat, as upon a rock, without motion. Pedro leaped forward to smite the boatman, and to seize the oars. He struck and groped in the darkness, and found himself alone! Pedro staggered back, and fell upon the seat; and immediately he heard the boatman at his task; the oars dipped in the wave, and the boat went on. The heart of Pedro beat at every stroke, and his face grew cold and wet as reeking marble. His hand fell dead upon his bag of gold—he plucked it thence, as though a snake had stung it.

Like an arrow from a bow the boat shot through the stream. All night the sound of the oars, true as the half-minutes, rang upon the brain of Pedro, and his bones became as ice. And when the morning dawned, Pedro saw the blue eyes—cold and bright as stars—of the old boatman, gleaming upon him. He turned to seek his ship, and he saw nothing on the waste of water round about him. Pedro gasped and tried to speak, but his tongue was dead flesh in his mouth. And the sinewy arms of the boatman still swept the bending oars.

And there was nought but signs of sadness—terrible manifestations. The very sea, parted by the keel, touched by the oars, became stagnant and jellied.

A flying fish rose from the wave, and fell dead upon the oar; and the little nautilus closed its sail, and sank like a flint.

A shoal of dolphins gambolled to the surface, and, as

the oars dipped near them, the morning light brightened their mortal hues.

The shark darted at his prey, but sank with rigid jaws. The huge leviathan bellowed as the boat drew nigh—bellowed, and disappeared.

The strong-winged swallow, follower of the sun, fell upon the boatman's knees!

And still the old boatman bent at his oars. There was no sea, bay, river, lake, creek, or dyke, whereon the boatman had not, in some way, plied;—trusted with revelling youth and beauty, he had wrecked a gondola; and now, as pilot, sunk whole crews on rocks and sands. In the darkness of night, he hath hailed a ship, and the next morn, the sharks have followed yawning for corpses.

And Pedro for a moment thought of his gains: of the human marrow he had bartered for minted gold. He glanced towards his foot, and he saw the metal melted into a mass, the skull of a dead man engraven in it, and his own name beneath. He looked again at the boat; for he had assured himself of a life of fulness—of palaces—of bowing crowds and glorious feasts!—he looked and he was alone—shrouded and in his coffin, drifting on an eternal sea!

And still it drifts—and still the spirit of Pedro doomed by the old boatman, calls in the dead of the night to sinners on the deep!

"And said the monk no more?" asked Jabez, with a fallen face.

"Yes, he would lift his withered hands—and the tears

would roll down his old cheeks—and he would cry with the awful voice of an old repentant man—

" 'Oh, ye Pedros! rich and exulting with the evil that ye do upon your brethren!—in the fulness of your wealth —in the giddiness of your triumph—think of the Old Boatman!'"

THE LAMP-POST.

A HOUSEHOLD NARRATIVE.

PARACELSUS, we are told, extracted the finest essences from the unseemliest compounds. The moral chemist may work out a truth even from a lamp-post.

In a suburb terrace, which we care not to name, the inhabitants dwelt in darkness. To them gas was as great a mystery as the fire of Prometheus. However, a wise man, living at Number Seven—there were thirteen houses in the row, which, far removed from the main-road, displayed a most picturesque air of gloom and solitude—proposed the innovation of a lamp-post. Strange to say, escaping the fate of many innovators, Number Seven was neither stoned, nor torn to pieces, nor even banished the neighbourhood. Far happier than Doctor Faustus, far more fortunate in his time than Cornelius Agrippa, Number Seven, even though, like the said Cornelius, he kept a large black dog, was hailed as a public benefactor—a man illumined for the special good of his fellows. A lamp had long been necessary to the advancing comfort and civilization of —— Terrace; many and grievous were the results of miry paths and dark nights. In the last fog, Number Four, a fat

elder, had bared his shin-bone against the scraper of Number Five; and Number Eight, an antique, but timid spinster, had sprained her ankle, and broken the rest of Number Nine's pigs, by suddenly intruding upon them sleeping, as in the good old pastoral times, in near proximity to the habitation of their master. We might, but we will not, fill pages with a gloomy narrative of casualties, never again to be repeated in consequence of the promised new light.

When Number Seven proposed his remedy of the lamp, had he presented to each of his neighbours the lamp of Aladdin, he could not have met with a heartier welcome; could not have had praises, thanksgivings, eulogies, more flattering to his self-esteem, more honourable to the obliged and the obliging. Number One acquiesced with a cordial grip; Number Two thwacked him on the shoulders, and vowed to swear for ever by him; Number Three was in a flutter of gratitude; Number Four pointed to his broken shin with a look of re-assured hope; and Number Eight, with a half-suppressed shudder at the pigs, dropt at least two tears of thankful emotion. In fact, from Number One to Number Twelve, nothing was to be heard but the praises of Number Seven. Thus far all was happiness and self-congratulation! Would that the medal had no reverse! Number Seven had, indeed, escaped the burst of indignation which hath a thousand times overwhelmed the innovator in his first rash advances; but he was to take his place with the Columbuses, in after suffering.

The expenses of the lamp-post, lamp, and lighting, were duly calculated; and no less minutely divided into thirteen parts. The whole transaction had been effected by Number Seven with the most scrupulous economy; and, as it happens with even greater benefits than a lamp and a lamp-post, when the sum to be borne by each party was arithmetically proved, it caused a general wonder, sent one thrill of amazement, mixed with a touch of shame, throughout the whole row, to think how so much darkness might be dissipated at so little expense. Alas! we now approach the fatal point of our history. The lamp in the imagination of the subscribers was scarcely lighted, ere the poisonous breath of envy blew it out. Then commenced the war of words, the bitter taunt, the false attack, the uncharitable interpretation; there was but one cry from Number One to Number Thirteen, and that was—*Guerre à la lanterne!*

And why, asks the reader, wherefore this turmoil? Why such hatred, envy, and uncharitableness about a lamp-post? We will answer.

We have said everything was prepared for the reception of the new light—when the question arose touching the place where that light should burn. Number Four had lately lost his knocker, and wished the lamp-post before his door, as the best protection from thieves. Number Five, a very pious person, with the largest prayer-book in the parish congregation, loudly complained of the injustice; the proper place for the lamp was immediately before her parlour-window; and for thieves, Number Four should put his trust in a good

conscience, and buy a pair of pistols. Number Nine lifted up her eyes, and wondered at people's impudence; she, even on the score of character and morals, had the clearest right to the lamp, as she could then best detect the suspected visits of the journeyman-baker to her maid-servants. Now raged the war, Twelve Numbers claiming a distinct right to the benefit of the lamp-post. At length, after much confusion, the whole twelve agreed to appeal to Number Seven, who, in all this clamour, had kept a silence—a mournful silence. However, being by general acclaim made the arbiter of the question, he proceeded to decide it according to the square.

"It is clear," said Number Seven, "that there are thirteen houses; it is clear that each of the thirteen bears a proportionate part of the cost—it is no less clear, that as the lamp-post cannot be at the door of each of the thirteen, it should be placed whence it can best diffuse its benefits to all. And how can it more perfectly do this, than when fixed in the centre, in, I may say (and he looked at Number Five) the midst of the tabernacle? Now, good friends, there are thirteen houses, which is the middle number?"

"Number Seven!" was the general shout.

"It is—I have judged," said Number Seven.

"What! the lamp-post at your house?" And the whole Number Twelve were unanimous in their revilings and tauntings of Number Seven, charging him with every iniquity beneath the sun. They lost all view of the truth of his judgment, of the wisdom conveyed in it, in indignation of his accidental position;

they confounded his honesty with the benefit which was inevitably to arise from it, and they called it mean, designing selfishness; the truth of figures was as nothing to the indulgence of a prejudice.

What was the result? This: no lamp-post is to this day erected. Broken shins, sprained ankles, lost knockers, and falling over pigs, continue to be endured by the whole Number Twelve, who vow they will suffer all this and more—will live and die in darkness, for this very excellent, and no less general reason,—they will not succumb to the truth of Number Seven; because their neighbour would be, as they think, beyond themselves, the accidental gainer by it.

How many of our most grievous social quarrels are about the position of the lamp-post?

The art of life consists in not being overset by trifles. We should look at the bottom of the account, not at each individual item in it, and see how the balance stands at the end of the year. We should be satisfied if the path of life is clear before us, and not fret at the straws or pebbles that lie in our way. The impertinence of mankind is a thing that no one can guard against.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

SOLOMON'S APE.

For the king had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram: once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold, and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks.—*Kings.*

A LEARNED rabbi, Ben Eli, had filled three thick MS. folios with the adventures of a certain ape, a sojourner at the court of the wisest of kings. Though the work has hitherto been withheld from the world, it seems not unlikely that it has long been the acknowledged model of many biographies. We conceive there is internal evidence in the history of thousands of courtiers, that the writers were aware how much the erudite Ben Eli could make of an ape. They who have gravely registered the slightest formality, the most evanescent word or gesture of certain heroes, must have had in their memory the first chronicler of monkey tricks. There was a time when it would have been the simplest and safest course to publish the entire folio: in former days, readers were like hogs, whose master had the right of pannage: they were turned into the literary forest to root, and grub up, and become fat as they might. Now, it is not enough to show them the tree of knowledge; but it is compulsory on those who drive the "dreadful

trade," to clamber the branches, and gather the fruit. Nay, and when gathered, the apple serves not the epicure of our day, if it be not carefully pared and sliced; and, in some instances, presented on a fork of standard gold or silver. Moreover, cases have happened wherein the quality of the fork hath been cavilled for, more than that of the apple: thus, an embossed implement hath at times passed off a sorry crab. Once it was enough for wisdom to point out the wood where grew the nuts: now must she gather and crack them.

Thus much by way of feeble apology for the licence we have taken with the folios of the venerable Ben Eli. We have wandered through their forest of leaves; we have picked all we could lay our hands upon; we have torn away the husk—have broken the shell—and for the few kernels—gentle feeder, some of them are before you.

"And the ape became a favourite with the servants of Solomon. And the women smiled upon him, and the men laughed at his grimace; and the ape was puffed with pride, and became a proverb to the wise. And the ape forgot the mother that bore him, and the father that begat him, and the wood which, in the days of his youth, did give him shadow. And—brief be the words—the ape forgot he was an ape.

"There was a strange woman in the court of King Solomon. She was beautiful as light; and many men did try for the love of the strange woman; for she was a princess in her own country.

"And it fell, that the woman looked from her window, and beheld in the court below the ape stretched, sleep-

ing in the sun: for it was high noon, and there was silence on all things. But in the heart of the strange woman there was no peace, for she thought of her father's tents.

"And the ape awoke, and looking upward, beheld the strange woman. And there was vanity in his heart, and he still looked upward. And the captive woman had compassion on the creature, and believing that he hungered, cast him down a ripe pomegranate. And the ape did eat the pomegranate, and did lick his lips, and did say in his heart, 'Of a truth, the strange woman doth love me.'

"And the next day, at the same hour, the ape watched under the window of the strange woman, and again she did throw him fruit, which he did eat, and again did cry, 'Nay, it is certain she doth love me.'

"And the same thing came to pass on the third and fourth day.

"And in the stillness of the fifth day, when sleep lay upon the lids of the household, the ape did clamber the wall which did shut in the strange woman. And as he clomb, a voice still cried in his heart, 'She doth love me!'

"And the ape clambered up to the window of the strange woman; and when she saw the monster, she filled the chamber with her screams, and shrieked for help. And the servants of the chamber came to her aid; and the court was filled with a multitude.

"And the woman intreated to be saved from the ape; but the ape understood not her words, for still he said to himself, 'She doth love me.'

"And the men took staves, and did beat and bruise the ape, but the ape was not convinced; for yet he said, 'It is plain she doth love me.' And the ape fell wounded into the court beneath.

"And when they inquired of the matter, the woman said, 'I thought the ape did hunger, and I took compassion on his misery, and threw to him a pomegranate.'

"Then a wise man said to the woman—'Daughter, let not beauty give gifts unto fools; for out of the kindness of her heart do they misinterpret; and in the very offerings of her compassion do they breed an ill report.'

"And even as the wise man said these things, the ape lay in the court beneath, and did lick his sore, and did blow the pouches of his cheeks, and cried, 'It is manifest, the strange woman doth love me.'

"There were two jugglers in the train of the Queen of Sheba. And they played,—each with a serpent, before King Solomon.

"Now the queen sought to prove the knowledge of the king, and said,—'O Solomon, thou who hast spoken of trees, from the cedar to the hyssop—also of beasts, and of fowls, and of creeping things, and of fishes;

"'Declare unto thy servant, which of the two is the true serpent, (for one was cunningly fashioned like unto a living snake, and did move and writhe in the hands of the juggler); for, of a truth, there is but one of the two that hath life.'

"And the jugglers played with the snakes before the seat of King Solomon.

"Then the king did privily send for the ape; and when he was brought in, the king caused him to be led near unto the jugglers.

"And the ape passed one of the men who played with a snake, and took no note thereof; but as he approached the fellow who held the second snake, the ape did shake, and his hair did rise upon his skin, and he trembled exceedingly; wherefore King Solomon discovered the true snake, and all men praised the wisdom of the king.*

"Now the ape discovered that he had been made the judge between the true and the false snake; and his head did swell with the shouting, and he was puffed up with vainglory.

"And after some days a multitude stood before the judgment porch. And a strife had arisen between two carvers—skilful workmen were they both.

"Palm-trees, and open flowers, and every manner of curious carving had they carved.

"And they both claimed certain carvings of cherubim. And when they had spoken and called their witnesses, King Solomon paused to consider before he delivered judgment.

"It so chanced that the ape had crept among the multitude, and had listened to the story of the carvers; and when he saw the king pause, he said to himself, 'Solomon is perplexed.'

"And the ape brake through the multitude, and ran to the porch, and did motion that he would judge between the carvers.

* See Rabbinical stories for a parallel case.

"And the ape did leap upon the shoulders of the one, and did caress him; but at the other he did scream, and grind his teeth. And Solomon understood the folly of the ape, and cried,—

"'It is ever so with the fool. Allow him the wisdom that perceiveth and shunneth a serpent, and straightway he will believe he hath understanding to judge even between the cherubim.'"

At present we must end our extracts from the pages of Ben Eli; though we cannot close without appending the final reflection of the learned rabbi, who, having narrated a thousand other instances of the folly of the ape—how he pilfered from the treasury, how he stole jewels to hang about him, and how he plucked bare divers peacocks to make himself a glory from their plumes—observes,—

"*An ape will ever be an ape, though compassed with gold, and silver, and ivory, and though his dwelling-place be even the court of King Solomon.*"

CHRISTOPHER SNUB;

Who was Born to be Hanged.

CHAPTER I.

IT was the fixed opinion of the most discriminating inhabitants of the small town of Hempenfield, that Christopher Snub—better known as that incorrigible little scoundrel, Kit Snub—was born to be hanged. Such was the public belief, extending and strengthening with the growth of Kit, from his seventh—so early did his genius show itself—to his seventeenth year; and then, to the somewhat reflecting townsfolks, it seemed somewhat strange that Kit had not been hanged a year or two before. Nevertheless, no man gave up his long-cherished conviction. Kit, it was true, escaped by miracle; notwithstanding, his doom, though deferred, was certain. Michaelmas would not be more fatal to spring goslings, than assizes to Kit. It was a pity, thought two or three of the most charitable folks; for the varlet, bating a certain roguish defiance in his eye, and a bad habit of turning all things into laughter, was a handsome, and certainly a good-natured boy. It

was really to be lamented; but Kit Snub *must* be hanged!

Kit was, in truth, the scamp of his birthplace. To the great satisfaction of all fathers and mothers, he was an imp of mischief. It was to them an exceeding comfort if a garden were robbed, glass broken, the decency of a cobbler's stall defiled by tobacco-smoke, henroosts cleared of eggs, or any other social iniquity committed, to prove that it was only Kit Snub, and none of their own blessed babes, who could have dreamt of such an atrocity. The very blackness of Kit made all the other boys of Hempenfield as white as snow. Thus, he bore upon his single back all the sins of the rising generation of his native town; and, to the innate wickedness of human nature we must declare it, he skipped as lightly, and laughed as heartily, as though the burden were a grace. Profligate Christopher Snub!

Augustus Doublebrain was a neat little fellow—a very cherub at full length. He was so civil, so quiet, so meek, so all that a child should be! He had but one fault: he was the companion of Christopher Snub. They played with the same marbles; they flew the same kite; they bit the same apple—that is, when the same marbles, the kite, and the apples, happened to be Kit's. Otherwise, like "a dear, good child as he would be without that Snub"—such were oft the words of his wailing mother—Augustus Doublebrain played and munched alone.

And thus much for the childhood of the two companions; thus much for the early wickedness of Christopher Snub.

"You'll be sorry for this, some day," said a young man to the parish beadle; who, at the insinuation, put on a more majestic look, knit three wrinkles in his official brow at the insolent supposition. *He* sorry—the beadle of Hempenfield sorry!

"Innocence is still innocence, abuse it as you will," continued the speaker; the beadle deigning no rejoinder to the stale, insipid truth.

"I wish I may die, then, if I was in the churchyard!" exclaimed the young man.

The beadle made no reply; but, backing a few paces from the speaker, surveyed him with a lofty self-complacency. Vandyke having bestowed a magic touch upon a portrait—Rembrandt having thrown a sunbeam on the canvas—may have glanced at the new beauty with a like swelling of the heart. No artificer so lowly, no drudge so mean, but he is sometimes proud of his handiwork. The beadle of Hempenfield felt a flutter at his bosom; he had locked a culprit in the parish stocks, and stood aloof, in brief consideration of his own ability. Reader, the guilty one so stocked was—Kit Snub!

"Times is changed," said the beadle, with melancholy voice, shaking his head at Kit, "times is changed; else this had been whipping, too."

"I wasn't in the churchyard," cried Snub.

"You'll be hanged, Christopher," said the beadle; "the stocks is a half-way house—a resting-place in the way to the gallows; I always said it, and I shall live to see it; you'll be hanged!"

Kit cast a furious look at the prophet, and then, regaining his composure, began to whistle a jig.

"Your character's gone, Christopher; and the sooner you're gone after it the better for Hempenfield. Pitch-and-toss in a churchyard!—it's worse," said the beadle, "than Guy Fawkes!"

"For the last time," cried Christopher, "I say I wasn't there."

"Rattling money among the solemn tombstones," continued the beadle, unmoved by the protestations of Snub; "teasing honest folks in their coffins with the mammon of this world—it's a wicked aggravation. How would you like it, Kit?"

Kit whistled.

"And to find nobody better for your wickedness than a gipsy and a tinker! Have you lost all decency?"

"And why didn't you catch them?" asked Snub. "Then you'd seen that I knew no more on 'em than the owl in the church ivy. But it's always the case—there was always a spite in this place against me."

"People of your kidney always calls justice bad names. Spite, i' fackins! Is there to be no godliness in the world—is heads and tails to be allowed in a churchyard? But good words is wasted breath upon you. I'm sorry for it, Kit; for the sake of your dead father,—an honest man, and the best bowler fifty miles round—I'm sorry for it;—but to be sure, what could be hoped when he married Becky Drinkwater, the chambermaid of the Crown—when your mother——"

It was especially unfortunate for Simon Scroggs,

beadle of Hempenfield, that when in pursuit of his duty, as *censor morum*, he apprehended Christopher Snub on the charge of playing pitch-and-toss, hustle-cap, and other plebeian games of chance, with a tinker and a gipsy, in the sanctuary of the dead,—it was, we repeat, unfortunate for our vigilant functionary, as the sequel shall prove, that Kit was bound for a cricket-match. The beadle was a man of rigid morals, and thought it a favourable opportunity to indulge in reflections upon the late Mrs. Snub (there ran a legend, that in her maidenhood she had with some contumely rejected Simon Scroggs), her son being fast in the stocks. The lion was not defunct, but fast by the legs, when Simon ventured to bray a little. Scarcely, however, had he uttered his first condemnatory note, when he fell —as though struck by the iron club of a giant—upon the earth, a fountain of blood gushing from his nose, defiling his waistcoat, and trickling down his nether garments. Gathering himself bolt upright, the beadle of Hempenfield bled like—like a chancery suitor or a pig.

Simon Scroggs, his head still swimming, and his eyes striking fire at the same moment, felt his nose and his mistake, he had not searched the person of the culprit; otherwise, in his jacket-pocket he had discovered a cricket-ball, which Kit—he inherited the unerring eye and steady hand of his father—delivered with a precision readily though not cheerfully acknowledged by the beadle, who, for a time, thought his nose had followed the eyes of justice, annihilated by the cricket-ball of Kit.

The reader may hastily imagine that our beadle scrambled to his legs, and with meteor eyes and trumpet voice assailed his assailant. No housewife—her heart broken with some precious china vessel—ever gathered together the fragmentary porcelain with greater care, with a more sorrowing tenderness, than did Simon Scroggs, beadle of Hempenfield, pick himself up limb by limb. He seemed to think his nose—like the nose of the seal—was the seat of vitality, and that he must be all but exanimate. At length, a consciousness of protracted existence dawned dimly upon him; when, pulling a deep breath, he shook his head, and a sickly smile of satisfaction played about his mouth as he meekly addressed Christopher Snub in the following words:—"Yes, it's a blessed thing to think of—you *must* be hanged!"

And Christopher Snub, the last remnant of his good name blown to the winds, sat in the stocks. He felt his innocence, and knew he was a prisoner. Gloomy, desolate thoughts might have fallen upon the captive had he not been weaned from the bitterness of reflection by the society of some half-dozen ragged boys, who, within the very shadow of the stocks, began a game of ring-taw!

> Alas! regardless of their doom,
> The little victims play.

Whereupon, Christopher, who had brought the same moral energy to a game at push-pin or a game at chess, entered with fullest enjoyment into the sport, counselling, warning, and triumphing with the players.

Whether this faculty may be set down to highest philosophy, or to invincible hardness of heart, we leave as a matter of argument to the moralist. Certain it is, Christopher was in the very heat of the game, when a sound—a dolorous sound—called his attention from the sport. Turning his eyes, he beheld the sorrow-stricken countenance of Augustus Doublebrain.

"I never thought it would come to this, Kit," said Augustus, wringing his hands.

"It's nothing," said Christopher; "I shall be out at sunset. That won't do, Bill Simmons—knuckle down," cried Christopher, to one of the party at taw.

"Bless us, Kit!" exclaimed Augustus, "can you think of knuckling-down in the stocks?"

"And why not?" cried Snub.

"With your character gone," urged Doublebrain—"yes, Christopher, your character!"

"I shall leave the village, and get a new one; for you know, Gus, in the matter of character," said Snub, "I can plainly see it—do what you will to keep it whole and sound—luck's all."

"Don't talk in that hardened way," said Augustus Doublebrain.

"Character's like a Sunday hat—you must play at the ring, Sam Small—it wears longer with some folks, though they don't take more care of it than others."

"You really weren't in the churchyard?" asked Doublebrain, solicitously.

"No, but it was no use my saying so; they said

they'd got a witness of it, though what witness I don't know; and, more than that, the squire said there was another fact against me."

"The Lord preserve us!" cried Doublebrain. "Another fact! What is it?"

"Once I was caught at what they call defacing the tombstones; and what, Gus, do you think they call defacing?—why, writing Sukey Saunders' name under the heads of some of the cherubim."

"I can't say it was right, Kit; it's what mother would call heathenish," answered Doublebrain.

"Folks differ, you see," replied Snub; "however, they said if I was infidel—that was the word—infidel enough to write a roundhand upon tombstones, I wouldn't stick to try heads-and-tails among the coffins; and so upon that argument, Gus, here I am."

"That's no evidence," observed Doublebrain.

"And so I said. 'Granting the first fault,' said I—'I defy the cherubim to prove heads-and-tails!' Then the squire laughed, and then he gives me over to the beadle, who claps me here in the timber. But for all that, you see—Jack Robins" (again Kit was among the marble-players), "no funking!"

"And as you weren't in the churchyard with the tinker and the gipsy," said Augustus, "where were you, and what about?"

"Nutting," cried Christopher Snub, with a twinkle of the eye; "nutting, with Polly Spicer."

"She'll be the ruin of you," said Augustus Doublebrain, with a groan.

"Bless her!" cried Christopher, smacking his lips.

Evening approached. Augustus Doublebrain, having delivered himself of his very kindest counsels, squeezed Christopher's hand, leaving him in ignominy and the best spirits. The boys, proud to receive the instruction of Snub, even though dealt from the stocks, left their marbles for supper and bed; a nightingale preluded fitfully from a neighbouring bush, and Christopher Snub sat in profoundest solitude—that is, with nothing but his innocence, in the parish stocks. Had the beadle forgotten him? Kit pondered upon the malice of Scroggs, and then his thoughts wandered to the bloody nose and the cricket-ball. The evening grew darker, and Kit became the more fixed in the belief that the beadle had determined to leave him—out of mere revenge—the whole night, under an autumn sky. Gusts of wind made the captive shrink—a drop of rain, prologue to a deluge, fell on Kit's cheek—and cold and hungry, Snub sat in the stocks and shivered. He tried, manfully tried, to abstract his moral self from the desolation around him; and then, as further torment, his errant soul was cheated by the apparition of the "Red Lion," raised upon his hind legs, and looking, as for twenty years he had looked, jauntily for custom, whether of man or beast. Not that the "Red Lion" maintained his time-honoured aspect, for his two forepaws, hitherto scrambling over the signboard, now, to the imagination of the hungry wretch in the stocks, grasped a platter, wherein hissed and smoked an ample steak,

and a pot of ale, with foam like purest fleece. Was it the theory of Aristotle, that men with large hearts have great stomachs? It matters not—Christopher Snub was so organized; his bowels yearned at the vision, and then, smitten with the cheat, declined and fell, yea, almost to fainting. The lion, beef, and ale, had vanished, and Christopher sat consorted with hunger and darkness.

The consciousness of innocence is a great support to the human mind, and Kit—moderately assisted by meat and malt—felt that he could have sustained his energies, even in the stocks. But to be left in cold and darkness to pine and starve—hark!

Christopher's ears quickened. Yes; a cloud had just swum before the moon—he cannot well descry him; but, surely that is the slow, measured step—the tread of authority announcing Scroggs, the beadle!

Now Kit was a little in error; it was not the beadle, but a stray jackass.

And the ass boldly approached the stocks, and stared placidly at Christopher—and Christopher, nothing daunted, stared at the ass.

CHAPTER II.

CHRISTOPHER is in the stocks, and his fortunes hang upon an ass! The meek beast, with something like a touch of fellowship, gazes piteously at Snub, and the prisoner, touched by the confidence, or compassion, or whatever it is, staring from the brute's eyes, pats his head in token of acknowledgment. Here, thought

Snub, are a couple of us, children of misery, doomed, undeservedly, to bear the thumps and bitter abuse of folks who think themselves our betters! Here we are, cold, hungry—but at this moment Snub heard footsteps, and dismissing the miseries of the ass from his mind, he thought only of himself. The ass turned from the stocks, and in a minute was seized by a couple of fellows, both of whom began drubbing the beast, and cursing and swearing at it for straying.

"Poor devil!" groaned Christopher, his heart smitten with the blows.

"What's that?" exclaimed one of the men.

"A voice from the stocks," cried the other, and advancing a few steps, the fellow stood with arms a-kimbo, and shaking with laughter, in front of Snub. "What, is the gaol full, old fellow, that they've put you out to lodge and board on the common?" asked the man, who seemed by his dirty rags to be a travelling tinker. "Look here, Mike," he cried, and his companion approached the stocks.

Mike was evidently of the gipsy tribe. Surveying Snub, he took off his straw hat, scratched his head, and then looking at the legs of Snub, exclaimed, with affected pathos—

"And they call this a free country."

"You wouldn't like to get out?" asked the tinker.

"Shouldn't I!" cried Snub.

Oh, that folks in high places would sometimes emulate the brevity and despatch of the tinker! Without any rhetorical flourish, he put a plain question, and the

answer being as plainly returned, lo! in a trice, Christopher's legs were free from the ignominious wood, and he stood stretching himself on the common. It would have been plain to an observing mind, that the dexterity of the tinker at picking a lock was not wholly a natural gift; there was a confidence of manner, a quickness of finger, that denoted considerable education.

"And now what do you mean to do?" was the query of Snub's liberator; and never was the question put to a man less able to resolve it.

"It isn't my fault," said Snub; "but it can't be denied there's a hole in my character."

"If you'll come with us, we'll tinker it," was the generous offer of the gipsy. Snub was silent; perhaps he doubted the skill of the workman.

"More than that," chimed in the tinker, "we've a goose for supper."

"My character's in your hands," cried Snub. "I'm one of you."

As we do not wish to pass off Snub for an atom better than he is, we will at once declare our suspicion that it was more to his immediate want of goose than to any remote benefit to be conferred on his moral part, that Kit consented to follow his new acquaintance. Christopher had been six hours in the stocks—was cold, hungry, and—but no, we will not dwell on the forlornness of his condition. A goose for supper! If the reader have any bowels, he must confess the greatness of the temptation. Was it in human nature in such a plight to bear upon character? Goose for supper! Odours from Araby!

The seraphic moralist may shut his eyes and pinch his nostrils: Christopher Snub was but mortal man.

"You'll go with us,—eh?" said the tinker. "Well, then, as we must make haste, and your legs arn't any better for the wooden stockings, you'd better jump on Rose-in-June, and take this stake."

Immediately Christopher mounted the ass with the fragrant name; and much we fear that from the manner in which our hero belaboured Rose-in-June, he had altogether forgotten the benevolence that warmed his bosom towards the ass, when seated in the stocks. To be sure, there was then no goose for supper.

The ass, obedient to the cudgel, trotted, as he would redeem the character of his tribe from sluggishness; the tinker and the gipsy ran, and in half-an-hour the party halted at a pastoral tent in a green lane. The fire, blazing in front of the tent, warmed the heart's core of Kit; and, whether it was the odour of wild flowers, or the gravy of goose that delicately smote his nostrils, he could not satisfactorily determine: certain it is, his hope inclined to the latter. The tinker and gipsy advanced to the fire, and Christopher dismounting, stood modestly apart. Staring and snuffing in the distance, Kit saw a woman seated by the fire, cooking, as he hoped, the promised supper: again and again he snuffed; and then his heart felt like a piece of dead flesh, for he heard the gipsy cry with all the passion worthy of the disappointment, "Damnation! the goose not come!"

"Where the devil is he?" cried the tinker. He had scarcely spoken, when a man bounced through the

hedge, and after a moment's hesitation on the part of tinker and gipsy, who, grasping their cudgels, took an attitude not expressive of benevolence, the stranger was welcomed with the greatest possible fervour. Kit had cautiously withdrawn himself still further from his new companions, who, overjoyed by the presence of the last comer, seemed to have forgotten the hospitality due to the late resident in the stocks. He stood, or rather lay apart on the grass, watching with anxious heart and yearning bowels the motions of his friends, who laughed, and, as he thought, joked; and then squatting themselves about the fire, commenced an operation dear to the household recollections of Kit: the goose was come, and it was plain that some of the blessings of civilization had descended upon the gipsies, for they did not eat their poultry in the feathers.

"How many on 'em did you nab?" inquired the tinker.

"Four," answered the stranger, "and had a near chance of the old gander."

"You're a regular good un," cried the gipsy, "but we feared you'd ha' forgotten the priggery."

"'Tisn't in my nature," said the stranger. "To be sure, I had a good run for it from the churchyard, and I didn't think myself safe till I heard they'd got hold of Kit."

"Who's Kit?" asked the gipsy.

"Why, Kit's a nincompoop," answered the finder of the supper.

Christopher no sooner heard this opinion passed upon,

if not himself, at least a namesake, than he raised himself upon his legs, and silently as a rabbit moved towards the tent.

"Nothing but a nincompoop; at school he used to take my floggings, and now—ha! ha! I shouldn't wonder if he was to be hanged in mistake for me one of these days."

There was something so irresistibly droll in the picture, in the mere idea of throttling an innocent man, and purely in mistake for the true offender, that the whole party roared with laughter.

"You see, when we were started from the churchyard, I took to my heels and ran home to my master. Well, you can't think the relief it was to me to hear that they'd taken up Kit Snub: and how do you think it came about? Why, they found his hat, with his name in it, in the churchyard. Now, ha! ha! I shall kill myself with laughing, ha! ha! ha! who do you think left his hat there?"

"Augustus Doublebrain," shouted Christopher Snub; and Augustus, dropping the stolen poultry, gazed aghast at his long-suffering companion. Kit was a peaceable, good-tempered creature, but the thoughts of his unmerited ignominy in the stocks rushing upon him, he suddenly found his fingers at the throat of Augustus Doublebrain, whilst the body of that very adroit person twisted and writhed like an eel, and his face became almost as black as his hat.

"You wouldn't murder the young man?" exclaimed the gipsy.

"Are you a christian?" asked the tinker.

Kit released his wronger, who, gasping like a landed fish, in a moment caught Christopher in his arms, and we believe—for it was too late for Kit to see them—with tears rolling down his cheeks, vowed that he was determined to die in that posture, unless Snub immediately forgave him. "I did everything for the best," cried the weeping Doublebrain.

"Put me in the stocks," said Christopher, sullenly.

"All for the best," repeated Doublebrain, grounded for words, though not for tears.

"Blasted my character," exclaimed Snub, with rising wrath.

"What's character?" asked the tinker.

"Is it good *sarce* for ducks?" inquired the gipsy; "if so, hand us over some. What's the use of blubbering like a baby?" said the Bohemian to the still streaming Doublebrain. "Squat, I say, squat."

"And pick the ducks like a man," added the female; for the first time, strange to say, joining in the argument.

Though Doublebrain was smitten to the soul by the reproaches of Snub, he nevertheless felt that, in common with all men, he had social duties to perform; and therefore, though choking with private sorrow, he repressed his tears, and sat down to pick the ducks.

"You'll lick your chops at 'em, I dare say," said the tinker to Snub, "so here, just strip this fellow to the buff," and with the word, the speaker threw a dead drake to Christopher.

"I wouldn't touch one of 'em for the world," cried Christopher.

"Why, we know we promised you a goose; but as things has turned up, it wasn't to be done. What of that? Is anything certain in this world? Why should you be so nice? When we can't get a goose, let's thank our stars, and without complaint do as well as we can with two ducks." Such was the meek philosophy of the tinker; a philosophy we have seen exemplified by very respectable people, who thereupon very properly took to themselves the praise of much self-restraint.

The ducks were picked with great despatch, though Christopher lent no hand to the work. Silent and apart he leaned against a tree, and though resolved to touch no morsel of the stolen goods, he was still held by some unaccountable fascination to the spot, watching the roasting poultry, and—martyr to his bowels—smelling its reeking odour. The tinker and gipsy laughed, and the woman bustled about the fire; poor Augustus Double-brain, with his eye upon the ducks and his hand upon his heart, groaning occasionally. He felt a growing appetite, and mourned a departed friend.

In a brief time supper was served. Christopher drew closer to the fire, and seated himself upon the grass: nevertheless he was still determined to taste no piece of the stolen ducks, though much pressed thereto by the tinker, the gipsy, and the woman.

"It will do you no good," said Christopher, as the feeders tore and gnawed the stolen property: "depend upon it, 'twill do you no good."

How often is this belief the barren satisfaction of hungry virtue! How often does famishing innocence, watching the wicked feeders of the world—the gorbellied varlets, with mouths greasy with the goods of cheated worth—find comfort in the belief that "it will do them no good." Lean virtue shakes the head and cries, "It will do you no good," and rapine still keeps greasy in the face, still grows "a finger on the ribs."

Christopher continued to exclaim to the unthinking Augustus, "It will do you no good;" though we will not deny at every repetition of the warning, the moralist shuffled closer to the fire, and despite of himself, smacked his lips with louder smack. For the tenth time, Snub, with his hand within an inch of a fat duck, cried, "It will do you no good," when a shout was set up—a scuffle ensued—his feasted companions took to their heels—and the virtuous Christopher, with belly empty as a poorbox, sat and shivered on the grass in custody of the beadle and the constable.

The robbery had been found out, the flight of Snub discovered; and escaped culprit, and stolen ducks, traced by the vigilant functionaries of Hempenfield, to the green lane. Christopher Snub was born to be hanged.

CHAPTER III.

It was particularly fortunate for Christopher that the assizes were near at hand: we say fortunate, for he was spared a dull, heavy season of doubt; and, as he was charged with an atrocious offence, with a crime rendered more iniquitous by the late frequency of its commission,

Snub was in that post of danger occupied at times by a culprit who is to be manufactured into an example! To steal a certain number of ducks is, it must be allowed, a wrong done to society; but to commit the theft, after many other like robberies by other folks, is, it would seem, a still greater wrong; hence, when six pickers and stealers of ducks are merely transported, the seventh robber of the like domestic fowl shall be hanged. If it be asked,—Wherefore? The philosophy of the law answers,—Because the thief came late into the field; had he been only the sixth robber, he had been a transported felon; being the seventh, he must be a throttled example!

Still Christopher had a chance of escape. The great point of danger to be considered by himself and friends was, not the wickedness of the culprit, but the judge who was to try him. If Justice Butler, a short imprisonment and whipping might be the worst; if, on the other hand, Mr. Baron Sus-per-coll, then was Christopher Snub no better than an example—that is, a dead thief.

Luckless Christopher! To be sure thou wilt but fulfil thy destiny; thou wert born to be hanged, and thy execution is as good as ordered; for already, hear the trumpets! Hark! how they bray forth the dread approach of Baron Sus-per-coll!

The Baron, unlike many men of worldly fame, deserved his reputation. To hang was with him, not so much a duty as a passion. Early in life he had been possessed with the solemn impulse: when at school, all his pocket-

money was expended to purchase dogs and cats, to be treated according to his early principles of justice—in familiar phrase, hanged. His tree of social liberty was the tree that grew at Tyburn; the Gordian knot of policy, a nice new hempen halter. The black cap was the cap he would have always worn; he never felt so easy, warm, and truly comfortable, as when it graced his head. He could have gone to bed in it! Strange it was, that cap, like the hidden springs in some garden statues, no sooner touched the Baron than it drew water from his cheeks; though seemingly only a piece of stone before, Baron Sus-per-coll played from the bench on the prisoner in the dock, a warm fountain of sympathy. He never hanged but he cried; and, as he never lost an opportunity of hanging, we may conclude that, like ladies in hysterics, crying did him a world of good. The end of poor Baron Sus-per-coll—for he died (for a judge) at the untimely age of eighty-four, and really in the full possession of all the faculties left him—was hastened by his aqueous feelings. He had passed sentence on a miscreant, a famishing weaver, who had stolen a dish of giblets from a poulterer's, and the Baron had wept exceedingly. Unfortunately, he had come on the circuit with a new servant, and the domestic had failed to dry his lordship's ermine for the next day's business. The robe was, as usual, drenched with tears; it was the winter circuit, and the damp struck to the Baron's chest. It was plain he was about to depart for a world which he had done all in his judicial power to render populous. Still, he rallied nobly; but happening in the same cir-

cuit to have a maiden assize, the unexpected blow concluded the work. With a sickly, mortal smile, Baron Sus-per-coll received the white gloves, and immediately took to his bed. For an hour or two before his death, his senses wandered; for he insisted upon having the black cap brought to his bed-side, then put it upon his head, sat bolt upright, and commenced, in the most pathetic terms, passing sentence upon himself! He first began by condemning himself as an old and hardened offender; congratulated himself that he had been tried by an inflexible and enlightened jury; congratulated the country that he himself would be hanged, for he was a pest, a blot, an ulcer to society; and then he conjured himself to make the most of the time that remained to him; forbidding himself to hope for the least mercy in this world, but to trust only to the mercy of the next. He then, wiping his eyes very often with the sheet, said that nothing more remained to himself but to pass sentence upon himself: that the sentence was, that he should be taken to whence he came, and hanged by the neck until he was dead. "And Mr. Baron Sus-per-coll," these were the Baron's last delirious words, "may the Lord have mercy on your soul!" Saying this, the judge laid himself upon the pillows, and, the black cap still upon his head, died! To our story.

The stolen ducks, or rather the heads of some of them, had been found in the possession of Christopher Snub; the owner of the birds could swear to the property; Baron Sus-per-coll was to try the prisoner; and the prophecy of the good folks of Hempenfield was

about to be fulfilled—"Christopher Snub was born to be hanged." Another circumstance added mightily to the prejudice against the prisoner. That pious, civil, well-meaning young man, Augustus Doublebrain, had run away from the town; no doubt inveigled to the imprudence by the bad example and wicked counsel of Kit Snub.

The trial of the prisoner approached; Kit was placed at the bar, and, confident of his innocence, looked, in the opinion of his Hempenfield neighbours, a brazen, guilty varlet. He ought to have been bent, weighed down, crushed by a sense of his iniquity; and he stood upright as a wand, and gazed about him very tranquilly. The case was opened, and very early in the trial, Mr. Baron Sus-per-coll felt a certain moisture at the eyes, indicative of the coming torrent. The waters were rising—it was clear that Kit Snub was born to be hanged. The owner of the ducks was examined, to quote the report in the county newspaper, at "considerable length." The bodies of the ducks had been consumed; their fragmentary bones were found strewn on the greensward, but two heads were secured entire. The witness had not the slightest doubt that such heads were the property of his late ducks; he would no more hesitate at swearing to his ducks, than to his children. An outhouse had been forcibly entered, and four of the ducks carried off; the heads produced in court belonged to two of them—one to the drake, *that* he would swear. It was impossible for him to be mistaken; he had reared the ducks from the shell; had fed them every day, and would

pick them out from a thousand. Witness was fully aware of the solemnity of an oath, and was perfectly ready to swear to *all that*.

Mr. Baron Sus-per-coll, among other antipathies, could not endure a pragmatic witness. As the owner of the ducks proceeded in his testimony, the judge felt more than ordinarily annoyed and twitted by the important confidence of the vulgar fellow; hence, by a sudden revulsion of feeling, the Baron's sympathies were quickened for the prisoner at the bar. The witness continued to speak with indecorous glibness, Baron Sus-per-coll exclaiming to himself, and sufficiently loud to be heard all over the court—"pooh, pooh!" "pshaw!" "tut, tut!" "foolish fellow!" "how *can* he swear it?"

"And you take your oath that this is the head of your drake?" asked the counsel, for the tenth and last time.

"I do," answered the witness; "I could swear it until to-morrow morning."

"Pooh, pooh, pooh!" cried the Baron, loudly, as was his wont, to himself; "one drake's head is like another drake's head, as one duck's egg is like another duck's egg."

The counsel for the prosecution had finished his talk, when the prisoner's counsel, who sat immediately under the bench, and had heard every syllable uttered by the judge, jumped to his feet with great alacrity. "Stay, my good man," said the counsel, "let me put to you this simple question. Remember, you are upon your oath, and on your oath answer me—if one drake's head

isn't like another drake's head, as one duck's egg is like another duck's egg?"

The pen fell from the hand of Baron Sus-per-coll; his face assumed the most solemn aspect; and, the silent witness scratching his head the while, the Baron slowly rose from his seat, and leaning over his desk, said to the prisoner's counsel, "Mr. Mantrap, I see the finger of Heaven in this trial; the question you have so admirably, so pithily put to the witness, was at the very moment passing through my brain." Still the witness scratched his head; when the judge turning from him with something like a contemptuous glance, said to the jury, "Gentlemen, the prisoner must be discharged; there is no case." The late prisoner readily taking the judge at his word, was for running out of the dock, when he was solemnly addressed by Mr. Baron Sus-per-coll. "Christopher Snub, you have had a most fortunate escape; whether or not you stole this good man's ducks, is the inscrutable secret of your own breast. However this may be, you owe the deepest debt of obligation to the wisdom, the forethought, the admirable sagacity of your counsel. It might have gone far otherwise with you; and when I consider the frequency of these attacks on private property—when I feel the imperative call of society for some example, it becomes my painful duty—" and at these words Baron Sus-per-coll, by the mere force of custom, began to weep—"to implore you to make the most of the time allotted to you, to intreat you to lay aside all earthly hope, and to trust only for—eh?—oh!—ha!—bless me, I'd forgot;"

and the Baron hastily dried his streaming eyes, remembering that Christopher was not to be executed, but discharged. In an instant, all the native terrors of the judge returned, and, in a voice of thunder, Baron Sus-per-coll exclaimed to Snub, "Fellow, you have had a narrow escape; don't come here again!"

The people of Hempenfield were astonished at the non-fulfilment of the old prediction. Until at soonest the next assizes, Christopher Snub, though born for the destiny, could not be hanged!

Christopher Snub was discharged with the bloom of the county gaol upon his name. In the eye of the law he was innocence itself; vain solace against the significant winkings of his early neighbours! What was he to do?—whither, in his tribulation, was he to guide his steps? A thousand times did he curse the chance that flung him into the company of that false friend, Double-brain! When Christopher quitted prison, his worldly wealth was ten shillings. For a whole day he walked the fields and lanes, skulking like a poacher. Twenty times he sat himself under a hedge; twenty times—pulling his fortune from his pocket, displaying the coin in his hand, and staring at it as if he hoped to obtain counsel from the silver pieces. He had read of London Lord Mayors—of golden merchants—who, some with not more than a crown in their pockets, and some with not a farthing, had walked to London, treading its flinty streets with unsoled shoes. Other men had smaller beginnings than himself; why should he despair? His bundle held three shirts and two pairs

of stockings; his coat was sound, his shoes whole, his hat all but new. A pin for the bad odour of a gaol! that would never be found out in London; he was determined; he would sneak towards Hempenfield, take a farewell of lovely Polly Spicer, and gird up his loins for a pilgrimage to town. Such was the manful determination of Christopher. For the last time he took out his ten shillings, and counting them as they lay in his hand, was deeply meditating on the least possible sum to be expended on the road. He was at least a hundred and fifty miles from London; and he pondered on the separate claims of two or three shillings as sufficient for travelling expenses. He sat with the money in his hand, absorbed by the perplexing question. How often is all human speculation vain; for at the very moment that Christopher decided to pinch his bowels by allowing them only two shillings, resolving to enter London with the unbroken eight—at that very instant, a fellow presented a pistol at the head of Christopher, with the highway laconism of "money or your life!" Christopher was no coward; still there is something in a cocked pistol, held about three inches from the *os frontis*, that is apt to confound the stoutest heart. Snub, thunderstruck by the demand, cried in a doubtful voice, "You wouldn't rob *me?*"

"Money or your life," was briefly repeated by the thief, who showed no emotion, if he felt it, at the appeal; for his face was adorned with a black mask.

"I am just out of gaol myself," said Christopher,

thinking that as nominally one of the thief's fraternity, he ought to tread the highway scot free.

"It's a lie," said the highwayman; indirectly complimenting Christopher's honesty at the expense of his truth.

"Upon my soul I am," cried Snub; "I have been tried for robbery, and got off;" for Snub thought it might considerably damage him with the highwayman if he protested his innocence. "It was all over with me, as I thought, but luck turned up, and I escaped through a flaw."

"And what did you steal?" asked the highwayman.

"Four ducks," answered Christopher, very meekly.

"Why, you paltry, contemptible scoundrel," cried the footpad, in great indignation; "it's such sneaking vagabonds as you that bring disgrace upon robbery! Four ducks!"

"We—we broke open an outhouse, and they were all we could find," cried Snub in extenuation.

"Money or your life!" growled the highwayman; and having looked at the pistol flint, he presented the weapon an inch nearer the brain of the duck-stealer. Still Snub hesitated an instant, and he would have made a dash at the highwayman, when glancing aside, he saw in the distance two men, companions of the thief, serenely watching the professional power of their friend. "Another minute," said the impatient highwayman, "and I'll leave you for the crows;" some of those unclean birds being, at the moment, very audible. With a deep groan, and his eye riveted on the pistol, Christo-

pher surrendered his ten shillings; he must now enter London, if ever he got there, without a farthing.

"I am going to town," cried Snub, in a vain endeavour to move the thief's compassion; "at least give me something back. How am I to live?"

"There's plenty of ducks on the road," said the hard-hearted highwayman. "And now, my friend, I'll trouble you for your coat and waistcoat."

"You'll never strip me!" exclaimed Christopher.

"Won't be so cruel," answered the thief; who, taking off his coat and waistcoat, indicated by the fact that he only proposed to make a benevolent exchange. The highwayman's friends stood apart, laughing highly at the drollery of their companion. Snub felt it was in vain to resist, hence he threw his garments on the ground, which were more speedily picked up and put on by the despoiler. "A very nice beaver, indeed, and our heads both of a size!" said the thief, taking the hat of Christopher, and crowning him in exchange with a misshapen piece of greasy felt.

"And will you leave me in this state? Will you leave me nothing?" asked Snub, in despair.

"No, my friend," answered the highwayman, with a pleasant familiarity; "I leave you my hat, my coat, my waistcoat, and with 'em this little bit of advice. You see there was a small rumpus at a house in this neighbourhood last night; we call it an affair of plate-chest, the law would call it burglary. Now, my excellent friend, if by any chance you should be invited to take dinner at Doctor Doublechin's, Manna Lodge, listen to my advice, and don't go in that coat!" So spake the high-

wayman, and in two minutes, Christopher Snub, penniless, and with nothing but the cast skin of a burglar to creep into, with nought but a coat, with felony and conviction in the very web of it, stood shivering beneath the winds of heaven. What could he do? Should he run to the first house, and give an alarm, denouncing the robbers? Who would believe him—him, whose name was tainted with stolen ducks? Again, if he lingered in the neighbourhood, he might be apprehended as an accessory of the fact; he had but one resource, it was not twenty miles to the coast, and giving up his cherished hope of seeing Polly Spicer—of renewing his vows of fidelity for ever and ever—he turned from the road, and with heart heavy as a usurer's conscience, trudged his way to "the melancholy main." We will not follow Christopher through every petty incident, but shall at once inform the reader that, after much supplication, Snub induced the captain of a trader to take him aboard his vessel; though in the ingenuous language of the commander, Kit was not for some time to come to consider himself a bit better than as so much live lumber.

CHAPTER IV.

For five years was Christopher Snub tossed upon the sea. Being expressly born to be hanged, the dangers of the ocean were, however, no dangers to him. He had been insured by fate against a drowning death; like a cork he might be restlessly thrown about upon the waters, and like a cork would never go to the bottom. For five years was Snub a sailor, and we next behold him a

slave; a christian slave, toiling under the tyranny of a Moorish master. Christopher's ship was taken by a set of heathenish buccaneers, and its gallant crew parcelled out and sold in separate lots in the slave-market. As Snub stood to be bought, as he felt himself nothing more than a bale of merchandize, to be bargained and huckstered for, the tears started to his eyes, and he lapsed into a day-dream. Again he saw his native common; again he heard his contemporary geese; again he beheld the stocks; Scroggs, the beadle, moved majestically before him; Polly Spicer tripped like a wood-nymph by; Augustus Doublebrain,—but as Christopher pondered on the fox-like features of his early friend, the good man who owned Snub, and was anxious to turn him into money, visited his naked shoulders with a lash that instantaneously brought his reflections back to a Barbary slave-market. "What do you think of him?" said the human flesh-dealer; "if you want an active, strong slave, a fellow for hard work, you can't do better; not too much flesh, you see, and not too thin." This recommendation of Christopher was addressed to an old Moor of venerable aspect, who eyed the article with some distrust. "An Englishman, eh? umph! I have already a slave of his nation; a lazy, sneaking cur, that I'd sell again for half the money he cost me. How much do you ask for this dog of a Christian?" Snub's owner taking the Moor by the sleeve, stepped aside, and the bargaining began. It was plain to Christopher, that the seller extolled his many virtues to the skies, whilst the buyer, with equal energy, denied both their number

and excellence. After much higgling the slave-dealer struck the bargain, and passing over Snub to the Moor, said, "Go; follow your master."

"Woe is me," cried Snub, in the bitterness of his anguish, "better had it been to have stayed at home, and been hanged on a christian gallows, than to live to be sold to a wicked, stony-hearted old Turk; to wear out my days under the lash and bastinado." In justice to the Moor, we must observe he was much wronged by the hard thoughts of his new bondsman. Muley Hassan Ali Bibbubbob was a gentle master; he set too high a value on his slaves to damage them very much by excessive punishment: the bastinado was certainly not unknown on his estate; and now and then he would feel it necessary, but all for the benefit of an example, to bowstring an offender. This, however, happened but rarely: a month at least had elapsed since the last execution, when Christopher became the lawful property of Muley Hassan Ali Bibbubbob.

Snub had no sooner arrived at his master's dwelling, than he was set to work, digging, fetching, and carrying on the grounds; with sunset his labours ceased, and he was ordered to go to rest, to betake himself to the hovel where the other Christian dog was kennelled. Snub approached the hut; but ere he reached the threshold, the slave, his brother in misery, uttering a loud cry, ran to meet him, embracing him with the greatest passion. "This is a happiness—this is a delight! Oh, Christopher! what great good luck brought you here?"

Snub started at the voice, and releasing himself from

the arms of his new companion, at length discovered in the gaunt frame, and worn and harassed features of the slave, his early, his fatal friend, Augustus Doublebrain. To him did Christopher owe disgrace, imprisonment, exile, and slavery; yet he could not repress his tears, and again and again he embraced him like a brother. "Lord! Augustus! what brought you here?" exclaimed Christopher; and Augustus briefly told his melancholy history; so briefly, that he left out many things which in the judgment of a biographer, might have given a very bold marking to the narrative. He could not, however, sufficiently condemn the villainy, the meanness, the ingratitude of the gipsy and the tinker: for they, fearing he might on some occasion tell ugly truths of them for the service of morality, lured him to the sea-side; when there, threw him into the hands of a crimp, and he was borne far from the country of his fathers, in a filthy, wretched ship destined to become the prey of a crew of pirates. In a word, he was sold to his present master, whom he had served for two years.

"And we shall live and die here," cried Christopher, in despair.

"I don't think I shall, Kit," said Doublebrain; "for my uncle has grown rich, and I have sent to him that he may learn my sad condition, and to beg him to pay my ransom."

"If he should send money enough for both!" exclaimed the hopeful Snub.

"I don't think that likely," answered the comfortless Augustus; then, hastily waiving the subject, he begged

to know the adventures of his friend. Christopher told his story, omitting no syllable. He particularly dwelt on the inhumanity of the highwayman who stripped him; a circumstance he might as well have passed in silence, inasmuch as that Doublebrain had had a very favourable view of the whole scene; a truth, however, that even in slavery he did not care to make known to Christopher.

"You have had your troubles indeed, Kit," said Augustus, conveniently forgetting their origin; "still after all these trials, it's something to meet with an old friend. I can't pretend to say how *you* feel; but for my part, I'm delighted to see you."

"What's past is gone," said Snub, after a struggle. "So, once again, Augustus, there's my hand. And now what sort of a master is this Turk of ours?"

"An ogre, worse than an ogre, Kit; he has bagged three wives since I've been with him."

"Bagged 'em!" cried Kit.

"He thought they winked under their veils at the slaves; and pop they went into a sack, and souse into the sea. That's their law of divorce in Barbary, and every husband his own judge."

"And are the women very beautiful?" asked Christopher.

Doublebrain shivered at the question. "I haven't looked, Kit; I wouldn't open my eyes to 'em, not if they'd go down on their knees and ask me. I hear they're beautiful as angels, and I'm content to take folks' word for the matter."

Days, and weeks, and months pass on, and Christopher has worn out a year of bondage. His gaiety of spirits supports him under his chains, but Doublebrain becomes every day more touchy and querulous. Hearing nothing from his uncle, he concludes he must die a slave; and seeks satisfaction in his abuse of Christopher for his cheerfulness. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself," he would say; "you can't have a Briton's love for his country, or you wouldn't be so happy with heathens."

For a month past Christopher had worked in a part of the gardens adjoining the apartments of the old Moor's twenty wives. Often his heart would beat with recollections of Polly Spicer, as some fair veiled one would pass by; oft was he about to raise his eyes, when he thought of his head, and ventured not a look. Day after day he had this contest with his curiosity, and night came and he was still triumphant. One evening, however, when he was about to cease labour, he heard the softest, most delicious voice breathing a Moorish melody; it was plain, the singer was in a bower not fifty paces from Christopher; he was determined; he would look upon the face of the warbler; and walking on tiptoe towards the spot, he raised his eyes, and beheld not only one of the Moor's wives, but the awful old husband himself squatted at his pipe. The woman screamed; Muley jumped to his feet, and Christopher Snub took to his heels. The insulted wife saw that the offender was one of the two Christians, but which she knew not. Muley Hassan promised her the culprit's head with all the readiness of a doting husband.

The Christian slaves, to the peculiar horror of Augustus, were straightway summoned before their master. Kit soundly protested that he was innocent of the charge laid to him, and Doublebrain, weeping a river, offered to take his oath upon any book in the world that he was guiltless as a lamb. The Turk, sand-blind heathen as he was, had some glimpse of justice. His first thought was to strike off the head of both his slaves without further notice; he next decided to give them three days' grace. If in that time the one culprit confessed his fault, he alone should suffer the death of a dog, for he should be hanged; if he remained stubborn, both should perish. The conversation that ensued, and was protracted throughout the night between the two friends, was peculiarly animated.

"You're a fine fellow, always were a fine fellow, and can't be nothing but a fine fellow; and so, my dear Kit, I know you'll tell the truth, and save your friend."

"It will be a comfort for us to die together," said Christopher.

"But it's mean, it's infamous, it's the worst of wickedness to make another man suffer for our own faults," cried Doublebrain.

"Quack, quack, quack," answered Snub; but Doublebrain had evidently forgotten about the four ducks.

"But, my dear Kit, you wouldn't sacrifice the head of a friend?"

"Heads or tails," observed Christopher, with a lively recollection of the churchyard and the stocks.

All the arguments of Doublebrain were useless, and terrified by the stubbornness of his friend, Augustus became suddenly ill. The Moor, resolved not to be baulked of his justice, sent the doctor to the Christian slave; and that learned man, having drenched and bled the patient even beyond all medical example, pronounced him to be dying. The doctor quitted Doublebrain, assuring him it was impossible he could live out the day.

"I'm dying," said Augustus to Christopher; and for once the truth seemed in his face. "I'm dying; and, as there has been something wrong between us, you wouldn't at this time bear malice!"

"Not I," cried Kit; "I forgive everything; only promise to do me a last favour. As you must die, my dear friend, do take this little fault upon yourself."

"What—the—the Moor's wife?" cried Augustus.

"I sat in the stocks for your pitch-and-toss—I bore the weight of your stolen ducks," observed Christopher.

"Perhaps I may recover," observed Doublebrain.

"Impossible," said Snub.

"But if I should get better?" cried Augustus.

"You're a dead man," asseverated Christopher.

The patient became worse and worse, and believing himself at the last gasp, he confessed that he was the culprit; that he had dared to look upon the Moor's wife.

It was very strange, but Augustus had no sooner made such confession, than he immediately became better. His recovery was even more sudden than his

sickness; and in three days he was restored for—the hangman. In vain did Augustus vow that he had lied to serve his friend; in vain did he call upon Christopher to own his guilt like a man; Christopher shook his head; and the Moor holding to his purpose, Augustus Doublebrain was—hanged.

Unhappy Doublebrain! for only three days after his death, his ransom sent by his uncle was proffered to the Moor, who, saying nothing of the mishap that had befallen the dead man, delivered up in his place the living Christopher.

Snub returned home, married Polly Spicer, became a thriving tradesman, and—a stone in Hempenfield churchyard records the fact—died in his bed at the age of sixty-and-three.

Let no man prophesy that any scapegrace is "born to be hanged."

RECOLLECTIONS OF GUY FAWKES.

When a man has once been very famous for jests and merry adventures, he is made to adopt all the jests that want a father, and many times such as are unworthy of him.—*Motteux's Life of Rabelais.*

AT midnight on the fifth of November, in the year of grace one thousand six hundred and five, Guido Fawkes, "gentleman," was discovered, "booted and spurred," in the vicinity of St. Stephen's chapel, having on his person "three matches, a tinder-box, and a dark lantern;" and purposing by means of gunpowder, to blow up, says King James, "the whole nobility, the most part of the knights and gentry, besides the whole judges of the land, with *most of the lawyers*, and the whole clerks!" For this one indiscretion Guido Fawkes forfeited his gentility, and became a proverb of wickedness. In boyhood, we looked upon Guido Fawkes, gentleman, as one little lower than the devil; he had four horns and a dozen tails. "Years that bring the philosophic mind" have divested him of these excrescences and appendages, and Guido Fawkes now appears to matured charities merely a person of a singularly eccentric disposition.

Some five-and-twenty years ago, it was the patriotic

custom of the authorities of an Isle of Sheppy dockyard to bestow upon their apprentices a few waggon-loads of resinous timber, that a bonfire worthy of the cause it celebrated, might be kindled from the public purse—that the effigy of the arch-fiend Guy might be consumed in a fire three times hotter than the fire of a furnace. Such fierce liberality was not lost upon the townspeople; their ardour in the burning business smouldered not; every man subscribed his plank or log; and, from the commissioner in his uniform, to Bobby in his pinafore, the fifth of November glowed, in the calendar of their minds, a pillar of fire. For a month before that day, the coming anniversary busied the thoughts of boyish executioners, resolved to show their patriotism in the appointments of the Guy—in the grotesque iniquity of his face—in the cumbrous state of his huge arm-chair. To beg clothes from door to door was the business of every lover of Church and State. To ask for a coat—a pair of breeches—a shirt (the frill could be made of paper)—hose and hat, was not mendicity, but the fulfilment of a high social duty.

Guy Fawkes would at length be dressed. A philosopher might have found good matter in his eleemosynary suit. In the coat of the bloodthirsty wretch, he might have recognised the habit of Scum, the slopseller, a quiet trader afloat of twenty thousand pounds—in the vest of the villainous ruffian, the discarded waistcoat of Smallgrog, the honest landlord of a little house for sailors—in the stockings of the atrocious miscreant, the hose of the equitable Weevil, biscuit-contractor to His Majesty's

fleet—whilst for the leather of the fiend-like effigy, Guy Fawkes was to be exhibited, and afterwards burned in, the broad-toed shoes of that best of men, Trap, the town attorney.

The chair, too, in which Guy Fawkes sat, might it not have some day enshrined a justice of the peace—and the lantern fixed in the hand of the diabolical, lynx-eyed monster, might it not have been the property of the most amiable and most somnolent of all the Blue Town watchmen? A mask was fixed upon the effigy, or the lump of clay kneaded into human features, and horribly or delicately expressed, according to the benevolent art of the makers!—might not the same visor have been worn by a perfect gentleman, with considerable advantage, at a masquerade—might not the clay nose and mouth of the loathsome traitor have borne an accidental likeness to the very pink of patriots? Let philosophy ponder well on Guy Fawkes.

We will now attempt our childish recollections of the great Guy. We have waked at midnight, perhaps dreaming of the bonfire about to blaze, and thinking we heard the distant chorus sounding to the advent of the Mighty Terror. No, it was the sea booming across the marsh—the wind rising or falling. There was nothing for it but to go to sleep and dream of unextinguishable squibs and crackers. At length, four o'clock arrives; the cocks crow—the boys can't be long now. There—hark:—how the chant comes up the street, like one voice—the voice of a solitary droning witch! We lie breathless, and shape to ourselves Guy Fawkes in the dark! Our hearts

beat quicker and quicker as the chant becomes louder; and we sit up in bed, as the boys approach the door, and, oh! how we wish to be with them! There—there they are in full chorus! Hark—.

> The fifth of November, as I can remember,
> Is gunpowder treason and plot,
> I know no reason, why gunpowder treason
> Should ever be forgot.

We feel an unutterable pang, for loudest among the loud, we hear the shrill voice of Jack Tarleton. "Ha!" we sigh, "*his* mother lets *him* out." The bitterness passes away with the—

> Hallo, boys! hallo, boys! make a round ring,
> Hallo, boys! hallo, boys! God save the king!

And now the procession moves on, and the voices die in the distance, and we feel we are left alone; and, in a few minutes, we hear new revellers, rejoicing in the captivity of a suit of clothes stuffed with hay, and called Guy Fawkes. Guy Fawkes! Guy Fawkes! who—what *is* Guy Fawkes? We had been told that he had been caught with a lantern, tinder-box, and matches, ready to blow up thousands of barrels of gunpowder, and so to destroy the king, bishops, and members of Parliament. It must be shocking—very shocking: still, we could not perfectly envisage the atrocity—we could not make out the full horror. We had the undefined sense of the greatness of a king, though we hardly dared to hope we should ever see one. We had a less remote notion of the nature of a bishop, having been helped somewhat in our speculations by the person of the curate at the garrison

church. "Curates may come to be bishops, only bishops are very much greater; and curates have nothing upon their heads, whereas certain bishops might wear mitres." On learning this we thought that bishops were merely full-grown curates; in the same way that we had seen Poland hens with their topknots of feathers, only the spring before, bareheaded little chicks. It was thus, in the irreverence of childhood, we disposed of the whole bench of bishops. But now came we to the difficulty—what, what could be a member of Parliament? Was it a living thing? If so, had it a voice? Could it speak? Could it sit? Could it say yes and no? Could it walk? Could it turn? Or was it merely an image? Was it pulled by wires, like sister Jenny's doll? We had been told that members of Parliament made laws. What *were* laws? Were they the lions and unicorns on the king's arms? Were they a better sort of cake too dear for everybody to buy? Little boys ate parliament cakes —were law-cakes for men? If so, were they gilt or plain?—with comfits or without?

It is no matter, we thought, being unable to satisfy ourselves: it is no matter. Guy Fawkes—that shadowy, terrible mystery—had once lived and tried to kill the king, the full-grown curates, and those undivined riddles—members of Parliament. We again went to our first question. Who *was* Guy Fawkes? Did he have a father and mother? Was Guy Fawkes ever a little boy? and did he fly a kite and play at marbles? If so, how could he have ever thought it worth his while to trouble himself with other matters?

There was something terrifying in the idea of having played with Guy Fawkes. We fancied him at taw—we saw him *knuckle down.* No—it could not be; the imagination of the child could not dwell upon such an impossibility. Guy Fawkes a boy!—a baby! now shaking a rattle—now murmuring as he fed, his mother smiling down upon him!" No, no—it was impossible; Guy Fawkes was never born—he was from the first a man—he never could have been a baby. He seemed to us a part of the things that had always been, and always would be—a piece of grim eternity; a principle of everlasting wickedness.

(Is it in childhood alone—is it only in the dim imaginings of infancy—in the wandering guesses of babyhood, that we manifest this ignorance? When the full-grown thief is hanged, do we not sometimes forget that he was the child of misery and vice—born for the gallows—nursed for the halter? Did we legislate a little more for the cradle, might we not be spared some pains for the hulks?)

And then we had been told that Guy Fawkes came from Spain. Where was Spain? Was it a million miles away, and what distance was a million miles? Were there little boys in Spain, or were they all like Guy Fawkes? How strange, and yet how delightful to us did it seem to feel that we were a part of the wonderful things about us! To be at all upon this world—to be one at the great *show* of men and women—to feel that when we grew bigger we should know everything of kings,

bishops, members of Parliament, and Guy Fawkes? What a golden glory hung about the undiscovered!

And Guy Fawkes, we had heard, had his head cut off, and his body cut into quarters! Could this be true? Could men do to men what we had seen Falk the butcher do to sheep? How much, we thought, had little boys to grow out of before they could agree to this! And then, when done, what was the good of it—what *could* be the good of it? Was Guy Fawkes eaten—if not, *why* cut him up?

Had Guy Fawkes a wife, and little boys and girls? Did he love his children, and buy them toys and apples—or, like Sawney Bean, did he devour them? Did Guy Fawkes say his prayers?

Had Guy Fawkes a friend? Did he ever laugh—did he ever tell a droll story? Did Guy Fawkes ever sing a song? Like Frampton, the Blue Town barber, did Guy Fawkes ever get drunk? At length we put to ourselves the question of questions:—

Was there ever such a man as Guy Fawkes? Did Guy Fawkes ever live?

This query annoyed us with the doubt that we had been tricked into a hate, a fear, a loathing, a wonder—and a mixture of these passions and emotions, for a fib. We felt disappointed when we felt the reality of Guy Fawkes to be doubtful. We had heard of griffins, and unicorns, of dragons that had eaten men like apples; and had then been told that there never had been any such thing. If we were not to believe in a dragon, why

should we believe in Guy Fawkes? After all, was the whole story but make-game?

The child passively accepts a story of the future, he can bring his mind up to a thing promised, but wants faith in the past. The cause is obvious; he recollects few things gone, but is full of things to come. Hence, Guy Fawkes was with us the ogre of a nursery; we could have readily believed, especially after the story of Beauty and the Beast, that he married Goody Two Shoes, and was the father of Little Red Riding Hood.

But Guy Fawkes grows with us from boyhood to youth. He gets flesh and blood with every November, he is no longer the stuffed plaything of a schoolboy or the grotesque excuse for begging vagabonds, but the veritable Guy Fawkes, "gentleman." We see him, "Thomas Percy's alleged man," at the door of the vault, "booted and spurred;" we behold that "very tall and desperate fellow," lurking in the deep of night, with looks of deadly resolution, pounced upon by that vigilant gentleman of the privy-chamber, Sir Thomas Knevit! We go with Guido, "the new Mutius Scævola, born in England," before the council, where, "he often smiles in scornful manner, not only avowing the fact, but repenting only, with the said Scævola, his failing in the execution thereof." We think of him "answering quickly to every man's objection, scoffing at any idle questions which were propounded to him, and jesting with such as he thought had no authority to examine him." And then we think of the thanksgiving of the great James, who gave praise that, had the intent of the

wicked prevailed, he should not have "died ingloriously in an ale-house, a stew, or such vile place," but with "the best and most honourable company."*

Guy Fawkes is, in our baby thoughts, a mysterious vision, one of the shadows of evil advancing on the path of childhood. We grow older, and the substances of evil come close upon us—we see their dark lantern, and snuff the brimstone.

* See "His Majesty's Speech concerning the Gunpowder Plot," &c., in the Harleian Miscellany.

MY HUSBAND'S "WINNINGS."

A Household Incident.

Most men in something cheat their wives.—*The Honeymoon.*

"THERE, Mary, my love, take my winnings," said Mr. Joseph Langshawe; at the same time laying a sovereign and a sixpence upon the breakfast-table.

"Won again, Joseph!" cried Mrs. Langshawe, with one of her prettiest looks of astonishment. "Won again!"

"Take my winnings," repeated Mr. Langshawe; and, suppressing a sigh, he languidly stirred his coffee.

The reader may be assured that, for a winning man, Mr. Joseph Langshawe had one of the longest faces out of Chancery: yet, at the time at which our story commences, he appeared to his wife the chosen of good fortune; there never was such a lucky man! It seemed enough for him to touch the cards to turn them to trumps. Joseph Langshawe had won again!

Certainly the continued prosperity of Langshawe was to his wife marvellous; he never sat down to cards that he did not rise money in pocket. Had Joseph made a terrible compact with that crafty general dealer who continually roams about the earth, seeking cheap penny-

worths? Had he trucked his immortal jewel for pasteboard diamonds, as he chose to evoke them in this world? Had he surrendered himself to the great demon for a magical influence over tens, and fives, and sequences? In a word, was Joseph Langshawe become the fated Faust of five-card cribbage? Mysterious fears of future evil mingled in the marvellings of Mrs. Langshawe!

"When I think of Joseph's continued good fortune," observed Mrs. Langshawe to a female friend, "I own to you it sometimes makes me tremble."

"Why, my dear?" asked Mrs. Bridgeman. "Why? I thought you told me, that, like a good creature as he is, he always gave you his winnings."

"And so he does," replied Mrs. Langshawe, "invariably."

"What a good soul!" exclaimed Mrs. Bridgeman. "Dear fellow! it proves him so free from any selfish motives—shows that he merely plays for innocent excitement. And does Langshawe never lose?"

"Never," replied Mrs. Lengshawe; "and it is that which make me so very unhappy!"

"Makes you unhappy! Well, you are the strangest creature," cried Mrs. Bridgeman.

"That is," rejoined Mrs. Langshawe, "when I fear that his continued good luck may some day tempt him to play for a ruinous sum; for it is impossible, my dear, that such fortune as Joseph's can last. I should be so happy if he'd never touch a card again."

"Why, you bought that beautiful china, and your

diamond drops, and all out of your husband's winnings," exclaimed Mrs. Bridgeman.

"Very true," allowed Mrs. Langshawe; and then she repeated with a deep sigh, "but such fortune as Joseph's *can't* last."

Certain we are that the reader, after some further acquaintance with Langshawe, would not wish Joseph's fortune to continue. A brief extract from the conversation of the night previous to the presentation of the sovereign and sixpence, may explain the mystery of Langshawe's winnings.

"Well, Langshawe," cried a friend from an opposite table, as Joseph rose to go home, "how have you fared to-night?"

"As usual," said Joseph, and he tried to whistle, "as usual—there's no standing Bridgeman's luck."

"What!" exclaimed Fourpoints, "lost again? why, you always lose."

"I should say always," replied Joseph; "never mind, it's all right; yes, I've just enough;" and Joseph held in his hand a sovereign, a half-crown, and a sixpence.

"Brought down to that, eh?" asked Flush, looking at the three pieces of coin.

"All that's left," answered Langshawe, "out of five-and twenty pounds. Never mind, there's just enough; half-a-crown will pay for my coach home, and then—yes, that will make a very good show," and Joseph surveyed at a distance, the little piece of gold and lesser piece of silver in his palm, "a very good show for my winnings."

His

"Winnings!" exclaimed a new member of the club, "winnings! I thought, sir, you had nothing but losses?"

"That's very true, sir," replied Langshawe; "notwithstanding I always make it a point in my domestic economy, whatever my losses may be, to take home my profits to my wife. You perceive," and Joseph exhibited the coins, "when the coach is paid, although I have lost to Bridgeman nearly four-and-twenty pounds, here's just a sovereign and a sixpence for my winnings."

"A sixpence! why be so particular with the sixpence?" inquired the new member.

Mr. Joseph Langshawe looked one of his gravest looks at the new member, and, after a compassionate shake of the head, observed, "I should say, sir, you were a bachelor; I should say, pardon me if I am wrong, that as yet you know nothing of a conjugal confidence, otherwise you would perceive that the sixpence was a—a clincher."

"A clincher!" repeated the simple new member.

"The sovereign by itself," observed Joseph, "might appear suspicious; but don't you perceive there's a reality in odd money? Mrs. Langshawe will see truth, sir—truth in the tester."

And the next morning, as we have already shown, Joseph handed over to the partner of his worldly goods, a sovereign and a sixpence—his winnings!

"And who played last night?" asked Mrs. Langshawe—we must again ask the reader's attention at the breakfast-table—"who played? Bridgeman?"

"Bridgeman," answered Joseph, shortly.

"My dear Joseph," said Mrs. Langshawe, very gravely, "I wish you'd exert the influence of a friend over Bridgeman; he confesses nothing to his wife, poor, dear woman! but I'm sure his losses must be very heavy. Everybody hasn't your good fortune, Joseph."

Langshawe buried that expressive feature, his mouth, and half his nose, in his tea-cup.

"It would make me truly uphappy, Joseph, if I thought you won any of his money," said Mrs. Langshawe.

"Make yourself perfectly easy on that point, my dear," cried Langshawe, internally wincing at the absurd suspicion; "my hands are clean of Bridgeman, though I played with him."

"I am delighted to hear it," cried Mrs. Langshawe. "And now, Joseph, if you'll promise me to leave off play altogether——"

"I have serious thoughts of it," said Joseph.

"You'll make me completely happy. For depend upon it, as I have said again and again, your present fortune can't last."

"I have thought so, too," said Langshawe; who might have added, "and that's why I have gone on."

"And if you give up cards, perhaps the example may have a good effect upon Bridgeman; for the Bridgemans are not like us, Joseph; they want, I fear, that mutual confidence in one another, without which marriage must be——"

"To be sure, my dear"—acutely anticipating h'

wife's period—"to be sure. No—I shall give up play."

"I hope you will—I sincerely hope," said Mrs. Langshawe, as she took up the sovereign and the sixpence, "that this will be the last of your winnings."

Noon had scarcely passed, ere a passionate knocking at the door of the Langshawes announced a visitor. "Bless me! yes, it is—it's dear Mrs. Bridgeman," said Mrs. Langshawe, with mingled surprise and pleasure, as she heard the silvery voice of her friend on the staircase. "Dear Mrs. Bridgeman!"

As her visitor was introduced, Mrs. Langshawe jumped from her chair to run and kiss her best acquaintance, when Mrs. Bridgeman smiled somewhat severely, half dropped a curtsey, put her hand to her brow, and sank into a seat.

"What's the matter, dear?" asked Mrs. Langshawe.

Mrs. Bridgeman entered into no details of her complaint, but simply observed, "I shall be better presently."

"Anything happened at home?" inquired Mrs. Langshawe. "How's Bridgeman?"

Hath the reader beheld the countenance of an invalid when prescribed a certain drug, of all drugs his worst abhorrence? Hath the reader himself felt the cold shiver running through his vitals, twisting the very tips of his toes—the indescribable nausea that hath puckered upon his countenance divine, and given his head a shake of most expressive loathing? Any one, so experienced, would have thought from Mrs. Bridgeman's manner that Mrs.

Langshawe had spoken, it might me, of rhubarb and not of Bridgeman—of asafœtida, perhaps; and not of a husband.

"I hope he's well?" said Mrs. Langshawe, anxiously.

"I believe Mr. Bridgeman is very well," said his wife; "but you know he never tells me anything—yes, last night I did gather from him that he had played cards only with Mr. Langshawe."

"So Joseph told me," observed the innocent Mrs. Langshawe.

"Ha! you are blessed with a fortunate husband," said Mrs. Bridgeman, drily. "Some people, it is plain, are born with lucky fingers."

"I am afraid it is so; however, Joseph has almost promised me never, never to play again."

"'Twill be a happy circumstance for some of his friends," remarked Mrs. Bridgeman, significantly.

"If, however, he will play and win, I am resolved—for it lies heavily upon my conscience to spend the money upon myself—I am determined to devote the money to some benevolent purpose; and, since the thought has taken me, I am so delighted that you are come to advise me. What do you think, my dear Mrs. Bridgeman," and Mrs. Langshawe drew herself nearer to her friend, "what do you think of the Society for the Conversion of the Jews."

"Do you intend to subscribe Mr. Langshawe's winnings of last night to that estimable body?" asked Mrs. Bridgeman, biting her lips.

"How kind the suggestion!" exclaimed Mrs. Lang-

shawe. "What a good creature you are! I did not think to do so, but now I certainly shall."

"For five-and-twenty pounds," said Mrs. Bridgeman, with a terrible smile, "no doubt you may be a life-governess."

"Five-and-twenty pounds!" cried Mrs. Langshawe, laughingly.

"The losses of Mr. Bridgeman, last night," remarked his wife; "he played with Mr. Langshawe, and, I presume, as usual, the fortunate man gave you his winnings."

This was said in a cold, cutting tone, sharp enough to sever every silver tie of female friendship.

"My dear Mrs. Bridgeman, there must be some mistake. Joseph gave me his winnings, certainly, but they were only a sovereign——"

"A sovereign!" exclaimed Mrs. Bridgeman, contemptuously.

"And a—sixpence," added Mrs. Langshawe, with her usual meekness.

"And a sixpence! A sovereign and a sixpence! My dear," said Mrs. Bridgeman, with awakened sympathy, "you are a deceived, an injured woman."

"Do you really think so?" asked Mrs. Langshawe, unconscious of the calamity.

"Mr. Langshawe won five-and-twenty pounds—I have secret but certain means of knowing—of poor innocent Bridgeman; five-and-twenty pounds, madam, and the crafty man makes his winnings a sovereign and a—a—well, the effrontery of some people! And had you no

suspicion of your husband's falsehood? Why, that very sixpence—the affected scrupulousness of the thing—would have made me doubt him. My love, I have seen more of the married state than you, and I know that men are never so very particular, except when they mean to deceive us."

"I am sure I can't see why Joseph should misrepresent his winnings. I don't see the motive," said the artless Mrs. Langshawe.

"Perhaps not, my love; perhaps not. How should you know what he does with all his money? It's plain he has some object in deceiving you," was the charitable opinion, expressed with more than sufficient force, of Mrs. Bridgeman.

"It would really seem so," said Mrs. Langshawe, almost trembling at her doubts.

"Be sure of it," said Mrs. Bridgeman; "you hav'n't a twentieth part of his winnings, and where they go——"

"Many pardons," cried Langshawe, who had suddenly opened the door; "'trust I break upon no secrets. How's Bridgeman?"

Mrs. Bridgeman looked at one hand, then at the other, and, with an effort, said—

"I hope—that is, very well."

"Where are you going, love?" asked Langshawe, as his wife moved towards the door.

"Entertain Mrs. Bridgeman for a minute; I'll return directly," said Mrs. Langshawe, for she felt her eyes filling with tears as she looked upon Joseph, and thought of his duplicity, the sovereign, and the sixpence.

"Bridgeman very well, eh?" said Langshawe, in his easy, pleasant style.

"All things considered, remarkably well," answered Mrs. Bridgeman.

"Nothing happened?" inquired Langshawe, struck by the serious manner of the lady. "Eh! bless me! all right at home, I hope; no domestic loss—no——"

"Some people, Mr. Langshawe, would call it one. Mr. Bridgeman's income, though sufficient for all reasonable enjoyments, is hardly adequate to the calls made by cards upon it, together with the constant good fortune of his bosom friends."

"Bridgeman plays now and then, to be sure," said Langshawe, in a mollifying voice; "but then he always wins."

"Wins!" exclaimed Mrs. Bridgeman; "you know —better than anybody, you know—that last night he lost five-and-twenty pounds."

"Is it possible?" cries Langshawe.

"Possible!" echoed the lady; "losing would seem a matter of certainty when he plays with some people. It is as certain for Mr. Bridgeman to lose, as for Mr. Langshawe to win."

Langshawe, hurt by the words, yet more by the piercing looks of Mrs. Bridgeman, resolved to clear himself of the odium of constant success. With this determination, first glancing towards the door, he took the lady's hand—

"My dear Mrs. Bridgeman, I'm sure you can keep a secret."

The compliment at once disarmed Mrs. Bridgeman; she, too, looked towards the door, and then said—

"I can, Mr. Langshawe."

"Then between ourselves, my dear madam," said Mr. Langshawe, in a low, soft voice, "I never win."

"Never win, Mr. Langshawe?"

"Never. The truth is, Mary—bless her!—is such a rigid economist in everything that concerns herself, is so averse to laying out a shilling upon the smallest trinket, that I am compelled to use a little harmless deceit, to induce her to commit the least expense."

"Then your winning last night, Mr. Langshawe——"

"Quite apocryphal, I assure you—all, what I may call," said Langshawe, "a conjugal fiction."

"Mr. Langshawe," said Mrs. Bridgeman, with a subdued fierceness that made Joseph stare; "a man may from habit consider himself justified in attempting the most unblushing fraud upon his own wife—habit goes far, in all matters—but, sir, that you should hold my common sense in so contemptuous a light——"

"My dear madam, I protest," exclaimed Langshawe, colouring to the eyelids; "I protest, that I have the profoundest sense of——"

"Adds, sir—adds to the meanness of your first duplicity. You know that Mr. Bridgeman, your dear friend, as you are pleased to call him, last night lost five-and-twenty pounds."

"I vow I know nothing of the matter," cried Joseph.

"And more, and worse than all, that Mr. Langshawe was the winner."

"Now, my dear Mrs. Bridgeman," said Joseph, almost amused at the extravagance of the charge, he himself having been the sufferer, "it is very true that I spoke of winnings to Mary—I——"

"I know, sir—I know; one piece of gold and a sixpence. Mr. Langshawe," cried Mrs. Bridgeman, for a lady, very sternly, "I am astounded at your double falsehood—I blush for your meanness—I——"

Langshawe could say nothing. For the first time he regretted that he had ever appeared to his wife a winning man.

"Mr. Langshawe," exclaimed Mrs. Bridgeman, with new energy, "may I solicit of you one—a last favour?"

"Twenty, my dear Mrs. Bridgeman," answered the obliging Joseph.

"One—one will suffice, Mr. Langshawe. Promise me never to play with my unfortunate husband again. Heaven knows what his losses may have been! His poor wife knows nothing. But when there are great winnings, there must consequently be—you understand me, dear Mr. Langshawe?"—and Mrs. Bridgeman tried to forget her passion, and to smile Langshawe into acquiescence. "Poor Bridgeman," she added, in a very equivocal tone, "is really no match for you. You are—I know you are—I hear it upon all hands—such an invincible player; whilst simple Bridgeman, in the vanity of his heart, thinks himself your equal. Now, do, pray take pity of his weakness—don't, don't play with him;" and Mrs. Bridgeman solicited the compassion of Langshawe, as she would intreat the mercy of

a highwayman: indeed, despite of the peculiarity of Joseph's winnings, he felt himself before Mrs. Bridgeman somewhat in the situation of a pickpocket. "There is a fate about you," said Mrs. Bridgeman—"as might be said of Macbeth, you bear 'charmed' cards—therefore, do spare my silly man—do spare——"

"Mr. Bridgeman," said the servant, opening the door.

"Bridgeman!" cried his wife and Langshawe.

"My mistress is with him, sir," said the domestic, and disappeared.

It was too true. Whilst Mrs. Bridgeman and Mr. Langshawe had been left to conversation, Mrs. Langshawe and Mr. Bridgeman—the gentleman entered the house as Mary quitted Joseph—had discoursed of the gain and loss of the preceding evening.

"Mr. Bridgeman, I am so glad you've come," said the gentle Mrs. Langshawe. "Your dear wife is upstairs."

"Indeed!" observed Bridgeman, very tranquilly. He then asked—"How's Langshawe?"

"Very well; he's with your lady. Oh! Mr. Bridgeman, I cannot express to you how much I am annoyed at the circumstance of last night."

Mr. Bridgeman put his hand to his chin, gently exalted his shoulders, and spoke not.

"I wish to my heart that Joseph would not play, for his fortune is so extraordinary," said Mrs. Langshawe.

Now, as Mr. Bridgeman was fully aware that, although Joseph always lost to him, he invariably, as in

the case of the sovereign and the sixpence, took home his winnings to some amount to Mrs. Langshawe, he did not feel quite at ease in his present situation with that lady. "Fortune," he endeavoured to observe, "does act extraordinarily with Langshawe."

"And then there is something to me so uncomfortable, to say the least of it, in winning money of our friends," and Mrs. Langshawe looked innocently into the perturbed face of Bridgeman.

"Cards are like love, Mrs. Langshawe, as I take it; friends are not to be considered in the matter," replied the impartial Bridgeman.

"I can't think so. I think there is something almost mean and sordid in these continual attempts on the purse of those for whom we profess an esteem, a friendship," said Mrs. Langshawe.

Mr. Bridgeman, with the weight of many pounds of his friend Langshawe about the neck of his conscience, began to think the interview less pleasant than it might have been. It was plain, however, from her looks, that Mrs. Langshawe expected some reply; therefore, Mr. Bridgeman nodded his head affirmatively.

"But the worst of all is, Mr. Bridgeman," said Mrs. Langshawe, with animation, "that falsehood, positive falsehood, comes of the practice. Never—never before has Joseph deceived me!" (Poor little dear!) "And now I have found him capable of the least deceit—of misrepresentation in the simplest thing—it has made me truly wretched. Without mutual confidence, Mr. Bridgeman, there can be no happiness in the marriage state."

Mr. Bridgeman bowed very solemnly—perhaps it was so.

"To be sure, he may have been ashamed of the sum—really, too much to win of anybody, and, more than all, of a friend."

"Has Langshawe really confessed to having lost? Did he bring home *no* winnings?" thought Bridgeman.

"Tell me, pray tell me, Mr. Bridgeman, was not the loss between you last night, five-and-twenty pounds?"

Mrs. Langshawe's manner had so surprised Bridgeman—her sudden energy had so confused him, that the colour rose to his face, and he began to stammer, as he thought—"It's plain, Joseph has confessed his losses—it's plain."

"Five-and-twenty pounds?" again pressed Mrs. Langshawe.

"Not—not quite," answered Bridgeman.

"It is true, then," cried Mrs. Langshawe; "Mrs. Bridgeman is right!"

"Mrs. Bridgeman!" said her husband.

"It was she who told me the real amount of money lost, and not Mr. Langshawe. That Joseph should have won nearly five-and-twenty pounds of you—of you, his old, his early friend! I shall hardly know how to look in Mrs. Bridgeman's face again—I shall——"

To the inexpressible relief of Bridgeman—who, really being the winner of his friend's money, felt with double acuteness the reproaches inveighed against the innocent—Langshawe entered the apartment—Mrs. Langshawe instantly quitting it.

"Bridgeman," said Langshawe, in a low voice, and with an accusing shake of the head, "this is really very wrong."

"There's something wrong somewhere," replied Bridgeman.

"My dear fellow," cried Langshawe, "if you wanted to account for five-and-twenty pounds to your wife, you needn't have laid the loss upon my shoulders."

"I, account to Mrs. Bridgeman! I, lose five-and-twenty pounds! 'Twas just my winnings. The fact is, Langshawe—not that I am under the influence of my wife——"

"No more am I—not at all—no man less," said Langshawe. "If I have fabled a little as to my winnings, it was out of affection, not fear—no, no, it was to keep Mary happy, and the house quiet—nothing more."

"I was about to say, if you must win large sums of money, you might, out of respect to the feelings of Mrs. Bridgeman, win them of anybody but her husband."

"But I never win large sums; never, never but once, when I told Mary that I had won thirty guineas, because I wanted her to buy a pair of diamond drops, which otherwise she would not consent to purchase. Never a large sum, but then," said Langshawe.

"Nonsense! Mrs. Langshawe feels assured at this minute that you won a large sum of me last night," cried Bridgeman.

"And if she does," replied Langshawe, "it is because

Mrs. Bridgeman told her as much; and who told Mrs. Bridgeman I needn't declare to you."

"Langshawe," said Bridgeman, "we have known one another many years, and I should be sorry to quarrel with you."

"'Should equally regret it, Bridgeman," answered Langshawe; "but when men can't keep matters like these to themselves—when their wives must be made parties to everything—there's an end of the very principle of manly friendship."

"I think so, too," was the gloomy reply of Bridgeman.

"At all events, then, Mr. Bridgeman," said Langshawe, endeavouring to clothe his lengthened face with dignity—"at all events——"

Unhappily, or we should rather say happily, the appearance of the ladies not only cut short the wordy encounter of the gentlemen, but the smiles and beamy looks of the wives suddenly lighted up the faces of their husbands. The ladies requested that nothing more might be said of the matter; and, hoping that their husbands would leave filthy cards for ever, all shook hands, and, at the usual hour, sat down happily to dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. Bridgeman had departed for their home, and Mr. and Mrs. Langshawe still sat at their hearth.

"I forgive you, Joseph, this time, but never tell me a fib again," said the pretty Mrs. Langshawe. "Moreover, if you must play, promise me not to win of

Bridgeman. His wife found out his loss in the oddest way; he had taken out fifty pounds to pay a bill, and returned home—how she discovered that I can't tell—with less than half the money; the bill, however, was not paid, for 'twas called for before he was up." (The truth is, that Bridgeman had not taken the note with him, but replaced it in his desk.) "When she heard that he had played with you, knowing that you always won, she of course concluded that you had the money. And how naughty of you to tell me such a tale about a sovereign, and—but I have promised not to scold you," and Mrs. Langshawe patted the blushing cheek of Joseph.

"She's a very violent woman, Mrs. Bridgeman," said Langshawe.

"Very; I was quite surprised at her passion—besides, it showed an avarice that—oh, Joseph! I wouldn't have had you keep those winnings for any consideration."

"Keep them! Why—eh?—Mrs. Bridgeman seemed suddenly in excellent spirits—you never returned the money—you——"

"Not exactly the money, Joseph," said Mrs. Langshawe, who smiled with some meaning.

Mr. Langshawe gasped, stared, and said, "Not exactly the money—what then?"

"Oh! I hit upon an excellent plan. You know my diamond drops that I bought out of your winnings?"

"Thirty guineas!" cried Joseph Langshawe, turning a little pale.

"Mrs. Bridgeman was always admiring them. So to-day, whilst you and her husband were alone, after a little persuasion I induced Mrs. Bridgeman—to accept them."

"You did, Mary?"

"I did, Joseph!" said Mrs. Langshawe, delighted at her dexterity.

"Your diamond drops!" cried Langshawe.

"And as they cost thirty guineas, and as last night you took less than five-and-twenty of Bridgeman, why, his wife having the diamonds, you may now be said to have won less than nothing," said Mrs. Langshawe.

"Much less," groaned Joseph.

We believe, though we cannot vouch for him, that from that time Langshawe forswore cards. Of this, however, we are certain: if he did play, Mrs. Langshawe was never again perplexed with her—"husband's winnings."

THE TUTOR FIEND AND HIS THREE PUPILS.

THREE fathers had each a son; they were determined, come what might, that the boys should be wisely taught; in other words, should be instructed in the mode of *getting on*. They made all inquiries after a teacher, but, for some time, with no success; one was too poor, and therefore incapable of instruction; another, too merry—good-nature was a losing quality. At length, they heard of a person anxious, and, they believed, well fitted, to take charge of youth. The parents hastened to the master's abode; it was a miserable hut in the middle of a marsh, the croak of frogs and the buzz of flies were the only sounds heard about the master's dwelling, which was guarded by a little ugly cur, that, yelping at the approach of the visitors, caused its master to throw open the casement, and reveal himself to the view of those who sought him.

He was a man about sixty; his whole appearance wild and meagre. His face seemed sharp and bloodless; the dry, yellow skin, tightened over his high cheek-bones, came into more ghastly relief from a dead black eye. His brow was seamed with wrinkles. His hair, of speckled

black and grey, drooped in unsocial lankness. His beard seemed half-rusted wire. His long, naked arms were fearfully muscular; and his nails hooked as the bill of a parrot. He was employed feeding a nest of owlets, with some crushed snails before him. Looking up at his visitors, he smiled, and displayed two rows of huge teeth, of pearly whiteness. He opened the door, and the visitors entered the tutor's habitation. It consisted of one room, grotesquely furnished; Indian flies were pinned to the walls—here was the jaw of a shark—there a tiger's skin —with snakes of all sorts, wreathed in knots, hanging around. In one corner of the hovel was the miser's bed —a heap of rags, with an account-book for a pillow. A mess of adder-broth was on the fire, to which old Rapax (for so was the tutor called) invited the appetites of his visitors. "There are eels," said he, "but adders *go the farthest.*"

The bargain was soon closed. Rapax was to have the children; and, next morning, Scowl, Topaz, and Blitheheart set out for their future master's dwelling. Topaz laughed as he stood on the other side of a ditch fronting the tutor's hut; then, springing over, he relapsed into a gloom as he approached the habitation. Scowl neither paused nor smiled; but dashed sulkily over, following his companion in silence. Blitheheart had tarried behind, gathering a water-lily; now he comes skipping along, bounds across, and arrives at his future school almost ere he sees it. Rapax was leaning through the window, pursuing his occupation of yesterday.

"You are welcome," said he, "enter. And you,

sir" (addressing himself to Scowl), "come, feed my owlets."

"Feed owlets! Not I, by the rusty holiness of your beard. Feed owlets!"

"You, young sir" (to Topaz), "will perhaps take the office."

"An' they were a nest of linnets for a pretty daughter of yours, indeed would I; but owlets are not young men's birds."

"Gentle youth," said Rapax, turning to Blitheheart, "will you assist me?"

"Willingly, sir," replied the boy; "but show me the fashion."

The old man muttered to himself, "Humph!—scornful, jesting, and ingenuous! Well, well—the same end by different ways." Then to the youths—"But to our business. Enter; here we must lose nothing, and we have squandered away ten minutes without a purchase."

"I marvel," said Topaz, "at your exact calculation, for I see no dial here."

"Nature's clock, young man—thus," answered Rapax, as he placed his finger to his wrist. "Can there be a better monitor than our pulse?—spurs it not to action? clamours it not against idleness?"

"No," replied Scowl; "it rather tells us of the uselessness of employment, for every pulsation is but the knell of life gone by."

"Prithee, good father, what are you to teach us? Come, whistle for your dragon, and let us to the moon."

"My business is not in the clouds, young man."

"Shall we sail with you in a cockle-shell? Are you a sea-magician? I should like to string pearls with mermaids mightily," said Blitheheart.

"Nor can I fathom the ocean," observed Rapax.

"Will you then take us into the mines of earth? Shall we play at hustle-cap with diamonds? Shall we go into the earth?" asked Scowl.

"Ay, in good time."

"Truly, yes," sneered Topaz, "and without your necromancy. Come, what will you teach us?"

"To be rich."

"Then why art thou not rich thyself?" said Scowl.

"How know you that I am not? I am rich."

"Are you so?" answered Scowl, with bitterness. "Poor man!" and he looked sneeringly at the wretched abode.

"He who hoards gold," replied Rapax, "does it not for the insensible love of its glitter; but he looks abroad—he sees of what the eminence of human flesh is composed—he scrapes together wealth—and knowing that he can be splendid when he may, cares not to be so. Such am I."

"And this mystery," said Scowl, "you are to teach us. How?

"Enter, and learn."

The youths entered the hut, and they seemed as though struck with sudden plague. The old man took from a little box a piece of brilliant gold, impressed with cabalistic figures; and, throwing it upon the table, desired the youths to look at it. "What think you of this metal? Each answer me. What is it?"

Scowl unceremoniously took it from the table, and throwing it up, and catching it in his hand, again cast it down scornfully, muttering, "Gold—the price of human brains!"

"But do you not value it?" demanded Rapax.

"I hate myself and all the world, that I must sometimes value this piece of ore beyond the flower or pebble trodden under foot. I value it not—but scorn it as I bow to it."

"And you, young man?" said Rapax, glancing at Topaz.

"I look on this metal," answered the youth, "and I say to myself—'This life is a mockery; man hath made it a miserable one; and then he forms a partial antidote to its wretchedness, to be obtained by guilt, folly, or craft.' Well, I have this antidote. I ask, 'How can I use it to pleasure me?' Fancy gives me the answer, and—farewell, gold!"

"For me," said Blitheheart, "were I in a meadow, or by a roadside with this gold in my hand, and some miserable wretch, with pistol at my head, should ask me for the coin, I'd freely give it him; and, pitying his poverty, who made gold his only wealth, I'd raise my empty hands towards heaven, and, in the lasting beauty of creation, count me beyond all princes—rich!"

"Look on this gold," cried Rapax, in a deep, commanding voice. There was fascination in the metal. The youths looked silently and intensely; their souls were in their eyes, and they were spell-bound. Their bosoms heaved, their mouths gaped, their fingers clutched

the air, and tears rolled down their cheeks. The fiend had entered their hearts. The old man's face was wrinkled with delight, and a ghastly smile lurked at his shrivelled lips. The youths were changed, as if by magic—they were the bondsmen of sin and rapine.

It was evening when the scholars quitted the hut. The old man gave to each a piece of coin. They had not proceeded far ere they were accosted by a wretched, starving woman, with a half-naked babe. She first addressed herself to Scowl. "In the name of Heaven, young sir, and as you hope to change this miserable world for one where sorrow never enters, give me charity for the sake of my poor babe!"

"And will you live to beg?—in the grave there is independence. Seek it!" and Scowl passed on.

The woman then turned to Topaz. "You are merry, my good woman; you would but try us! Have beauty, yet ask for charity? Go to cities—go to cities."

She then appealed to Blitheheart. He was about to speak—then paused, and at length stammered an excuse, "he had no money."

The youths proceeded on their way. For a time they were silent. At length Scowl observed, "Surely our master works by magic—else I had not denied that woman. But a short time, and though I frowned at man and all his wants, yet would I have taken out my purse, and laughing at the abjectness of nature, emptied its contents to the crowd, to see them—like hungry fowls for barley—fight, and peck, and sidle for the grain. Now, I would dash among the feeders, and scaring them hence,

fill my own pond with their corn, even while it grew mouldy, while its rightful owners starved. A short time since, I scorned the world's misery and corruption—now, I will prey upon them. My heart is, on a sudden, hard and moistureless. Good thoughts have vanished from my brain—tears are dried up in mine eyes."

"And where I would have smiled or meditated," said Topaz, "now I would sneer, and answer groans with gibes."

"Never before," cried Blitheheart, "could I have resisted that woman's appeal. I told a lie, and yet I did not blush. Surely we are bewitched!"

"But awakened to reason," replied Scowl. "The film is taken from our eyes. The eye of worldly reason looks farther into earth than the vision of romantic youth pierces the heavens."

"How long," asked Blitheheart, "do our wise fathers propose to keep us at this academy? When are we to enter the world?"

"I know not—but soon, I hope," said Topaz, "for I long to have a match with its cunning creatures."

"All in good time," remarked Scowl. "We are awhile to look on the game before we play. Farewell; the night is coming on—and now her gewgaws have no charms for me. Good night!" and each betook him to a different route, although one route led to their several habitations.

Every morning brought the scholars to Rapax. The fathers—though they complained of a growing lack of obedience in their children—could find no fault with the

progress of their education. Indeed, they were charmed with their scholarship—they had grown so subtle, and so disputative! Rapax was a rare master.

One morning, as Scowl was about to visit the pedagogue, a girl—a young and beautiful girl—stood in the pupil's path. "Jane!" he exclaimed, in a tone of mingled wonder and remorse. He glared fiercely at the girl, and her lineaments, searched by his eyes, awakened thoughts and images maddening and confounding. He threw himself upon a bank, and groaned heavily. "Jane!" he repeated. The girl was at his side. His manner became more composed and solemn. He shook his head, as the eyes of Jane seemed eagerly to penetrate his mystery—he shook his head, and with a sickly smile exclaimed, "You seek in vain."

"Alas, have you not happiness?" mournfully inquired the girl.

"What is that," answered Scowl—"that same enigma, *happiness?*—that common jilt—that sound of all lips—that mockery of all hearts? Fools lisp its name, and grey-bearded men crimp their wrinkled visages, and clasp their yellow hands, and look at the sky when this happiness is named. What is it? I would learn—thou art a fair teacher. Have you known it? what was it like? how was it called?"

"Once I thought it bore the lineaments of your affection; I thought its name was your—your love!"

"My love! Pshaw! I have neither face nor form for woman's sublimer fancies. On my brow there are no curls to catch fair ladies' hearts; my lips are not

honied, but steeped in gall; I am puny—misshapen—not at all the creature for a fair one's love."

"Thou knowest my heart, thou knowest it's wholly thine!"

"I might have loved you once, but now—away, girl! Seek some pliant, thoughtless fool, who marries from fashion, because his neighbour weds, or his own blood burns. Show not to me love's wreath of flowers, my breath would taint the buds—my eye wither them!"

"Oh! what a change is this!" exclaimed the heart-broken girl. "I ask not for myself—do as you will. But your parents—why are you thus changed towards them?"

"Parents! I have none—they are divorced from me—they drove me from their hearth, and placed me with another. He has taught me to scorn them—or at least to value them but as the common mass around me. Yet there is one I love—thanks to my good master! whom I love,—dearly, fiercely love; to whom I would sacrifice father, mother, thee—all ties that keep me to the world—all thoughts of man and man's affection."

"And who—what is it hath this fearful love?"

"*Self!* That is my God! I make all else bow down and worship it! Farewell, we part for ever. When you see me turn yonder hedge, think me fallen into an unfathomable gulf. Farewell!"

"Stay!" exclaimed the girl; and then in speechless agony, she held forth her clasped hands, looking imploringly at Scowl, who retreated a pace or two, and, with calm brutality, surveyed her posture of phrensy and despair.

"Truly," said he, "an inspired modern siby! ! Your attitude has all the eloquence of speechless misery; and yet, I think the neck is too——(she shrinks back.) So —well improved! Now, would I were a sculptor! I would carve your image thus, to say my—ha! ha!—my prayers to—a stone! You would be a fitting partner for my heart. Seek you a human husband? All affections are dead within me—all feeling save one—an eternal and all-consuming pang—the pang of hunger, the longing after gold!"

"You, ambitious of such dross!—you, who have——"

"Laughed, mocked at it. My master hath taught me better. Mark me, girl—then shun me. So wild, so universal, is this craving after wealth, that did I think these yellow locks could, by chemical art, be made to yield one grain of gold—could your heart's last drop be petrified by death into a gem, although I saw beseeching angels kneel around you, I'd lock my hand within your hair—tear forth your living heart, and leave you, tombless, to the birds. Have I not said enough?"

He spoke to a senseless image. The girl fell, stricken by misery, to the earth, and the student pursued his way to the hut of the schoolmaster.

"How now, son!" said Rapax; "why thus late? What have you to show in exchange for so much time?"

"A woman's broken heart," returned Scowl.

"Ha! ha!" and the haggard fiend crowed in the laugh; "put it by with the baubles. But come, what say you, my lads, we have tarried long enough here? Are you for moving? Will you all follow me?"

"We will!" was the sudden and unanimous response.

"Then," said the master, "prepare to meet me at twelve to-night upon the beach. I have a skiff, sail, and compass. By my art I have learned, that where the sun sets is gold, and thither we will steer. Bid adieu to your friends, and be punctual."

"Adieu!" muttered Scowl; "as surely as the wave breaks upon the beach, so surely will I be there. For adieus!—but no matter. I say I will be there."

"And I," said Topaz.

"And I," cried Blitheheart, "will but run home to see what I may pick up to help me on the voyage, and then for the ocean."

The young men departed from the hut, and the master busied himself securing his bags of gold, his jewels; with provisions, and all else needful for the enterprise.

The night came. Scowl was the first at the appointed spot. It was a narrow point jutting into the sea, which beat over vast fragments of rocks, fallen from the surrounding precipices. The night was chilly, the moon and stars were in the skies—yet there seemed a desolation in the heavens. The very beating of the waves was in monotonous accordance with the apathy of his soul, who, seated on the rock, raised his eyes from the deep to the cloud-veiled moon, as though they asked, "*Why* moves this water?" The moon returns him in mystery to the wave; and the sea-weed, that listless he plucks from the rocks, adds to the whole riddle; and all

is darkness. His existence seemed to pause in the question of "What *is* existence? Night seemed again to shed some part of its former influence over him. After vainly venturing to search the hidden springs of nature—the wave's motion, the wind's chamber, the moon's glorious light—he wept at his darkness. He lay for a time the smarting penitent of nature, stricken down by self-accusation; whilst compunction triumphed over him, and, like the scorpion near the flame, he writhed, stung with his own venom. He prayed for the rock to yawn and swallow him; he asked for annihilation, or to change his being with the weed or shell-fish clinging to the cliff. His prayers were scoffed, he still must live, and bear the human stamp.

Thus for a time he lay, passively suffering the embraces of one who had watched and followed his steps, where even the nest-seeking schoolboy had feared to tread. By degrees the vacant look of Scowl changed from its wandering dulness, and his eyes flashed fire. He looked with a demon's glances at the girl, and, his voice rattling in his throat, he cried—

"Have I not said enough?"

The girl answered not; she sank upon her knees, and, pale and trembling, with outstretched hands and averted head, in silence awaited her destiny. Scowl raised himself from the rock, hurried to and fro on the little space allowed by the uneven surface—then stopping, and looking at the girl, he exclaimed—

"Jane!"

She turned her face towards his, but rose not.

"Jane! you have seen me weep, have heard me groan; you have beheld me snatch in hope at the fruits of heaven, and heard my teeth gnash at finding them ashes; you have twirled a shining serpent in my teeth, you have——" and he approached her with madness in his features.

"Oh God! and will you?" shrieked the girl, as trembling, she seized the arm that grasped her.

"What! fear you death? Look at the beach beneath. But a moment, and, when your fragile form shall dash upon its bed, you will be as insensible as the pebble you displace. The rising tide will bear you to the ocean's vault; and—ha! ha! singing nymphs will mourn the love-murdered maid. Why have you haunted me? Was it not enough that I gave up heaven, man's social feelings—pity, love, benevolence? Did I not already stand the grim, uncouth image of man?—must the mockery be painted with blood?"

"Are your wishes blood?" replied the girl, for a moment nerved beyond herself; "I thought they were for gold!"

"And gold is blood!" fiercely answered Scowl. "Could gold weep for the means by which men obtain it, a new Red Sea would swallow misers in their homes."

"I have gold. Here" (and she presented to Scowl a small, well-filled leathern bag)—"here is gold—madness—infamy eternal! Ask not how I gained it!"

"Girl! What have you done?"

"Loved you—lost myself!"

"That woman should so fall!—But come, let me

know your story—else, unwillingly, I may want gratitude."

"This gold—I thought my heart would stop, my arm be palsied, as I touched it—was my father's. It is—oh! shall I say—it is my husband's!"

"Husband! I must trudge and sneak about the world filching from all men. A wife is an incumbrance to a social ruffian. Were I a proclaimed bandit, then you should be my robber-queen—should kiss my sword for good fortune when I went forth, and wash my hands from blood at my return. But I cannot war so. I take your offering, but leave your hand for another."

"Oh, Heaven! you cannot mean!—Scowl! I have lost all for you! I must—I will follow you!—oh! look not so, for you cannot madden me. Be merciful!"

"I will, Jane; this is your dying hour! Say, is not death sweet amid these rocks, with the waves and the stars to witness the fleeting soul?"

"Death!—oh! to die with guilt so newly on me! Heaven have mercy! Save me—save me!"

Scowl seized the shrieking girl, who, after a short struggle, broke from his grasp, and rushed to a higher point of the rock. He follows her—she falls—and the next moment the beach bears a mangled corse.

A low, long whistle echoed among the rocks. Scowl leapt from point to point, gained the beach, and there beheld his master and his comrades. He threw himself into the skiff, and plied violently at the oar, as though he would numb the mind's action by bodily exertion.

For a time they proceeded in silence. At length Rapax exclaimed—

"What! lads, home-sick already? What! Scowl—dull?"

"Have I proved dull since we first met?"

"In truth, no; you are an apt scholar."

"'Tis well you had me. Had I learned from another master, I might have been as great a spendthrift as I will now be a miser. But whither are we bound, and with whom are we to mingle?"

"Our destined land," replied the master, "is a fruitful one, and the inhabitants as nature made them. They worship the stars, and offer fruits, flowers, and shells to the spirits of air, earth, and ocean. The land is a bloodless one, and their lives pass in the constant intercourse of what civilization calls benevolence!"

"What!" said Scowl, "have they no holiness?—holiness that burns and tortures one another? So, then be my trade hypocrisy?"

"I," said Topaz, "will teach them to divide and subdivide their lands. I will show them how to make man-traps and spring-guns, and how (blest art!) to make a mystery of common sense!"

"And I," cried Blitheheart, "will create disease, and then be physician infallible."

"Truly," said Scowl, "our vessel hath a goodly freight—superstition, law-making, and physic!"

"Welcome to your inheritance! I give this land to your practices!" exclaimed Rapax, as he pointed to the shore, which, with miraculous speed, they had already approached.

Followed by his pupils, he pursued his way into the island. At length they beheld a multitude of people seated on the grass. The women were lovely, and the men seemed worthy of their fortunes; their limbs indicated a pliant vigour, and in their features was that dauntless independence which surely adorned men in the early day.

It were long and vain to tell the means by which the strangers lured the people from their happiness and independence; by which they set parent against child, and child against father. In fine, the land was civilized; slaves were made, and taxes were levied; some few fed to repletion, whilst thousands pined and died with hunger. Rapax and his scholars controlled the work. Trees were felled, houses built, the earth ransacked for iron for locks and bars, and swords and bayonets. Palaces arose; then an inquisition, halls of justice, and a school of anatomy. There were several prisons, and some admirable powder manufactories. There were, likewise, tax-gatherers and executioners. The people were civilized.

At length the seeming divinity of the task-masters became a question. Some brave hearts spoke out. "What!" said they, "are millions to be fools and wretches, that some two or three may be idlers and knaves?"

At length, King Rapax—for king he was—approached the crisis of mortality. He ordered his riches to be displayed about his chamber; and his blood-shot eye gleamed with horrible delight, as he beheld the glitter-

ing heaps to which his soul was yet adhering; and he grasped a handful of gold even while its tinkling was responded to by the convulsive rattle in the miser's throat. When death gave the last charge, Rapax screamed and groaned as though he would fight him still; and, in the agony, he crushed the metal in his hand till the blood started from the withered flesh. Tearing away his vestments, he threw himself amidst a heap of gold, as though *there* he could defy his follower; and as he writhed among the ore, he scrambled for the jewels and the vessels that were about him, supplicating the assistance of the beholders to stand between him and his foe. A terrific laugh of triumph extended his jaws, as he stretched forth his hand to seize a massive piece of gold to hide his head from the attack. Just as, with almost supernatural force, he poised the weight above him, his eyes start, his tongue works in his mouth, the ore rattles with the struggles of his limbs, and the uplifted mass, falling with a crash, thunders the knell of the miser!

The ministers paused not a moment. The ghastly corse, heaped round about by gold, appalled them not. Each was rushing on to take possession, when shouts were heard, then the trample of multitudes. The doors were burst open; and the people, thronging onward, recoiled, as they beheld the naked body of their dead enslaver.

The pupils, one and all, pounced upon a small casket still held in the gripe of the corse. Scowl was master of the prize, and, in an instant, eluding the vigilance of the people, disappeared. Topaz and Blitheheart like-

wise escaped. The streets were empty, the houses deserted; the old men, women, and children, had been removed, under a strong guard, to a safe retreat, whilst the attack was made upon Rapax and the younger despots. Scowl, with two or three of his minions, tossed burning brands into the unguarded habitations; the winds arose, the flames raged, and destruction seemed to hover over the devoted city. Again Scowl led on his mercenaries, again he was defeated. The dwellings consecrated to the fair stranger-deities (for such Rapax and his pupils had been deemed) were consumed to ashes—nearly all who fought for the bad cause relentlessly slaughtered. A few, faithful in adversity, by Scowl's orders launched the boat which had first touched the island, and which had been venerated as something little less than sacred. There was no other refuge, save the howling sea, for the gold worshipper. All day he lay hidden; and, when night came, he hurried timidly to the spot where, in an obscure creek, lay the boat. His attendants were awaiting his arrival. Scowl, unwilling to venture with such a number in so fragile a bark, despatched all, save one, to his late hiding-place, in the excuse of having left there a treasure of great value. No sooner had the party quitted him, than he leapt into the boat, and, bidding the man follow, was launching the craft into the sea, when his name was called, and, looking round, he observed his companions, Topaz and Blitheheart, rise from a pit which they had dug in the sand.

"My brother!" said Blitheheart, "we have watched

for you. Let us away from this cursed spot!" and, approaching, they were about to enter the boat.

"Stay!" said Scowl, "this is all mine. Shall I not be rewarded for my work? What do you give for your passage?"

"You do but jest! What! friends barter for an act of grace!"

"I jest not. Pay me, and you shall make the voyage. Offer to palter, or to touch the gunwale of the craft, and——"

As he spoke out, he seized the oar, and stood in act to strike.

"I will humour you, though you do but jest," groaned Blitheheart; and he gave him some twenty gems.

"More!—more!" exclaimed the insatiate Scowl.

Blitheheart fairly quivered with hate as he surrendered up all his hoard to the griping hand of Scowl, who then permitted him to take his seat in the boat.

"Surely you will not leave me!" cried Topaz, in an agony of fear.

"Ay, will I," replied Scowl, "unless you pay."

"Alas, I have no means. I have lost all—all! But my future profits shall be yours."

"I am no speculator, brother," answered Scowl, with malicious coolness, at the same time pushing his boat from the strand.

"Blitheheart! will you pay my passage?" screamed Topaz, as he waded into the sea, stretching his hand towards the drifting skiff.

Blitheheart turned aside his head. Topaz, in mad-

ness, seized the boat. Scowl, catching up a sword, struck at the petitioner just above the wrist. With a piercing howl, he let go his hold—his hand hung but by the slightest filament. His shrieks were lost in a sudden shout. The party of Scowl were seen rushing down the beach, followed by the enraged multitude. His followers begged Scowl to return—he laughed! One of the men, seizing a musket, fired; but, missing his aim, wounded the innocent companion of Scowl and Blitheheart. The man was, in an instant, tossed into the sea; the sail was hoisted, the wind sprang up, and on the boat flew from the island. The passengers heard the tumult of the affray—clash of swords—groans and maledictions. The boat sailed on: and they were shortly girt about by the wild and dreary sea.

And the islanders were civilized. They knew the value of gold and iron; they bought slaves with the one, and made war with the other. They had prisons for debtors, and they could kill at two hundred paces. They were civilized!

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The old pilgrim quitted the companion of his travel when he reached the city. He looked at every house with suspicion. There was in his face the assumed meekness of devotion; but his eyes had, at times, a wolfish glare that made the beholder gasp as it flashed upon him. The devotee appeared aged and travel-worn, he seemed to walk and move from the impulse of some deep, unquenchable passion, rather than from the ease of natural motion. Frequently he paused as he slunk

through the streets, and then hurried from the door he was about to knock at. He arrived at a mosque, and, as if instinctively, bowed his head. He sat upon the steps, and, wearied with travel, slept. His old limbs were crouched all night upon the marble. When the morning came, numbers stood about looking at the sleeper, who, according to the charity of the beholder, seemed something more or less than human. To some he appeared a sleeping fiend. His black, distended eyelids were in strong contrast to the bloodless pallor of his cheeks; his sharp nose, as though protruding from the skin; his fallen jaw, discovering his firm-set teeth; and his arms, hugging his breast, gave him, with different minds, the appearance of a saint or devil.

At length a youth approached the sleeper, and pulled his garments. The pilgrim, as under the influence of some dream, sprang up, and seizing the affrighted youth, shouted, "Where—where?" then, with the rapidity of thought, felt at his breast, and smiled as he seemed to grasp something. Then, a sudden cramp, the effect of his cold bed and the night air, shooting through his legs, he fell; and his forehead striking against the edge of the step, the blood gushed from the wound. The people closed about him to render assistance; but, although stunned, he threw forth his legs to keep off the multitude, and never once loosened his grasp from his garment. At length the people resolved to carry him to a neighbouring surgeon; and the pilgrim, fainting from loss of blood, was borne to a low hovel in an obscure lane.

Here dwelt the leech, a rare compound of quaint humour, cheerfulness, and avarice. The wounded man was left alone with the surgeon, who bound up the hurt, and strove to unclench the pilgrim's hands. Insensibility gave the patient greater strength, and already the man of feeling trembled for his fee. He administered violent restoratives to the patient, who, at length, breathed more freely;—he panted; and his hands fell for an instant upon his knees. The surgeon thrust his arm into the sick man's bosom; a deep snarl rattled in the pilgrim's throat, as, recovering his consciousness, he grasped the arm at his breast, and then threw back his head to confront the danger that menaced him. There was a terrific interchange of look; eye flashed on eye, the face of each was distended, their lips worked, as though in disgust and hatred of the name they uttered—as "Scowl," "Blitheheart," fell, like venom, from them.

The companions were again united. The hunters had again met. A hatred of each other in youth had become more deadly in age; but dissimulation could give a seeming sanctity to the purpose of a fiend.

"Dear brother," cried Scowl, "you have a good trade."

"Poor, wretchedly poor," answered Blitheheart. "What then, I am not what I was. Now wealth hath no charms for me (Scowl glanced about the hut). Believe it—I have more silver in my beard than in my bag. But, come, you are wearied. Though we wear turbans we can drink wine—come, come, we are too old

to be choked with a grapestone. I have no money, but I have credit—we will have wine, boy, and drink to the memory of our old master!" So saying, Blitheheart left the hut on his liberal errand.

Scowl had well scanned his early companion. He had read him with eyes of distrust and hate. No sooner then had Blitheheart quitted the hovel, than Scowl cast his greedy looks around—every corner, every cranny, was ransacked—the search was unsuccessful. Waiting his companion's return, Scowl took up a knife to cut a thorn from his foot; he cut, and still his face was cold and colourless; he whetted the knife upon the stone floor, it stuck at a small iron ring. Scowl seized it, and bending every nerve to the effort, lifted up a huge granite slab. He staggered half-blinded from the spot, and the low roof echoed the rejoicing of the demon. A blaze of gold and jewels shone upon him. At this moment the door opened, and Blitheheart entered. Scowl threw himself before the treasure, and, with the knife firmly grasped in his extended hand, dared the approach of his "dear brother," who, bewildered at the discovery, moved not, spoke not, but breathed a deep groan of agony, let the pitcher fall, and, subdued to utter imbecility, threw himself upon his knees; he held out his clasped, trembling hands—the tears rolled down his withered cheeks—he tried to speak, but articulation was lost in guttural moanings.

"What! I have found a treasure!" exclaimed Scowl.

"My all—my all!" sobbed Blitheheart, tremulously.

"All!" echoed Scowl, and drawing his finger down

the edge of the knife; and his eyes flashing with triumph, he cried, in a mingled tone of mockery and menace, "Halves, brother!"

The lips of Blitheheart quivered as though struck with sudden ague. The veins worked, like young snakes, in his brow. Still, he strove to call up a ghastly smile into his face—"Halves—ay, ay—we'll see—but the wine is gone—we must have more—we——"

"Regale yourself, here is my banquet. Brother (by which dear name I claim half your substance), I say, halves! Why so," he pursued, as he searched among the treasure—"this is well; a good trade, in fact, this physic. Brother, how many men died in this?" and he held up a piece of coin, and then again turned over the store. The tinkling of every piece of metal added torture to Blitheheart; his clenched hands struck each other in impotent frenzy, and he rushed forward. Scowl dashed back the terrified wretch, a struggle ensued, and the tenant of the hut lay dumb and insensible. Scowl searched amongst the heap of wealth; he was speedily loaded, indeed he was almost held to the spot by the weight of his pilferings. He took up a large golden vase; twice he put it down, and then resumed it. It could not be, he must relinquish it. With hate and selfish disappointment he dashed it from him, and the metal tinkled against the bald skull of the dumb and prostrate man. Blitheheart groaned heavily, and Scowl, with a fiendish chuckle, crossed the threshold.

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"Is there no money?" asked a manacled wretch, and the rattling of his chains seemed to answer—"None." The prisoner was a thin old man, whose face, though meagre, was animated with strong, contemptuous feeling. His lips seemed festering with satire. He slunk to a corner of his dungeon, and lifting a stone, took from under it a small bag; it was filled with precious gems. He sat down, and taking up a loose pebble, drove the jewels between the crannies of the dungeon walls. "If they kill the bird, they shall not have the plumes," he muttered, as he studded the cell of death with gems fitting a diadem. "I fix them thus low, that they shall not glare upon men's eyes; for even in a dungeon man does not look down, his hopes will fly upwards, even though they lose their pinions through the bars." As he accomplished his work the gaoler entered; a friend was at the gate. "Friend!" echoed the captive, sneeringly, "say I have no legacies."

The visitor would take no denial; it was Scowl who came to console the captive Topaz. Scowl held forth his hand. "What!" cried Topaz, with a malignant grin, "have you another sword behind you? nay, leave one hand for the cord of the hangman."

Scowl approached Topaz, and touching his chains, cried, "Death, eh?"

"Yes, a little sleep after a long walk."

"And these are the men we cultivated? We taught them to dig for gold, and they hang you for usury. 'Tis a jest, though not a blithe one. Come, no bequest for a friend? no wealth?"

"Wealth, I have none; though these fools hunt me for it. They surely think I have a vein of gold where other men have marrow. Yet I will bequeath you something!"

"What?"

"The rope that hangs me; 'twill serve you for a penitential cord."

The gaoler entered, the friends must separate. They approached each other with outstretched arms. "Think, brother, do you give nothing?" cried Scowl.

"Nothing!" was the answer. Scowl, turning his back on his companion, quitted the cell, and the usurer was led forth to death.

Scowl, as his vessel sailed from the land, beheld the carcase of the miser hanging to the winds.

* * * * * * * *

All was bustle at the village of ——. Scowl had returned to his native home. He had built a stately and gorgeous palace, yet the edifice had but few inhabitants. Two or three palsied old men from the poor-house tottered in the halls, and the roofs that might have sheltered monarchs, echoed the shambling tread of the pauper. Here Scowl would live in solitude, as though he communed with his riches, giving them nature and dispositions. He would talk to them (for his mind was sinking) as they were his ministers and friends.

At length he ventured a task imposed upon him by his late master. It was a dark wintry night when he hobbled to the marsh where once stood the cottage of old Rapax. Scowl began to dig the earth, and after a long

and wearisome toil, he beheld the buried riches of his master. Here night after night he toiled, removing the treasure stealthily to his mansion. One night he beheld a man moving slowly towards the pit—he saw him leap into it, and heard him rattle his wealth. Scowl sprang upon the robber, seized a bag, and swinging it with all his strength, dashed it against the head of his opponent, who fell, screaming inarticulate sounds. Scowl repeated the blows, then throwing in the earth, buried the unknown corse of Blitheheart with his idol. Scowl caught up the bag, and hastened to his mansion.

"It must be," exclaimed Scowl, "none else could know the spot." And then he sought to place the bag with his stores: he felt in his bosom—groaned, and let the bag fall. The noise awakened his servants: the old men ran to their master, whom they found aghast and trembling. Scowl wildly cried, "My keys! my keys! gone—buried!" One of the old men took up the bag—Scowl darted forth to seize it, then staggered back as he beheld it wet with the blood of his victim. The servants cut it open, and the gold fell about the floor. Scowl stamped and shrieked as he saw the old men fighting and struggling for the coin. He rushed to the iron door of his treasures, forbidding all approach. Here, in madness, he raved for hours. The old men terrified, and their suspicions awakened by the appearance of the bag, soon gave tongue to their fears. The civil authorities, with a crowd of villagers, were in attendance. They burst open the bolted door of the apartment which led to the retreat of the miser, and beheld him stretched at the door of his

treasury. They raised him up—he was dead. In his madness he had flung himself violently against the door, and a deep wound on his brow showed the indention of one of the iron rivets with which the panels were studded.

These are the deaths of the three pupils of Rapax. One was gibbeted—the other murdered by his fellow—the third fractured his own skull against the barrier of his wealth. They all *got on* in the world.

LIZZY'S "BACK HAIR."

"NO, I'm determined o' that, they shan't touch Lizzy's hair. The girl's as good a right to bands as any lady in the parish, and if she isn't to go to school without losing her back hair, she shall stop at home and learn nothing."

Such was the declaration of Barbara Dock, delivered, too, with a tone and manner that proved that she had well weighed the consequences of her will, and was, at any suffering, prepared to maintain it.

The Docks were about the poorest family of the pauper village of Nettlefield. Days came and went, and many a day they knew no better feeding than one half meal. In winter they shivered at a fireless hearth —stern, hard-featured, inexorable Poverty was ever "lord of their home and hospitality." And yet Pride —worldly pride—took her seat in the miserable cottage, and surrounded by want and squalor in their foulest forms and most degrading spirit, had nevertheless her miserable delights, her small whims and fantasies; wayward, as though she played the fine fantastic lady in the finest drawing-room. It was this pride that with witch-like malice whispered to Mrs.

Barbara Dock, "Come what will, preserve at any cost your daughter Lizzy's back hair."

A few words will inform the reader in what manner Lizzy's hair was perilled.

The village of Nettlefield was about a mile and a half distant from a small, yet substantial country town, whose richer inhabitants had built a school for the children of the very poor. Now, it was one of the laws of the girls' school—a law passed in a common parliament of rich and respectable matrons—that the pauper pupils should be required to forego the vanity of curls and bands. We know not whether these excellent women had ever read *The Unloveliness of Love-locks*, and other pamphlets born in the good old Puritan times for the especial discomfiture and conversion of those who suffered their souls to be endangered by their hair; they, however, legislated in the cropping spirit of such writers, and required of each pupil that not only should she eschew bands and front curls, but that her "back hair" should be cut off in decent closeness to the nape of the neck. It was not thought seemly that poverty should rejoice in flowing tresses. There was danger in them. The lady-committee were doubtless right. There have been she-Samsons, carrying worse than death in their wanton ringlets.

Now, Lizzy Dock was a rough-made looking wench of fourteen. Handsome she was not, save in the eyes of her mother. Indeed, throughout the neighbourhood, Lizzy Dock was frequently saluted with words that

must have been a sharp lesson to the conceit of female beauty; the swains of Nettlefield would, in their own unsophisticated Doric, tell her their private and public opinion of her personal charms; nevertheless, Lizzy Dock had not the weakness or the humility to believe them. If, too, Lizzy was proud of anything in this world, it was of her hair. It was of the colour of thistledown, and by dint of constant coaxing, she had got it to give indications of a backward curl. Now, with these white locks did Lizzy astound the propriety of the girls' school at ——. She knew not the mystery of the alphabet, and was sent at fourteen years old to become a scholar in the hornbook of charity.

Lizzy returned to the cottage at dinner-time—to no dinner—and told her mother the fiat of the governess. Whereupon Mrs. Barbara Dock delivered herself of the sentence which opens our story—"If she wasn't to go to school without losing her back hair, she should stop at home and learn nothing."

Lizzy returned to school bearing this determination, a little modified in its phraseology, to the governess. "Her mother couldn't think that she should lose her hair." Whereupon Lizzy was sent home with a desire not to return to the school again, unless properly shorn. And Lizzy returned not, but keeping her back hair, stayed at home.

In an hour at most, the whole story was talked over at every hearth in Nettlefield. Every one wondered at the pride and impudence of Mrs. Dock; and not a few

predicted a wretched, sinful ending for Lizzy; yes—"It might easily be guessed what her back hair would bring her to."

The committee of ladies, informed of the waywardness of Mrs. Dock, declared one and all that, amid all the serious doings of human life, this impertinence to the patronesses of the school was the gravest misdeed they had ever heard of. Some judgment must certainly fall upon the woman for her pride and wickedness. However, human charity prevailed, for the lady patronesses, determining that the woman Dock should not be left to perish in her perversity, resolved upon a benevolent pilgrimage to her habitation. It was at first arranged that the whole committee should present themselves before the forlorn widow; but, on second thoughts, the intention was abandoned, lest it might produce some serious shock on the nerves of the offender; whereupon it was resolved that Mrs. Cuckfield, the squire's lady, a gentlewoman renowned for dignity at freezing-point, should alone read a terrible lesson to the stubborn Mrs. Dock. It was especially necessary that an example should be made of the woman, that she should be taught to feel the presumption of her doings;—and who so capable of confounding her as the squire's lady? Straightway Mrs. Cuckfield deposited herself in her phaeton, and drove to Nettlefield.

A sudden silence fell upon the village, as the phaeton rolled smoothly towards it. Women criticised at every doorstep; the children left off playing and squabbling, and, with finger in mouth, looked bashfully at the

squire's lady's carriage. The village curs seemed struck with shamefacedness, for they ventured not the weakest bark at the horses' heels, but slunk up in doorways, and, with quivering noses and abashed countenances, sat silently upon their haunches, hardly venturing a leer at the squire's lady.

The phaeton stopped at Mrs. Dock's cottage. Whereupon Mrs. Dock appeared at the door, attended by Lizzy—whose back hair, by the way, was in the most insolent condition of curl—and dropt a dutiful curtsey to Mrs. Cuckfield, who, with lady-like wrath in her countenance, deigned no recognition; but with very rigid eyelids, passed into the cottage. In a moment, Mrs. Dock passed her apron over one of the two chairs, and presented it to the squire's lady. Mrs. Cuckfield threw a glance upon the ragged rush-bottom, then, arranging her gown, sank upon the seat. No Lord Chief Justice ever took his place upon the bench with greater dignity. As for Mrs. Dock, she instantly divined the cause of Mrs. Cuckfield's visit, and, though a little flustered by the solemnity that she felt was about to begin, she nevertheless strung herself up for the contest; and in a very few moments her face looked dogged and stony. Indeed, it may be truly said, that she was armed to the teeth for the encounter.

"You've had a prize in the lottery, eh, Mrs. Dock?" said Mrs. Cuckfield, with the cutting voice of an east wind.

"Not at all, ma'am," answered the woman. "Prizes, ma'am, don't come to poor people, ma'am."

"Not a prize! Well, I declare, I thought of course

you were suddenly become very rich. And you're as poor and destitute as ever?" asked the squire's lady.

"If you please, ma'am," replied Mrs. Dock.

"And I suppose nothing particular in the cupboard?" said Mrs. Cuckfield.

The poor woman made no verbal answer; but moving a pace or two, opened a corner-cupboard door, and showed its empty shelves. There was truly nothing in it. "We haven't tasted meat—not so much as a bit of bacon—these two months."

"I thought as much," cried Mrs. Cuckfield, as though she was fast coming on the guilt of the offender. "I thought as much."

"Wages is dreadful, now," said Mrs. Dock, with a sigh. "I don't know what things will come to. Them as are poor had better be in their graves."

"Perhaps, some of them," answered the squire's lady, with slight bitterness.

"For my part, ma'am," cried Mrs. Dock, "I don't care how soon."

"Why, you wicked creature! you ungrateful, wicked woman! Don't you blush—ar'n't you ashamed of yourself?" cried the squire's lady.

"What for, ma'am?" asked Mrs. Dock, with Arcadian ignorance.

"*You*, who ought to know your place? *You* poor destitute creatures, with nothing but your hard labour to live upon—you, with an empty cupboard, half-naked, and without one of the comforts of life about you—you to dare to,—why, it's flying in the face of Providence!

Wretched woman! don't you expect the roof to fall, or the earth to open and swallow you up?"

"What for, ma'am?" again asked Mrs. Dock.

"What for? Turn round your back, girl!" cried Mrs. Cuckfield to Lizzy, who instantly obeyed the order. "There," cried Mrs. Cuckfield, pointing her finger to the felonious back hair, "look at that and blush."

"What for, ma'am?" for the third time asked Mrs. Dock.

Mrs. Cuckfield was about to storm; but she remembered the dignity of the squire's lady, and with praiseworthy calmness, considering the effort it cost her—asked, "Am I to understand, woman, that you will not permit your girl to submit to the school crop? That, in a word, you insist upon her wearing bands, and keeping her back hair?"

"Poor people have a right to their hair, ma'am," said the stolid Mrs. Dock.

"It is true, then?" cried the squire's lady.

"Poor people have as good a right to what they're born with," said Mrs. Dock, "as the rich. Quite as good a right."

"Was there ever such assurance?" exclaimed Mrs. Cuckfield.

"If God Almighty didn't think so," said Mrs. Dock, "God Almighty wouldn't make rich folks and poor folks all alike."

"Well, if ever!" ejaculated the squire's lady.

"Lizzy's as good a right to her back hair as the Queen of England," cried Mrs. Dock.

She had said enough. Human presumption had

passed its limit, all wide as it is, and the squire's lady, almost aghast at the cottager's wife, made for the threshold. Then pity for human infirmity made her suddenly pause. She gathered herself up for one last remonstrance. "Mrs. Dock, you understand, that unless your girl conforms to the regulations of the school she cannot be received there. In which case, she will grow up, poor creature, ignorant as the pigs. For the last time, will you cut off her back hair?"

Mrs. Dock merely replied, "Poor people, ma'am, have as good right to their back hair, ma'am, as the richest in the land, ma'am."

The squire's lady passed from the cottage into her phaeton, and without another word drove off.

The school committee were more than astonished at the report of Mrs. Cuckfield. Their curiosity was piqued by the presumption of Mrs. Dock; and one by one the ladies visited her, as, indeed, they would have visited the exhibition of some strange animal. To one and all, however, Mrs. Dock observed, that "Lizzy had as good right to her back hair as the Queen of England."

Lizzy did *not* go to school. She, however, kept her back hair, and, with such adornment, grew up, in the prophetic words of Mrs. Cuckfield, "ignorant as the pigs."

Miserable vanity! thinks the reader, that in such conditions sacrifices mental hope to outward ornament! Alas, good sir, 'tis very well to shake the head in sad reproof of pauper Lizzy Dock, and her foolish mother,—but how many are there, with all the world's comforts about them, who, in some way or the other, do not sacrifice an inward excellence for some sort of "back hair?"

THE TWO WINDOWS.*

THE Union Workhouse of the ancient parish of Herne—how calm and pastoral is that little nook of Kent—has two outward windows. The fabric, built by the inspiration of the New Poor-law, was a blind, eyeless piece of brickwork; a gaol for the iniquity and perseverance of poverty; a Newgate for the felony of want. The chiefs and elders of Parliament had said, "Let us make abiding places for the poor; let us separate them, lepers as they are, from the clean; let us shut them up from the sight of the green earth; let them not behold the work of the season in the budding trees, in their leafy branches, in their red and golden robes of autumn, in the gaunt bareness of solemn winter. Let the grass spring and the wild-flower blossom; but let not the poor, the unclean of the land, look upon the work of God." After this resolve the Union was built; with inner windows looking upon walls, and walls turned blank upon the outward world. No crevice, no loophole permitted captive poverty a look, a glimpse of the fresh face of nature; his soul, like his body, was bricked up according to statute; he had by the insolence of desti-

* A Workhouse near the village of Herne, in Kent. I was with my father when he first saw it; and I sketched it for him.—B. J.

tution offended the niceness of the world, and he was doomed by his judges to a divorce from the commonest rights of earth. Hence, the Union Workhouse turned its sullen, unbroken wall of brick upon the fields and trees, and the pauper was made to look only upon pauperism. The freshness and luxuriance of nature—her prodigal loveliness—was not for his eyes; he was poor, and even to behold the plenteousness of the teeming earth was an enjoyment beyond his state—a banned delight—a luxury which those who paid for his food, could not properly vouchsafe him!

At length,—when they themselves know it not, men's hearts will work, a sense of right will sometimes steal upon their sleep, an instinct of goodness will, like silver water from the rock, gush forth—at length it was resolved by the guardians of the poor—guardians of the poor! what a holiness of purpose should inform those well-worn syllables—that the dull, blind, squalid workhouse should have light; that its brick walls should be pierced with two windows; that the fields and trees should gladden pauper eyes, appealing to old recollections; childhood thoughts; daily, customary feelings. It was determined that the pauper prisoner should, through the iron bars of penury, have comforting glimpses of God's goodness without; that he should, though all unconsciously, make offerings upon the green altar of the earth; that his heart should commune in its own unknowing way, with those sweet influences which, coming from God, discourse in some manner to all men.

And so it was determined that the Union Workhouse should have two outward windows. The guardians of the poor appeared with the labourers. "Here," said the guardians, "break through the wall; here pierce one window—here, another." Then turning to the paupers, some few age-stricken folks, they said, with smug complacency, "We are going to give you some light." And this, reader, is not a goosequill fiction; it is a thing of truth.

"We are going to give you some light." We cannot help it, if this liberal goodness—this gentle philanthropy—drive back thought to the first gift of light; if it call up, as with an iron tongue, the memory of the holy birth of light, word-begotten, of all men. And the nature of man, solemnized by such memories—kindled and uplifted, skies beyond expression, by the sublime inheritance—is it not a hard task to consider with composure even the compunction of a guardian of the poor, who pierces with two windows the prison-house of the pauper to let God's light in? May not the small authority of man be sometimes as a blaspheming burlesque of Almighty Beneficence?

Let us, for a time forgetful of state philosophy—forgetful of the plausibilities of social prosperity that set the poor apart from the rich and well-to-do, as creatures somewhat different in the real drama of life, although on certain occasions, as it were for form's sake, for Christian ceremony, allowed to be made from the clay of the same Eden as their masters—let us behold the earth in its freshness, and man, its owner, in the vigour

of his new birth, the heir of an impartial Providence, and the receiver of its glories; and then consider him as the task-master of his fellow, as the grudging churl that metes out light and air to his helpless brother; and for this sole cause—this one bitter reason—he *is* helpless.

A miserable sight—a hideous testimony of the thankfulness of prosperous man—is the rural union, with its blank dead wall of brick; a cold, blind thing, the work of human perversity and human selfishness, amidst ten thousand thousand evidences of Eternal bounty. How beautiful is the beauty of God around it! There is not a sapling waving its green tresses of June, that does not make the heart yearn with kindliness; not a field-flower that does not, with its speaking eye, tell of abundant goodness; the brook is musical with the same sweet truth; all sights and sounds declare it. The liberal loveliness of nature, turn where we will, looks upon and whispers to us. We are made the heirs of wealth inexhaustible, of pleasures deep as the sea and pure as the joys of Paradise. And our return for this, our offering to the wretchedness of our fellow-creatures, is yonder prison, with its dead wall turned upon the pleasant aspects of nature, lest the pauper captives within should behold what God has done for that world, in which, according to the world's justice, they have nothing. Hence is the pauper treated, in his blind dungeon, as though there was a felonious purpose in his eyesight; as though, a prisoner in the union, he would commit larceny on the meads and trees, and all the rural objects that

from babyhood have been familiar to him; to the exceeding injury and loss of the free folks, who, by the blessing of skill and good luck, have "land and beeves."

We know not a more fantastic tyranny, a more wilful assertion of the arrogance of man, than this needless shutting up of his poorer brother in a gaol of poverty—barring his eyes of every comforting object, compelling him to look only upon that which at every look speaks to his soul of his miserable dependence upon his richer fellow; which denies to him the innocent, unbought glimpse of out-door nature, as though the scene was a land of promise from which his beggary had made him alien. Is human want so wicked, that it should be unblest with even a glance at the pleasant things of creation? Has the pauper—because pauper—no further claim upon the earth, save for his final bed—the grave? The rustic unions, with their forlorn blank walls, cry, yes!

If God punish man for crime, as man punishes man for poverty, woe to the sons of Adam!

A CHAPTER ON BLACK DOGS.

PETER VANDERPUP was a small citizen of Rotterdam. An idle Dutchman is an abomination throughout his fatherland; and yet Peter, though lazy, was not held infamous, but was suffered to smoke and loiter through forty years of useless life with an improving reputation, which in the forty-fifth year of its wear, for at such time our tale of gossip begins, was of the very best material, and of the most galliard cut. Not that Peter had taken the least care of the article; on the contrary, he wore his reputation as an emperor carries a diamond, worth provinces, in his hat; with an easy grace, a carelessness, yea, a seeming forgetfulness of the treasure borne about him; which carelessness mightily enhances the lofty spirit, the natural magnificence of the wearer. Strange it is! but reputation, like beavers and cloaks, shall last some people twice the time of others: not that there shall be the slightest difference in the quality of the article; no, not a whit; the commodity shall be the same to a thread; yes, the moral cloak, or jerkin, or doublet, or under whatever figure it shall please you, fastidious reader, to entertain reputation,—never forgetting, that in a cloak the stuff wears capitally,—the commodity

shall be cut off the same piece of broadcloth, made to cover all the children of men, on their first appearance in this cold, bleak world—and yet, how different shall it turn out with different wearers! Even in their cradles, some refractory younglings—for, indeed, there are even babies of the most forlorn reputations—rend and tear their moral garments; whilst others, though they shall scream higher than a trumpet, shall split their one, two, four month characters to very tatters, are shaken not, chidden not, but dandled in untiring arms, cockered with soft phrases, hugged, squeezed, wooed with sweetest pap, solaced with honeyed syllables.

Peter Vanderpup, when only ten weeks old, was, in spirit, a full-grown fiend. It was in the winter of 17—, when the bread that was hot in the morning could only be cut with an axe for supper; when cats were frost-bitten at the fire-side; and when the burgomaster, Tosspotoff, having incautiously laid his hand upon a bottle at breakfast, had it fixed to the vessel until nightfall—it was in that awful winter, when all the crows of the north were turned white as cockatoos with the cold, that Peter Vanderpup, an infant of ten weeks' experience, resolutely refused to sleep in the bosom of his mother one minute after midnight, but, with much shrieking, and no less kicking, compelled his father, Jans Vanderpup, a meek, unresisting man, to rise from his warm bed, and, merely shirted, and with bare feet, to walk the narrow room—his toes bitten to the joints with the cold—singing, or rather shaking a song through his back teeth, to his unquiet heir; only to be lulled by

such warbling. And whilst Peter the son would yell and kick, Jans the parent would call him an "angel," a "popsy," a "mannikin," a "joy," a "precious creature," the frost biting to the bone every limb of the praise-monger.

For a whole winter was Jans Vanderpup forced, by the despotism of his sleepless babe, to walk the room—hard penance for matrimony!—barefooted, and in his shirt, and that for two hours by the best Rotterdam clock;—now singing, and now uttering monstrous lies in sweetest similitudes breathed upon his son. Throughout a whole winter, until the primroses appeared, did Jans Vanderpup endure this ill; summer came, and Peter slept; but Jans was too far gone; he would sit and smile languidly in the sun, and though with manful heart he strove to linger until pickled herrings should come in for the season, the struggle was in vain—Jans died. That he was properly done for admits of no doubt; for four doctors attended him until hope fled with his breath. And then they consoled the placid widow; for they vowed there had been no hope from the first. The truth is, Jans was never thawed. In his last moments he lisped "Peter," called him his darling love, his little angel, and died, frozen in the belief. And the parricide in short coats shook his rattle, and crowed like a cock. Strange! that the mother, indeed a shrewd, sensible woman, never guessed the cause of her husband's death: it is plain, however, she did not; for she would hug the parricidal baby in her arms, and call him her comfort and her only joy.

It would grieve us, did the reader think that we had dwelt too long on the infantine waywardness of Peter Vanderpup: for, be sure of it, we have a sufficing purpose for what we do; it being our design to show, that from his swaddling-clothes to his shroud, Peter Vanderpup had a character for goodness and sweetness thrust upon him; and, do what he might, that still the character would stick. Good reputation was to Peter not as a garment, but as his skin, he was never to be stripped of it: he might have wallowed with hogs in a sty, and in half an hour would have been as clean, as spotless as ever. Have you not seen it, reader? Shall not one varlet ruffle it in all mobs, flounder through many dirty ways, struggle through a maze of briers—and still have his good name—we mean his superfine cloak—without a wrinkle in it—a spot upon it—a tear, yea, even the fracture of a thread in it? And yet, put the same cloak upon another, and though he shall suffer but a casual jostling—though he shall tread a muddy walk carefully as a cat—and only tarry a moment to gather a dog-rose from a bush at the way-side, and—phew! what an unseemly rumple of his garment—what splashes of foulest mire upon it! and what a flaw—"a flaw!" cries detraction, savagely hooking in its tiger nail, "a huge rent"—in his moral super-Saxony!

It has been shown under what adverse circumstances Peter Vanderpup, when ten weeks old, obtained from his frozen parent the name of angel. It is our further purpose to make known how, throughout his life—and despite of a few disadvantages increasing and maturing

with his years—Peter Vanderpup was the flower of men; yea, the very pink of Rotterdam. As faithful historians, we feel ourselves bound to describe the few personal and moral dark spots in Peter—dark to us, though, as shall be seen, looked upon by the world as lustrous beauties.

Peter Vanderpup was hump-backed, bow-legged, and having in his childhood fought with the cat for some fish-bones, had lost the sight of one eye in the contest. Without the artificial aid of stockings, Peter Vanderpup stood between earth and heaven four feet one.

Peter's voice was a croak—his speech a stammer. His leer was the look of an ogre, and he swore, even beyond the privilege of a Dutchman.

Peter was a drunkard, a solitary toper. He has been heard to declare his own thoughts and a bottle to be worth all the company in Holland.

Peter was a miser. Not a guilder would he have given to save his fatherland from the sea—his own small wealth not perilled by the deluge.

Peter was an ungrateful son, and has been known to hug himself and laugh when one man called another his friend.

Peter's heart was filled with envy of the rich and beautiful. The wise and the good were beneath his thoughts; the poor he spurned.

We have jotted down a few of the defects of Peter Vanderpup. Surely, surely, he was not a man to awaken smiles—to call forth good words—to sow kind opinions in the hearts of men! Yet, we repeat it, Peter Vander-

pup was well spoken of. The men laughed with him, swallowing his poorest words as rare jests; whilst the women, by one acclaim, vowed him to be the sweetest of fellows.

Now what charm had Peter Vanderpup to hoodwink all eyes—to dazzle all judgments? What dust did he throw about him—what philter did he drop into the cup of his neighbour? What device, bought of fiends or furies, had Peter Vanderpup?

Reader, Peter tampered not with fiends; he had bought no spell—he worked no charm!

Then what the devil—(it is you, reader, who speak) *had* Peter?

Peter had—a black dog!

"Did mortal eyes ever behold such a dog?"

"What a face it has!"

"And what a temper!"

"And what genius! It tells bad money, and fires off a gun like a Christian!"

"'Once played at chess, 'tis said, with a Leyden Professor, and beat him!"

"'Could a pup be had for love or guilders?"

"Beautiful creature."

"And to quit Rotterdam!"

"To leave us perhaps for ever!"

"Never!"

Such were a few of the exclamations, such a brief sample of the eulogies, vented and pronounced by a circle of ladies, buxom wives and no less buxom widows, on

Peter Vanderpup's black dog—on the inimitable Snout. For years had Rotterdam rung with the renown of the dog: the ladies of Amsterdam had vainly petitioned for the honour of a visit from Peter—for Peter and Snout were as one; but the belles of Rotterdam were obdurate. Peter had from the first protested himself their slave; and the labours of Snout were confined to his native city. Hence, much of the beauty and fashion of Holland would, from time to time, make pilgrimages to the birthplace of Erasmus and of Snout, and departing thence, would scatter abroad the praises of the black dog! Wonderful Snout—fortunate Peter Vanderpup!

We have already hinted that Peter had a slight deformity of back—now Snout was the most graceful of his race. Peter had but one eye—Snout had two, and both brilliant as carbuncles. Peter's temper was sullen and vindictive—Snout was of the happiest, and most playful disposition. We have paused to consider, and still we remember no social recommendation possessed by Peter Vanderpup. Now Snout, his black dog, had a thousand winning tricks to charm and delight all people; to draw about him all the female hearts of Rotterdam. In brief, there was no defect, no want of Peter, that was not set off by a grace, supplied by an excellence of Peter's dog. Hence, Peter was, somehow, merged in his dog: Vanderpup was become part and parcel of Snout. To no other cause, save to this moral unity—this incorporation of man and dog—can we attribute the good name and prosperity of Peter. Whether it was christening or wedding, birthday feast or other revel—there was Peter

and his dog. And whilst Snout, with wonderful intelligence and docility, would from a company of forty or fifty ladies pick out the maids from the wives, and the wives from the widows—would sort a pack of cards, barking once at the clubs, twice at the spades, thrice at the hearts, and wagging his tail at the diamonds, with fifty other tricks not convenient for us to describe—Peter Vanderpup, the fortunate possessor of this canine wizard, would sit with the reputation of the dog beaming upon himself; with the bravoes and applause bestowed upon Snout gladdening the ears, and making big the heart of Snout's master. And in this way, for many years, did Peter Vanderpup, without one touch of grace, without the smallest virtue of his own, fortify himself in the hearts of his people. He walked about Rotterdam sunning himself in the admiration paid to his black dog. Snout was the wonder of his kind: and the graces of the dog beamed upon the master. Happy the man who has a black dog!

We trust the reader feels a sufficient interest in Snout to read with patience something of his genealogy. It would be hard, indeed, if the origin of such a dog were lost, confounded with the beginnings of tens of thousands of curs, littered only to fawn, bite, growl, yelp, wag their tails, and die. The family of Snout belongs to history; and though our present purpose compels us to be brief in our genealogical notice; we cannot, with a few words, dismiss Snout's great ancestor, the Black Dog of Cologne, pupped in the sixteenth century.

The reader is requested to take note that the even-

ing of the 25th of June, 1517, was, on the Rhine, an evening of surpassing beauty. A man of staid and serious aspect—a citizen of Cologne—walked, meditatingly, on the bank of the river. He had the look of a scholar, or, what in those days was worse, of a philosopher. A youth in the garb of a mechanic, dragging a half-grown pup with a cord, approached the river: his purpose was plain—no other than the death, by drowning, of the unwilling puppy. The dog, with a fine intelligence—how abundantly was it manifested in after times!—pulled and struggled, and, at length, breaking the cord, scampered from his evil-doer to the philosopher; crouching at his feet, and looking piteously in his face. The youth, intent on the death of the dog, pursued him, when the philosopher begged the life of the puppy, promising to be a master to it. The request, backed by a small piece of silver, was readily granted, and the black dog gambolled at the side of his new master, to his dwelling. The dog, though the property of a scholar and a philosopher, was well tended and well fed; and, in a few months, became the admiration of the citizens of Cologne. Monsieur—such was his name—was, in truth, a magnificent fellow; of the largest and noblest form, with a skin glossy and black as the feathers of the raven.

The descendants of Monsieur are too numerous to be named even in our pages; their destinies were as various and chequered, ay, as the fortunes of men. We find among them—house-dogs, with fat, well-fed cooks; dogs that never had a house, lean, gaunt, hungry, and savage;

dogs that have barked all their lives at the fire and in the sun, and have, at length, been charitably drowned, when oppressed by corpulent old age; dogs that with hungry bellies have turned the spit, their bowels mocked with the savoury roast; dogs nestling in the lap of beauty, yea, kissed by fragrant lips, combed by snowy hands; dogs leading the eyeless beggar; dogs scourged into villainous accomplishments, dancing at wakes and fairs with melancholy grace; dogs that have followed camps; dogs that have guarded sheep, and dogs that have worried them. Such are to be found among the descendants of Monsieur, the great ancestor of Snout. Were it our will, we could give abundant anecdotes of the race of Monsieur; could, at least with the help of the heralds, make up a direct line from the Black Dog of Cologne to the Black Dog of Rotterdam. We waive the labour, content that the reader shall take the truth on our authority, that Monsieur, the black dog of Henricus Cornelius Agrippa, was the great progenitor of Snout, the black dog of Mynheer Peter Vanderpup!

The reader, it is our hope, will, after due thought, appreciate the motive that restrains us from entering more fully into the pedigree of Snout. Under the happiest circumstances, it is no light labour, sometimes no savoury task, to go rummaging back two or three centuries for family evidence. What running to and fro, what trudging from city to city, what threading of blind lanes, what perilous ventures up alleys, what skirmishing of suburbs and villages! and though we have, with untiring lips and cheerful hearts, done all this to assure

ourselves of the descent of Snout and Monsieur, nevertheless, in our genealogical pilgrimages, have we tumbled upon adventures that, though of deepest interest to the canine antiquarian, would, we are sure of it, be tedious to the general reader. How often, to seek the genealogical line, have we been compelled to descend into the kitchen, and then again to mount into the parlour; now to run after the dog that follows a coach, then, by-and-by, to find the dog that, combed and scented, looks saucily out of the coach-window. No; reserving this point, to be fully elaborated in a small graceful folio, we shall merely repeat the sum of our researches—namely, that Snout, the Black Dog of Rotterdam, might claim for his great ancestor, Monsieur, the Black Dog of Cologne!

What a wise and gentle nature was Cornelius Agrippa's. With a mind stored with knowledge, and a heart soft with benevolence, Cornelius had unhappily a vice that made his fellow-citizens draw apart from him; that caused the children in the streets to point at him; that made him now captive, and now outcast; that tainted him, as with leprosy, with the foul name of sorcerer; that gave him as the hourly companion of the great fiend; that made him the plotter and contriver of all evil; that banished him from the affections and the sympathies of men. Alack! what horrid vice had Cornelius Agrippa?

Cornelius Agrippa had a black dog!

There was a time, and Agrippa had the respect and good word of all men. Cornelius became a philosopher,

and kept a black dog. He was, the good folks would say, a gentleman and a pious christian; but he had given himself to the fiends; and though enduring the sharpest anguish, made gold by magic.

The city of Metz was alive with the hopes of holiday. A country wench—her dead mother a suspected witch—was to be tortured into confession of the old woman's iniquity. Once the girl had braved the rack, and a second time the child of the sorceress was to be tormented; when—oh, shame and disappointment!—Cornelius Agrippa snatched the girl from the impending horror, and in good round terms called her Dominican accuser, a knave and blockhead.

"A pestilent fellow!" cry the Dominicans, "this Agrippa! But what is to be hoped of his forlorn soul?" and then they vow the devil aids him. Yes, the philosopher snatches the shrieking prey from the fangs of superstition, and Slander leers, and points, and cries, —"The devil is with him: mark the black dog!"

Agrippa tarries in Louvain. A student, a companion and fellow-lodger of Agrippa, drops dead in the street. Is it apoplexy? no, a murder by the fiends. The tragedy was thus: Cornelius, leaving his study, locks the door, and giving the key to his wife, desires that no one may be admitted to his papers and books. Notwithstanding this injunction, the curious student obtains the key, and enters the circle of the magician. He opens a book of magic, and having read a line is disturbed by a knocking at the door; after a moment he reads on, when the demon without begs to know why

he has been summoned; the student, not knowing what to answer, is straightway seized by the devil, and, for his ignorance, torn piecemeal. At this moment Agrippa returns, when the devil and his companions, for the fiend has called two or three fellows to the work, are about to jump out of the window. Agrippa sternly calls them to account, and learns the fate of his scholar. On this, he gives an order to the homicide devil to enter the carcase of the murdered student, and straightway to walk into the street most frequented by the scholars: to lounge about for a few minutes, and then, quitting the carcase, to let it fall as if struck by sudden death. The devil punctually obeys the commands of the sorcerer, and for a time the trick succeeds;—the student has been smitten with apoplexy. It is, however, remembered, that the dead scholar was the companion and pupil of Cornelius Agrippa: the authorities smell foul play; the body is closely examined, when marks—plain as if printed—of strangulation, are discovered on the corpse. The whole town is in consternation, and Cornelius Agrippa takes to his heels. Now, how did the whole story come out? Was there evidence of the appearance of the fiend? Was the tale duly unfolded, or was it guessed at, picked out, by ignorance and malice? Alas! Cornelius Agrippa, when he went to Louvain, took with him his black dog!

Agrippa, in poverty and wretchedness, was hunted, punished for a magician, who, at a wish, might have been served by purses of gold, with a hundred covers. Was his penury no proof of his innocence? Would the man who could make gold, live the life of a pauper?

Such would be the query of reason—of common sense; but there was no contending against the fact; Cornelius Agrippa had a black dog. Its evil reputation travelled from town to town with the philosopher, growing as it went. It was all in vain that Agrippa protected the innocent, and informed the dull; it was enough for ignorance—all-sufficient for prejudice, that he had—a black dog.

And mark the crowning slander. See poor Agrippa on his death-bed. See him in the hospital of Grenoble, with his black dog looking affectionately in the white face of the dying philosopher.

"Go, poor dog," he cries; "go, and mayst thou find a happier master! I have had some trouble for thy sake; for thou hast been slandered as a demon and a fiend, when thou wast the truest of servants; go, but if thou wouldst live in peace, follow vice or folly that grows rich; for, till the world grows wiser, it is not for the poor philosopher to be at ease, and keep a black dog."

We are ready to swear our belief in this address; we are convinced that such words, or words to this effect, were uttered by Agrippa to his faithful follower, to the companion of his studious hours; for Monsieur—as testified by Jean Wier, Agrippa's servant and disciple, who has fully vindicated the character of the dog, avowing him to be no devil, but a perfect dog (*ut verè naturalis erat canis masculus*)—was wont to lie on his master's papers at his feet, and sometimes, says Wier, to eat at his table. Such was, no doubt, the farewell of the dying philosopher; and now, reader, if your boiling blood will

permit it, read the wicked slander of Paulus Jovius. We pass the first two falsehoods proved upon the biographer; namely, that Agrippa died at Lyons, in a low pot-house. These are minor errors, conveying no stigma on the dead, leaving no spot on the white fame of philosophy. A man may doubtless quit the world as comfortably from Lyons as from Grenoble; whilst there are philosophers who might even give the preference to the pot-house over the hospital. We will not very gravely rebuke these errors—our scorn is reserved for the uncharitable treatment of the wise and the good man;—for the heinous slander on the faithful black dog. Observe, what a deathbed Paulus Jovius gives to Cornelius Agrippa.

The philosopher is moribund in a pot-house. With inexpressible agony of heart, with the terrors of hell in his face, and his voice screaming with remorse, he calls to him the black dog. Mark the leer with which the fiend glances at his victim—how he smacks his lips at the shortening breath of the philosopher; how his nails thrill and tremble with anticipations of the tearing to come. Pah! the wretched cabin reeks with brimstone; and the good wife, who has come to close the eyes of the dying man, stands fluttering in the corner with her apron to her nose; how hideous the face of the philosopher, how horribly human look the eyes of the dog!

"Come hither," gasps the dying man, and the terrible black dog stretches his neck towards the deathly hands of Agrippa; who, groaning and howling with agony, unfastens a collar armed with spikes (Paulus Jovius is

very particular in the matter of the collar), and then exclaims, "*Abi, perdita bestia, quæ me totum perdidisti,*" upon which the brute bounds from the spot, and rushing into the Saone, immediately drowns itself. Having exclaimed, "Hence, accursed beast! thou hast destroyed me," Agrippa falls back in his bed, and straightway dies. It must be owned that in the sixteenth century it was a ticklish thing for philosophy to keep a black dog.

To return from Grenoble, from the deathbed of Agrippa, to the living Peter Vanderpup, of Rotterdam.

In the forty-fifth year of his age, Peter resolved to leave his native city. To the consternation of the women, he made known his irrevocable intention of journeying to Amsterdam. Slander whispered a cause for the departure of Vanderpup, but we give no credence to the story. We do not believe that Hymen had any share in the transaction; though many of the sage ladies of Rotterdam declared that the offers of a certain widow, the head of a party in the rival city, were well known; that, in fact, it was nothing short of a conspiracy to deprive them of their darling Snout, the pride and glory of Rotterdam.

What was to be done? Was Peter Vanderpup to be suffered to depart? Were the women of Amsterdam to triumph without a struggle? Was Snout to be pusillanimously delivered up to their rivals? Was Peter Vanderpup to be married in spite of their teeth? Great was the bustle throughout Rotterdam. And what, it may be asked, was the deportment of Peter? He was

in that sweet serenity of temper that often arises from a profound sense of personal worth. He, the hump-backed, bow-legged, one-eyed, hoarse, stammering, drunken, envious, uncharitable knave, was calm amidst the hurricane; for he knew his price, he felt the value of the black dog.

In the mean time, the women met and debated, and it was determined, at any venture, to prevent the departure of Peter—at any sacrifice, to keep possession of the black dog.

The widow Van Pont was, in her forty-seventh year, left the mistress of untold wealth. For three years had she pined in widowhood, refusing all solace, foregoing every enjoyment, save the harmless recreation afforded by the tricks of Snout, the darling dog. It was curious, but at a supper—one of the half-dozen to be given to Peter before his departure from Rotterdam—Snout, when asked to declare the lady who should be the next bride, after passing every unmarried female, paused before the widow Van Pont, pointed his fore-foot, wagged his tail, and barked thrice. All the company laughed; but the widow Van Pont coloured and looked grave; and then, throwing a lump of sugar to the black dog, called him a simpleton, and a foolish little thing.

Reader, believe not the words of the widow Van Pont; the dog wagged not his tail without significance: for in less than a month the widow Van Pont was the wife of Peter Vanderpup, and lawful mistress of the black dog!

We may now state that Peter never purposed to

migrate to Amsterdam; but, with a full sense of the manifold virtues of his dog, and by consequence of his own inestimable price as the owner of Snout, resolved to snatch a due reward. His small means were every day becoming less, but happily the fame of the dog was on the increase. The dear, delightful, sagacious Snout was become the very darling of all the parties of Rotterdam: and Peter, like a wise and worldly man, without any virtue of his own, was determined to make the most of his black dog.

Reader, think of the citizen of Cologne and the citizen of Rotterdam, of the vilified Monsieur of the sixteenth century, and the fondled Snout of the eighteenth. Truly it is not given to every man to make the most of his black dog!

A TALE OF THE TOWER.

We smother'd
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.
SHAKSPEARE.

"HE shall not faint—who in the Lord
Lays up his hope and trust;
Whose staff is still God's Holy Word,
Whose monitor the Just.

He shall not faint—though in his path
The wicked lurk alway,
And, like a dragon in his wrath,
Prepare to rend and slay.

"He shall not faint—though thick as weeds
Around him snares are spread;
And ev'ry brake its serpents breeds,
To sting the trav'ller dead.

"He shall not faint—though on the deep
Beset by rock and sand;
And lightnings blaze, and thunders leap
From God's avenging hand.

"He shall not faint—though made the prey
Of slander, badly bold;
For what to man is base allay,
To God is purest gold.

"In pilgrimage of weary length;
In battle with the vain;
In bonds of adamantine strength;
In tempests on the main;

"And, yea, in that most trying hour,
When smit by scoffers' taint,
Still, still rejoicing in thy pow'r,
Thy servant shall not faint.

"Oh, God! for ever make this thought
The music of our minds;
With more delicious sweetness fraught
Than India's sweetest winds.

"Make it our only hope and stay,
Our right arm's only might;
Our counsellor in wakeful day,
Our guardian in the night.

"With thankfulness for mercies shown,
With pray'r for joy in store;
We bend before thy awful throne;
Our God, for evermore!"

Yea, such the strain, the pious words
Pour'd forth in solemn hour,
By royal children, captive birds.
In London's flinty Tow'r.

Thus Edward, King of England, pray'd—
Thus little York, and then
Adown their guiltless heads they laid
In bloody Gloster's den.

Adown they lay, and blessed sleep
Fell on them—soft and light
As dew that stars on flowers weep
In summer's balmy night.

Thus innocent, thus holy meek,
Devoted to the death!
With cheek aye nestling unto cheek,
They mingled breath with breath.

And Richard's face was lit with smiles,
As beautiful to see
As drowsy infant's laughing wiles,
When rocked on mother's knee.

Oh, Gloucester! is thine angel flown?
Incapable of good,
Does Satan call thee all his own,
In this dark hour of blood?

Oh! is thy soul already lost,
By deeds so fierce and fell,
That none of Heaven's warrior-host
Will rescue thee from hell?

Will seek thee, where—possess'd by rage
As stirs the panther's kind—
Thou tread'st, as in a narrow cage
Of bloody thoughts confin'd?

Where thou dost, hideous, smile and frown
As works thy heart's desire,
To take from Murder's hand a crown—
A crown of lasting fire?

Doth Mercy send no spirit there,
To spurn the demon thence,
With looks so soft, so brightly fair,
Of sleeping innocence?

T' appal thee with two placid brows,
Made holy by their years;
By brother's blood that in them flows,
And by the widow's tears?

Nor Mercy spoke? Alas! she knew
The tyrant's tiger sway:
And when the dagger Gloucester drew,
Still Mercy ceas'd to pray.

So Murder, do the Hunchback's hest,
And lift him to a throne;
Grim king-maker, with serpent-crest,
And sullen eye of stone!

The chamber-door is open'd wide,
And, silent as a shade,
Doth slink remorseless Homicide,
To do his fiendish trade.

See Forrest, with a bloodless face—
And ghastly Dighton, now—
Mark traitor Tyrrell's coward pace,
And sacrilegious brow!

With stiffen'd lips and stinting breath,
They pause within the room—
As they shall stand, when wak'd from death
To hear their burning doom.

Brief pause! The tempting devil, gold,
Yet holds them to the track;
As famine to the shepherd's fold
Goads on the wolfish pack.

'Tis done: behold, grim Murder takes
His death-inflicting stand!
His face is flint—like writhing snakes
The sinews of his hand.

Oh God! how terrible the strife!
Like heaving wave, the bed
Now rises, falls—now, big with life,
Now silent, spent, and dead!

The shriek is hush'd—the sob—the prayer—
And, breathing not a sound,
Like sated tiger in his lair,
Each murd'rer looks around.

And now, they fearfully and slow
The hellish deed disclose!
E'en now each flow'r did sweetly grow,
Now wither'd is each rose!

And Tyrrell look'd with brassy eye,
Nor trembled, blench'd, nor sigh'd,
But, scoffing murder'd majesty,
"God save King Richard!" cried.

"God save—" cry Forrest, Dighton; then—
The stifling tear-drop rolls
Adown their cheeks—remorse-smit men!—
"God save—our wretched souls!"

THE END.

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